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THE TILE CLUB AT PLAY.



THE TILE CLUB AND THE MILLINER OF BRIDGEHAMPTON.

IN pursuance of a design already disclosed in these pages, an association of persons animated by a spirit of decoration and known as the Tile Club, met upon the afternoon of the tenth of June, at Hunter's Point, Long Island. It was cold, raining and extremely disagreeable; but the club appeared to be impervious to mere considerations of weather, and was as chirpy and as hilarious a body as ever was seen. Each member was attired in a fashion that suggested, somewhat incongruously, the purposes of the excursion, and each carried a small quantity of luggage that looked as

VOL. XVII.—38.

if it might have belonged to an itinerant photographer or a book-cannasser. One decorative person who wore brown boots, woolen stockings (inside of which he stuffed the legs of his trowsers), a coat of a wholly depraved and inexplicable cut, and a whitey-gray hat with blue trimmings, was regarded with unconcealed envy by his fellows, and with the faintest suspicion of polite curiosity by the contiguous public. Another, in a suit of the material affected by English game-keepers, at least when they have their pictures taken, brought up faint recollections of Mr. Winkle, which were relieved, how-

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ever, by the fact that he carried nothing more dangerous than a sketch-book. All, in fact, presented a very satisfactory, or, as it was promptly expressed by the "O'Donoghue," who makes all the euphemisms that the club uses, "a very tiley appearance."

Being without officers, and being prohibited by the constitution, which it did not possess, and the by-laws, of which it had none, from having any, the club was without a captain. But "Polyphemus" having been intrusted with the common purse, and, besides, having once been seen looking at a map of Long Island, was tacitly invested by the club with a sort of leadership; probably because the first of the reasons just mentioned might have seemed to make it advisable to keep him in sight, while the second suggested a kind of misty guarantee that they would not get lost. Rather indifferently alive to the responsibilities he was undertaking, but with an eye single to economy and a beautiful faith in his geographical predestination, the worthy "Polyphemus" sallied forth, and announced that Cap Tree Island, in Great South Bay, would end the first stage of the trip.

At Babylon, so called, from the remarkable contrast which is apparent between it and a disreputable place of the same name that formerly existed in Asia Minor, there projects into Great South Bay a wharf. Upon this wharf, on the evening in question, stood the Tile Club, looking sadly through the thick driving mist of rain and spray that obscured the view across the waters. It was blowing stiffly from the east, and the captain of the *Tommy Dodd* refused flatly to go out in any such weather. He had a wife and children in Babylon, he said, and go he wouldn't. The club expostulated with him, pointed to its ridiculous attitude upon a remote and lonely wharf exposed to the fury of the damp elements, offered him additional ducats, muttered at him ominously and asked him if he knew Judge Lynch: but all in vain; the obdurate and cautious man of the sea would not budge. The club was beginning to despair and was talking gloomily of going up across the meadows to Babylon, to "put up" in dread conventionality, at a mere hotel, when, like a sea-bird's wing gleaming through a fog, there came through the mist a white sail, and presently a sloop dashing in under three reefs, with a bold buccaneer in yellow oil-skins and a big sou'-wester, standing undismayed at her helm. In the frantic gesticulations of the unusual group on the wharf the excellent mariner saw business in the

twinkling of an eye, and rounding-to he came alongside with such a nice apprehension of his *vis momenti* that the impact of the *Amelia Corning* against the logs would not have crushed an egg-shell.

Would he take them to Uncle Jesse Conklin's, on Cap Tree Island?

Of course he would, and he roared "All aboard!" with a startling nautical heartiness that seemed to make the wind shift a point or two toward a more propitious quarter. Tilers, with easels, knapsacks and bags, tumbled into the cabin, one after another; and, in less than no time, the sloop was tearing over the water at a tremendous pace. It was a "three-reef" breeze, and no mistake; and, without any desire to appear nautically pedantic, it may be added that the *Amelia Corning* careened before it until her lee scuppers were under water. The mariner's dripping red face expanded into a jolly grin, as he saw some Tilers holding on to things.

"No 'casion to be scared," he said; "walking's good if she capsizes."

"How so?" said an incredulous Tiler.

"Taint nowhere over six feet here," answered the captain.

"Ah!" said a small Tiler, with a reassured air. "That's only three feet more than would do the business for me."

"Well, she wont capsize, anyhow. Look out for the boom!" and the *Amelia C.* went about so fast that the "Chestnut" dived head foremost into the "Gaul" and caused a look of temporary anguish to overspread the great man's countenance.

The driving mist cleared off, and the heavy sky broke up into great masses of dark clouds, that drifted rapidly after one another across the horizon, each trailing beneath it a dense curtain of rain. A gleam of faint orange sunlight struggled feebly through the gray veil, and fell in a pale yellow line upon the narrow strip of sand that marked Oak Island.

"This is a 'Payne's Gray' day on Great South Bay," said a Tiler with a water-color mind, and the "Griffin," heedless of the passing showers, went forward and sat on top of the cabin, to gloat upon a sky that was peculiarly his own.

Castle Conklin came in sight to the south-east, sitting up in the air, superior to all considerations of stability, after the common fashion of objects when viewed at a distance in the refractory atmosphere of Great South Bay. Beyond it on the west end of Great South Beach, stood "Fire Island Light," more picturesquely described by better writ-

ers as rearing its lofty shaft, like a warning finger, to the belated sailor; and otherwise, it may be presumed, fulfilling the office of a satisfactory and respectable light-house.

At this hour it might have been noted that the conversation took a gastronomic turn, and became more animated, as if it were concerned with a topic of more general interest.

"Oh, my wig, you know!" said the "Gaul." "I wonder if they have oysters down here?"

"Lots on 'em, and prime!" said the skipper.

Whereupon the club discussed the possibility of oysters being good in June, and gradually drifted into the more promising field of clams, of which the same authority said there were not less than one hundred thousand acres in Great South Bay. There was an easy transition from fish to meat, and somebody said "beefsteak" with a particularly unctuous intonation; whereat, it must be confessed, the club gave a collective howl, very much after the fashion of the animals in a menagerie at feeding-time.

But Castle Conklin had come down out of the air, and had assumed an aspect of comparative solidity on the level patch of sand and sea-grass meadow that is known as Cap. Tree Island. A barrel on a pole presented itself as a sort of suggestive signpost to mark the channel, and having rounded it, the remainder of the distance to the castle was speedily accomplished.

Down upon the end of his little wharf, waiting for our painter,—whereby is meant not a Tiler, but a rope,—stood one of the jolliest-looking old gentlemen in existence.

"Hullo!" he shouted, and his voice had a rich, merry crackle in it. "Hullo! Here you all are, in a gale of wind, and wet through!" And he shook hands with every

one in the heartiest and cheeriest fashion as if he were a wealthy old uncle and each Tiler his favorite nephew, to whom he was going to leave an enormous fortune. This was Uncle Jesse Conklin, the proprietor of



UNCLE JESSE CONKLIN.

Castle Conklin, upon Cap Tree Island; and the way that he welcomed the Tilers to that establishment, and bundled them into a bright, clean little room with a wood fire blazing and crackling in an enormous stove, with neat lamps burning on the clean, white-washed walls, and with plenty of clean, white, dry sand on the floor; and with the wickedest-looking old pirate, in a huge pair of boots and baggy breeches, and wearing a great grizzly beard, and with a tremendous voice that he kept down in the boots aforesaid, piling on more wood,—the way in which Uncle Jesse did this completely captivated those discriminating gentlemen, and they one and all fell in love with him on the spot. Coats were taken off and hung up to dry; "traps" were inspected and put away. And as they gathered about the stove, toasting first one side and then the other, it was conceded that never before, on this side of the Antarctic circle, had a fire in June appeared so entirely appropriate.

"Any gentleman like an oyster, to give him an appetite?"

It was the "Pirate" who spoke. He had put his head in the door to propound the question and he took it out again, just in time to save it from being taken off by the rush that ensued. Outside were two boys with a huge basket of oysters at a table upon which could be seen by the light of a large lantern, quartered lem-



CASTLE CONKLIN.



MORNING AT JESSE CONKLIN'S.

ons, pepper, salt and vinegar and forks. The oysters were prime. Kept in the cold salt water of Fire Island Inlet, they did not seem to pay the least attention to the absence of the letter *r* and were in a condition that could not be surpassed. They were Blue Points, than which there are none better, and the two boys were experts with the oyster-knife; but over the behavior of those Tilers during the ensuing ten minutes a due regard for decency requires that a veil should be drawn. They had reached a point at which to have further regarded the oysters in the light of something to impart an appetite would have been a mockery, when Uncle Jesse was heard to shout, "Solid men to the front!" and he led the way to the dining-room.

Persons ordinarily competent to discriminate properly, have been known to turn up their noses at the blue-fish and to affirm that it was an inferior if not a quite unworthy fish. It is herein affirmed, and not as by one whom his appetite had bereft of his judgment, that a greater error there could not be. Take a five-pound blue-fish, fresh from the line, split him, butter him and broil him, and serve him on a hot dish with sliced lemon and a sprinkling of parsley, and he is a most excellent, nay, a noble dish. Staled by transit in an ice-box, bruised and perhaps mutilated by the clumsy familiarities of the market, it must be confessed that in the metropolis he is a fish that

the thrifty landlady favors as one of which a little will go a long way.

The "O'Donoghue" said it was a tiley fish, which was the highest compliment he could pay it, but he was convinced that language failed to characterize properly the clam-pie that succeeded it. It was nothing short of a work of art, and for deeds far less there have been titles conferred. But common charity, out of consideration for the too susceptible reader, suggests that here the subject should be dropped; and so, with a passing allusion to fried oysters and a mere hint of a porterhouse steak two inches thick and inconceivably juicy, dropped it is.

Taken all in all it was a very jolly evening, and the pelting rain without and the wind that howled around the old house added immensely to the cheeriness of the bright wood fire and the general sense of comfort that prevailed within. There was singing; there was a *pas seul* by the "Chestnut," an address by "Sirius" and some recitations by the "Owl." The "Gaul" furtively produced his violin and stole out upon the sheltered portion of the porch, whence presently there came plaintive measures mingling with the sounds of the elements. The Club listened respectfully for a little while but the persistently mournful strain which the "Gaul" indulged in jarred somewhat upon the prevailing temperament. His muse was pronounced dyspeptic and the worthy vio-

linist was incontinently pulled in-doors and compelled to play a jig.

They are nice comfortable beds at Castle Conklin, but at sunrise the industrious "Griffin" was out hunting for a sketch. He found a subject in a few minutes, and perched on an empty champagne case erected on end in a large green arm-chair, he went to work with a block of Whatman paper and a large water-color box. Presently the "Chestnut" emerged and being greatly struck with the "Griffin's" appearance sat down and "took" him. This he did on a large sheet of gray charcoal paper, sketching boldly with broad washes of thin body-color and producing a result which Mr. T. Cole has interpreted in the cut below with his usual fidelity.

The "Marine" climbed into a dismantled sloop and fell to a careful perusal of an old hut built of sticks and dried eel-grass, which had been used by some cod-fishers during the previous winter. The "Grasshopper" took an "elevation" in pencil of Castle Conklin and "Sirius" made copious "notes" in his sketch-book, including a small memorandum of Uncle Jesse himself. All around Castle Conklin were to be seen intent and studious persons, bending assiduously over blocks or sketch-books; some seated in chairs, others on the backs of them; some on sketching-stools, others on boxes or in holes in the sand; all moment-

arily glancing up at the objects in front of them and stooping down again to the paper, and all working away as eagerly and as absorbedly as if their very lives depended on it.

"And to think," mused "Polyphemus," partially arousing himself from a doze on the end of the wharf,— "to think that there are people who say that artists are lazy!"

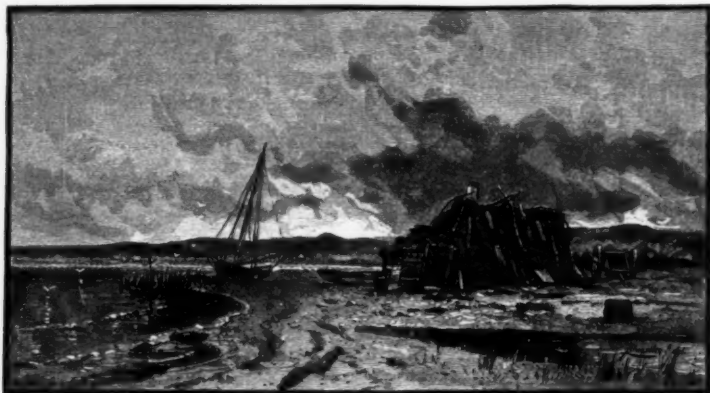
There was not a great deal on the shore that came within the jurisdiction of the "Marine," so he and "Polyphemus" betook them to the sloop and sailed away in search of artistic flotsam or jetsam. The "moss-bunker" fleet was at work outside and toward them the sloop was headed. It may be proper to state, in a general way, what a moss-bunker is. The fact that the writer does not know it renders the derivation of the word moss-bunker of comparative unimportance. In some places the fish is known as the "alewife," in others as the "menhaden." It has yet other names at other places, but none of them appear to have any particularly obvious significance in connection with the fish itself. It is one of the most unhappy fish in the ichthyological kingdom, and were it not so useful it would be a legitimate object of pity. In its own element it is pursued by hosts of wide-mouthed enemies, while above are the gulls and man perpetually lying in wait for it. The former eat it and the latter squeezes the



THE "GRIFFIN" AT WORK.

oil out of it wherewith to adulterate oils that are less cheap, or fertilizes his land with it, and makes, for the time being, one of the most abominable smells imaginable. The

course of the boat, a wagon that looked singularly like an express-wagon and in it a remarkably stout person with one arm. Although the club had some doubts that it



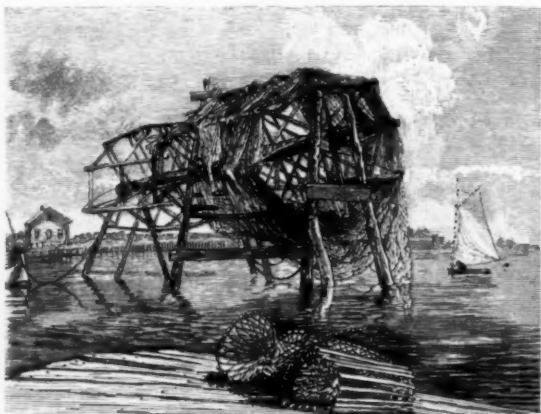
COD-FISHER'S HUT ON CAP TREE ISLAND.

"Marine" and "Polyphemus" arrived just in time to see the boats surround a school with one of their long purse-nets, draw it close about them, and dip out the shining fish in thousands. It was a very pretty sight, and the "Marine" caught it joyfully against a wonderfully luminous gray sky, in which all the light broke through the rapidly drifting cloud and was concentrated a little above the horizon.

Early that afternoon the artistic argonauts bid Uncle Jesse Conklin an affectionate adieu and sailed away to Sayville. Lake Ronkonkoma was their destination, and it had been learned by inquiry that Sayville was due south of the lake, which is in the middle of the island. So, it was argued, that by going to Sayville and proceeding thence in a northerly direction, Ronkonkoma should in due course be reached. The wind was brisk and after a twelve-mile run across Great South Bay the club coasted anxiously along the beach looking for a place to land and penetrate through the trees to the village. Some serious misgivings were being indulged in over the prospect of having to carry the baggage when there appeared, proceeding along the shore parallel with the

might prove to be a bucolic gentleman taking the air in his private carriage, it hailed him, and on his responding by a graceful gesture with his spare arm, the boat was brought to and the club went ashore in installments in a small-boat. The stout gentleman was quite affable, and responded promptly to overtures looking to the conveyance of the club's effects to Lake Ronkonkoma.

"How far is it?" said "Polyphemus."



MENHADEN NET-REELS.

"About fifteen miles or thereabouts," said the charioteer.

But "Polyphemus" said he knew better,

and that there wasn't a place on Long Island where one could walk fifteen miles due north or due south without stepping off the edge. He negotiated upon the financial aspect of the question, called the man an obese extortionist, which he seemed to like, and finally got at the exact distance, which was about six miles. Then the club started for Sayville, not quite a mile distant, the "Gaul" roaring loudly for a grocery store and cheese. The store was found, and while the unusual demand for cheese was being satisfied by the amazed proprietor, the "Owl" spied a pile of enormous hats of straw, with brims nearly six feet in circumference. He tried one on, gazed proudly around, and every Tiler bought one on the spot, at an outlay of twenty-five cents. Such a rushing hat trade never was done in Sayville before or since, and it is currently reported that the worthy grocer has never quite recovered from the mental shock that he sustained on the occasion. The "Gaul" had a large newspaper full of cheese, and a vast quantity of the commodity in his mouth, and the "Grasshopper" was carrying a wealth of crackers in a bag. The diet promising to be rather dry, the club inquired if it could not be introduced to some respectable pump; whereat a public-spirited aborigine who had the commercial prosperity of the place at heart, remarked that there was a man in town that could be seen relative to—ink. He pointed out a house. The Tilers entered a large room on the ground floor, in which there was a counter. There was no one to be seen. They called loudly for the landlord, but no one responded. The "Owl" went behind it as if he had done it every day for twenty years, and found there a box with one dozen compartments and in each compartment a bottle of—ink, secured by a patent stopper. The cheese and crackers were deposited on the counter, there were twelve very audible pops, and conversation was suspended. The proprietor entered and looked around for a moment as if about to get his shot-gun, but being saluted by the "Owl" from behind the counter and asked what he'd take, took in the situation and re-assured himself.

The walk subsequently to Ronkonkoma has been recorded with grievous fidelity by the "Chestnut," and in a manner which, strange to say, none of the club has as yet thought fit to resent. After supper at Mrs. Carpenter's hotel, the Tilers went out on the lake in boats, and made music to the full

moon with a degree of sentiment and vigor that brought out the whole population of that beautiful neighborhood.

A rattle in hotel stages, a glide in railway carriages formed the outlet for the visitors of Ronkonkoma, which has no outlet for its waters. Arriving at Bridgehampton at noon, they bade a final adieu to the commonplace of railroading. The rest of their route eastwardly was pursued by the more romantic methods of the wagoner or the tramp.

It was at Bridgehampton, while waiting for dinner, that the "Owl" had an attack of acute decorative mania. He had been missed for some minutes and everybody was looking about for him when, suddenly, a noise was heard and he came tumbling headlong out of a pretty little frame house, on the front of which was a modest sign that told of millinery within. The "Owl" had a bonnet on his head, and two or three long crimson ribbons streamed behind him in the air as he came flying across the wide road. The Tilers yielded to the infection of the ribbons and in a few minutes all were in the shop of the pretty milliner, who was completely fluttered and discomposed at the irruption of such extraordinary customers. Nevertheless, she plied her busy needle actively and stitched all the broad crimson and blue ribbons she had on the immense hats that were showered around her. The "Barytone" sang her a love song, whereat she blushed, and "Sirius" went out on the stairs and made a sketch of the whole scene.

Gratitude forbids that the girl who waited on table at Bridgehampton should be forgotten by the artists. She was black-haired; she was a "lythe ladye," with a face of Zingara-like distinction.

"I cannot eat for looking at her," sighed "Sirius" to the "Chestnut." And he passed his plate (the third time) for roast beef, not too rare.

"One thinks of higher matters than meat and drink in such a presence," assented the "Chestnut."

And while she was refusing to sit to "Sirius," the "Chestnut" purloined her portrait.



THE "OWL" IN MASQUERADE.

Meantime the "Owl" and the "Griffin," with painters' boxes on their knees, were outside sketching a wind-mill. It is a well-known fact in the prosecution of *fusain* sketching that an inordinate amount of

"Gentleman yonder wants a piece of bread," reported the urchin to a good-natured Boniface in the hotel door-way.

"Bread! He shall have a nice piece of pie!" cried the kindly host. "Mary, send out a half of that oyster-pasty to the gent by the old mill!"

The little boy saw that things were going wrong. By dint of watching the process of charcoal sketching for an hour of his young life, he had attained some insight into its methods. He protested to the excellent landlord that bread, and not pie-crust, was necessary. But pie-crust itself is not shorter than the repartee he got.

"You shut up, Tommy Kepple," cried the host with much scorn. "You were born with your clam open, and it's been open ever since!"

And the pie was sent.

That afternoon the club arrived at Easthampton. The town consisted of a single street, and the street was a lawn. An immense *tapis vert* of rich grass, green with June, and set with tapering poplar-trees, was bordered on either side of its broad expanse by ancestral cottages, shingled to the ground with mossy squares of old gray "shakes"—the primitive split shingles of antiquity. The sides of these ancient buildings, sweeping to the earth from their gabled

caves in the curves of old age, and tapes-tried with their faded lichens, were more tent-like than house-like. The illimitable grassy lawn, swept with racing breezes at their feet, stretched east and west to infinity. Not the Warwickshire landscape, not that enchanted stretch from Stratford to Shottery which was Shakspeare's lovers' walk, is more pastorally lovely.

Every other house in these secluded villages is more than two hundred years old. They last like granite,—weather-beaten, torn to pieces, and indestructible. They alternate



A CATCH OF MENHADEN.

bread is required. And the bread must be fresh, diurnal, of immediate application to the work. No store of packed bread will do. No Winsor & Newton device of erasing-paste for long voyages has yet been invented. The artist in charcoal, complete as to all else in himself and his equipments, must depend on daily charity for this cleansing agent.

"Small boy," said the "Owl," "go to yonder hotel where the vulgar throng are dining, and ask them for a bit of bread, to be charged to me."



PROCESSION OF YE TILERS.

with smart cottages covered with the intensest paint. "Pretty as a painted boat" is the beach-dwellers' ideal of elegance, and the garish freshness that appropriately constitutes the comeliness and the salvation of a boat is naturally the artistic standard in land-architecture too. The æsthetic sense of a town is divided between an ancestral feeling which approves the tattered old pavilions of Queen Charlotte's day—valuing these mossy tents for their raggedness as if they were old lace—and new clapboards

few smeary daubs, declaring himself an impressionist.

Nor were the others idle. The "Chestnut," struck by the aspect of the old stationary sailer, the wind-mill, essayed to sketch it in colors; but the dramatic effect of the apparitional wings being lost, it came to little. "Sirius," selecting the evening sky, produced a "Nocturne in black and blue,"—not in the least like. The "Marine" attended to the sun, and did a "Hallucination in purple and prisms."



PORTRAIT OF THE "CHESTNUT." (FROM BAS-RELIEF MODELED IN CLAY FROM LIFE.)

constantly deluged and sluiced with paint. It is the mariner's simple fidelity, true to the kindred purities of holy-stone and hearth-stone.

"My wig!" said the Gaul, "I must secure a sketch of some of this!" The afternoon sky was filling with color, and the cumulus clouds that toppled from the horizon were turning to vast chryselephantine statue-galleries, ivory and gold. Neighbor Elkins owned, in the vicinity, an enchanted-looking ruin of a mansion, big, owl-tenanted, and surrounded by bewitched old willows. It had struck our tourists' attention in driving by. The artist sat down and opened his color-box. He began a study of severe minuteness, in the pre-Raphaelite way, but night surprised him and he finished with a

If the party had come to Easthampton with any one fixed intention, it was to guy John Howard Payne.

Payne was born in two or three houses of Easthampton, besides Boston and No. 33 Broad street, New York.

"Buried in Morocco, wasn't he?" objected one skeptic. "Depend upon it, he was mostly leather and prunella."

They found the village of Easthampton devoted to a sort of *cultus* of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Every elderly person remembered him, every young person proposed to be a guide to the poet's haunts.

That evening the party were entertained by Mr. Mulford, an oldest inhabitant. He was a fine, obsolete gentleman, with a be-



A BELLE OF BRIDGEHAMPTON.

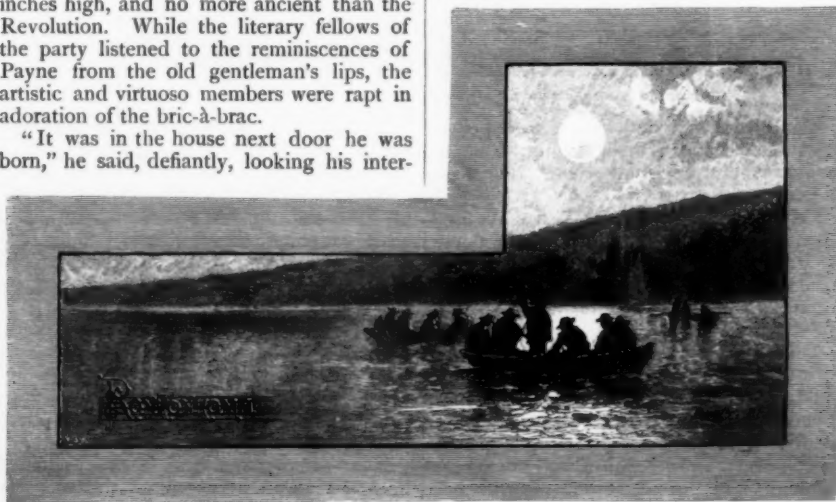
coming and handsome sense of personal and family dignity sitting upon him. The house was in its second centenary, having been built in 1764. There was a parlor fire-place fourteen feet in width, and triangular corner cupboards filled with genuine Derby and Worcester that had never been separate from the family and the shelves since they were first stamped by the makers. Outside in the barn reposed the original diamond-lead window-sashes, the carved railings, the pillioned saddle that belonged to those earliest times of all. The house was now modernized, however, the panes in the windows being at least eight inches high, and no more ancient than the Revolution. While the literary fellows of the party listened to the reminiscences of Payne from the old gentleman's lips, the artistic and virtuoso members were rapt in adoration of the bric-à-brac.

"It was in the house next door he was born," he said, defiantly, looking his inter-

locutor straight in the eye as he told this enormous one. Nobody demurred.

This mother of the bard, a Jewess, was not without a historical and ancestral connection. She was the daughter of a rich Jew from Hamburg, who was ruined by the American Revolution. The wife of the Hamburg exile was a Miss Hedges, and this lady had an American brother who became, by the death of the possessor of the title, Earl of Dysart. When an agent came to this country to identify the American heir, the unwitting wearer of the dignity was already dead, having been for but a few weeks unconsciously an earl. He left a family of daughters only, so the estate reverted to the Crown. Still, the poet's grandmother was, for a month, sister to the Earl of Dysart. The family of Isaacs still exists in Easthampton; their tradition is that Payne's grandfather, with the caution of a merchant of his race, always kept his books in Hebrew. The excursionists will never hereafter be able to think of the spendthrift Payne without seeing a vision behind him of the Hebrew Isaacs with the scales and the coins, and the ledgers in Chaldean cipher.

The excellent old man went on to give his personal reminiscences of the bard. When a boy, Payne was apprenticed to a carpenter, "just across the way there" from the paternal cottage. Payne's father at one time taught in the ancient school-



RONKONKOMA.

house, but in the poet's youth the incumbent of the professor's chair was an old maid of the most vinegarish description. This dreadful beldam, Miss Phebe Filer, taught Payne that careful spelling and that exquisite chirography which were afterward

zine,—I forget which,—and was a favorite associate of the foremost literary men in Boston, New York and Philadelphia."

This extract backs handsomely the personal claims of the young carpenter of Easthampton. The villagers relate that when



OLD WIND-MILL AT BRIDGEHAMPTON.

to bear the burden of the lines now written all over the world. Her methods of suasion were entirely moral. She used to frighten the quick fancy of the future bard by stories of the "sarpient and scorpings" which haunted the closets and cellars of the school.

"Howard's voice was squealing, in conversation," said the patriarch, "but when he recited poetry it got deep, very deep. As a young man, he was the handsomest lad on Long Island, but when I last saw him all that was changed. He was older than me, and he walked about with his head down, so."

The old neighbor's impression of Payne's personal comeliness was not exaggerated. "The success of Master Betty," says Leslie's Autobiography, "excited a youth in America, like Betty, of handsome features and graceful manners, and with a charming voice, to come forward as an American Young Roscius. I saw Payne play Romeo in Philadelphia, and was perfectly delighted. Whether he equaled Betty on the stage, I know not; but he was superior to him off the stage, for while yet in his teens, he became the editor of a newspaper or maga-

zine, fresh from the old school that is now the town-house, wrung permission from his reluctant father to go upon the stage, the good schoolmaster, William Payne, stood in tears behind the *coulisses*, irrepressibly weeping, while the public frantically applauded. He could hardly bear the spectacle of that dazzling first night.

"Whether Payne was a duffer or a brick," said the "Owl," with unusual solemnity, after the tourists had left Mr. Mulford's hospitable house, "and whether 'Home, Sweet Home,' is a consecrated liturgy or a detected bore, I move we give the old boy a chorus. Let's sing Payne's cradle-song around Payne's cradle!"

But the culpable levity with which they treated poor Payne and his legend, marked as it was by night, could not stand before the evidence accumulated by the daylight. It faded gradually away, and gave place to a vivid interest, an eager and even a fierce partisanship.

"Fellows! I've found his house!" burst out "Polyphemus," triumphantly, in the morning. "That house last night was an infamous pretender."

"Where is it to-day, if you please?" said the "Griffin," languidly, stuffing a *quinze-centimes* edition of "Manon Lescaut" into his pocket. "I like these nomadic monuments. Their perturbations always touch me deeply."

So they trooped off to see the genuine home of Howard Payne, the hearth where he was really cradled and dandled and reared. They marched in a body down the village street to a certain distance eastward from the inn, singing in half-voice as they went their jingling balderdash:

"Cr-rack! snap! goes the whip; I whistle and I sing.
I sit upon the wagon, I am happy as a king.
My horse is always willing; as for me, I'm never sad.
There's no one leads an 'appier life than Jemmy, the corrier's lad."

Received with the easiest and pleasantest welcome at the antique homestead, they went on to make it their own, artist-fashion. Two or three proceeded to crowd each other up the wide fire-place in their efforts to secure a good position to sketch this nucleus, this ganglion, this node, this vital center of the whole Payne legend. They made various studies of the ample hearth, with its fine velvet pall of black soot, as other artists, indeed, had abundantly done before them. They plunged at the well, they assaulted the hen-coop, they crept around the garden to paint the vine-shaded parlor windows at which little Howard had been held up by the fair Jewess to gaze out upon the world.

Meanwhile the "O'Donoghue" and "Chestnut," who had disappeared with airs of mystery, were off on another scent. In due time they returned, and offered to introduce the "Owl" and "Polyphemus" to a

lady whose acquaintance they had just had the honor of making—the "little sweetheart" of John Howard Payne.

It was a happy and a pathetic encounter, that with the handsome, dark, bright-eyed elderly lady, with hair scarcely touched with gray, who sat in a roomy parlor, pensively fingering old letters of Payne's, in almost all of which she was spoken of in mock adoration as his child Dulcinea. Prettily proud, cheerful, living gladly in that grandest memory of her life, she might have been addressed as Ronsard addressed the lady in Thackeray's lyric:

"Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory,
You say: when I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

This was the petted "Rosalie," who, as a romping school-girl, had received the most extravagant devotion of the song-maker. The lips on which his kiss still lingered had not lost their red. Her boxes were full of his home letters, letters exhibiting him in the best of lights, as the exiled villager yearning for his little hamlet. They are written with a light touch, with abundant dashes of wit that is not very costly, with a thorough sense of what will please the kind townspeople who will hear them, with perpetually welling memories of John, and Dick, and Harry, who will be tickled to get messages from Tunis or from Washington. They are now full of the minute inquiries that ever fill the rustic intelligence office—about Doctor Buell and Deacon Sherrill, and Mr. Akerly, the teacher of French. Now and always, they are full of "the ladies." "To the ruins of Carthage," he says once in speaking of a school celebration at Easthampton, "a copy of Picket's



THE BEACH AT EASTHAMPTON.



AN OLD WHALING STATION.

'Academician' happened to drift, and I to open it at the page recording academical honors to Anicartha Miller and Julia Sands!"

Is there not something human and likable in this revelation of the unsuccessful grizzled, bankrupt bachelor, jaded with the opera, jaded with the drama, jaded with politics, jaded with life, sitting upon Carthage with Marius, and musing upon Anicartha and Julia as they flutter up in their best lutestrings to receive a country academy's diplomas?

The earliest letter of the batch is jocosely addressed on the outside, to the village postmistress, apparently: "Miss Joann Miller, behind the counter very busily opening all the letter-bags for an office-full of the citizens of Easthampton." The same mis-sive is signed in character: "I have the honor to be, madam, your very faithful and devoted deputy-postmaster, John Howard Payne." This sheet is dated 1834.

Thenceforward and for fifteen years,—till 1849,—there is a steady stream of allusions to the little (but growing) Rosalie. Every message is in a tone of playful courtship, adapted at first to the fascinating fairy of a child's party, but deepening in tone and becoming whimsically despondent as the sweet "object" develops, and finally yields to the inevitable laws of absence and distance. "I thank Miss Rosalie for inviting me to a game of loto," he says in 1834, he being then forty-two, and the maiden perhaps fourteen. A year or two after, he remarks: "It is reported that Mr. Akerly is teaching my little (but she has ceased to be little) Rosalie French." In later years he

grows still fonder, but acknowledges the increased age of his pet by calling her "Mamma" and "Mrs." His kisses now were the safe kisses of a grizzled, elderly bachelor. "Pray tell Mrs. Rosalie," he writes at fifty-six, "if ever I go to her village again I shall insist on the rest of the kiss of which I was in part defrauded." Alas! when the swain is nearing sixty girls don't particularly re-

member whether his kisses were completed or not; he is welcome to finish them if he thinks they need it. But earlier than this he seems to acknowledge already that this protracted make-believe has been given the sack. "I have persuaded Aunty and Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs to join and try to revive the recollection of me * * * the chief obstacle to such a visit would be the news I hear of your sister Rosalie! They say she has jilted me, and has given herself away to some one else, when I really expected she would reserve herself for me. This is the unkindest 'cut' of all." That is in 1839. In 1849 he is calm again, and writes formally, like an old man: "My best remembrance to your Mamma and to Mamma Rosalie." But a few years previously he is still on the rack, asking, with the whim of mock misery strongly upon him: "Am I to be utterly forsaken? Does even Miss Rosalie treat me with cold contempt?" And taking the trouble to add to this, in his neat old-time writing, a quotation of half a dozen lines from Pope, to the effect that "A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven."

But it may be time to put a period to these specimens of what was considered, in those Lalla Rookh and bulbul days, the smart and flattering gallantry of an old, once graceful beau, toward a rosebud less ripe by some thirty years or so. Rosalie's documents have another side, showing Payne, the foot-ball of fortune, the wall-flower at life's festival whom success never joined and engaged for a dance, as a critic, a traveler, or a politician.

In a letter of 1848 Payne remarks: "I am electioneering now on every side for an



THE SWEETHEART OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.
(FROM BAS-RELIEF IN CLAY.)

appointment under General Taylor." The consulship to Tunis, we know, was the plum he secured. In this strangely chosen post, the broken-down actor showed a little of the ostentation of a beggar on horseback. The Bey, quite terrified by his incessant and theatrical threats,—doubtless delivered with swelling eloquence borrowed from old recitations of Othello,—and not forgetting either the disquieting thought of the Admiral from America, Decatur, truckled to him amusingly, and built him a huge new palace, finer than his own. Payne was forced to leave his romantic abode after a short residence, and to come back to Washington, for the adjustment of certain political disputes; these arranged, he returned to his post, and died directly in his palace in dream-land, April 9th, 1852. So short was his day of glory! Only in 1850 we find in Rosalie's letters, "I am looking after my nomination for Tunis." This is in a missive from Washington, where he also says, "Miss Bremer was here, and I saw her often,"—mentioning Grace Greenwood too, and Anna C. Lynch, and Mrs. Southworth, whom he greatly admired. In 1848 he was in New York, while Macready was playing; he probably felt some natural chagrin to find Macready applauded in Knowles' *Virginus*; his own *Virginus*—where the same plot had tempted the greatest actors, and been acclaimed from the same boards—forgotten. At any rate, he writes, coldly and wearily: "The latest wonder here is Macready; but I have not heard him. My interest in theatrical glories has subsided entirely."

But the tone of fatigue never appears in his reminiscences of Easthampton; that magic name conjures up his spirits directly: the old neighbors, the old festivals, the old legends,—most sacred of all, to the exile, the old jokes. What can carry the absentee home so quickly as the ancient jest of his village—the well-worn, the oft-exploited, the never-failing? Thus his pet name for Easthampton is "Goose-heaven," and he harps upon the idea eternally.

There was a side of superstition to the poor player's character—no uncommon thing in the profession. "A conjuring letter," he says in 1848, "has prophesied most favorable changes in my destiny, to *commence next year*." A pretty niece of Rosalie's apropos of this brought out an old-fashioned conjuring-book, quite large, and elaborately printed with pages of magic numbers, which was Payne's gift when he was alive and hoping for the turn of fortune. A blear-eyed, tottering old man, another relative, opened the wizard pages, and applied the numerical cards, as Payne in his youth had taught him, to the tabular prophecies. The tourists diligently came up in turn to have their destinies told. When the blear-eyed man, with his palsied hands, succeeded in adjusting the cards to the much-promising tables, he looked up at his consulter, his eyes wide, watering and triumphant. Evidently, in his mind, he had made the fortunes of a whole troop of New York artists.

The dark-veined hands of the ancient boatman turned the pages of Payne's wizard-book. Payne's little sweetheart, a handsome country lady, untied his yellow letters. The presence of the indigent player became very real in this atmosphere.

"Mr. Payne used to say," observed Rosalie, "that he employed more intrigue to conceal his poverty than all the diplomacy used at Washington. I can remember him when he was a most beautiful man," she pursued, "and with such a complexion, very delicate. It is strange he should have liked me, for I was a black girl."

This English phrase, perhaps, is seldom heard in America. But Rosalie had derived it direct from her Kentish ancestors. Her home-village had been settled by a party of Kentish pilgrims, who bought the town plot in 1648, and at first called it Maidstone, from Maidstone in Kent. The old families of Easthampton were of the Pilgrim stock, settling at first at Plymouth, but afterward removing to chosen spots along the Long

Island shore, the Kentish group choosing this lovely retreat. Our tourists constantly heard old English phrases that struck them, and these would be delivered in a conspicuously New England accent and pronunciation.

Gradually the feelings of the visitors changed toward the hymnist of Home. The image of a shapely, tall-foreheaded man began to haunt their imaginations, with sparse locks studiously arranged around his temples; probably wearing corsets; occasionally concealing the absence of buttons in his double-breasted coats by thrusting his hand in his bosom, Lamartine-fashion; modish and dilapidated; calling this populace of boatmen and fishmongers his cousins, his uncles and his comrades, without a bit of shame. Pacing this rural street "with his head down, so," its brain-pan revolving thoughts of past tinsel glories, when Kean had thrilled mighty London audiences with his Brutus, and Charles Kemble had gained two thousand pounds in twenty months by the copyright of a certain song in "Clari, or the Maid of Milan!"

Payne declared that he had first heard the tune of "Home, Sweet Home" from the lips of a Sicilian peasant girl, who sang it artlessly as she sold some sort of Italian wares, and touched his fine ear by the purity of her voice. It is pleasant to think he did not crib it from any old opera, but had a certain proprietorship in the air, as well as the words, of the most popular song extant.

The "home" he was thinking of, as he traced the deathless lyric in some London rookery, was undoubtedly Easthampton. A few years later, he expanded its opening words in a magazine description of his native town. "Many an eye wearied with the glare of foreign grandeur," he wrote ("Democratic Review," February, 1838), "will, ere long, lull itself to repose in the quiet beauty of this village." The stenciled expressions of "foreign grandeur," and "eyes wearied with the glare," what are they but repetitions of the opening of both stanzas—the "pleasures and palaces" of stanza one, "the exile from home splendor dazzles in vain," of stanza two? Easthampton is what supplies the sentiment, the type, the foil, the contrast of the song. Easthampton still exists, just as he knew it, like a vignette perpetuated in electrotype. The "tavern-sign in the center of the road" is gone, though, which he described "swinging between the two posts,"—"while the geese strut with slow and measured stateliness to their repose."

The geese still parade down the grassy street, getting between the visitor's legs every minute, and are as obtrusive as they are in Payne's letters and descriptions.

Yes—it is an unromantic discovery, but there cannot be a doubt of it—"the birds singing sweetly," of Payne's ballad, "that came at my call," were ganders, and their sweetness was a hiss.

From the age of thirteen, when he left the ample hearth of his father's house here, the hymnist of "Home" was homeless; that is, until the theatrical structure of his latter months arose at the command of the Afrites, and he lay down to die in his Arabian Night's palace, hungering for the thatch, "the sooty chimney-throat of this delicious cot."

"Thatched" cottages, by the by, were to be found in Easthampton when Payne was a youth.

"Well, boys," now said "Polyphemus," "are you convinced where John Howard Payne's home is?"

"Certainly, four or five of it," said the "O'Donoghue" with enthusiasm.

Meanwhile the spirits of the artists were attuned to gentleness, for the place had turned out to be a painter's gold-mine, all "bits" and nuggets. Their satisfaction made them particularly open to exquisite impressions, and one night—when "Sirius" caught them with their sensitive artistic temperaments all throbbing with delight—he proposed and obtained such a musical tribute to Howard Payne as Howard Payne's village had never known before. The musicians who were honorary members of the club now made their metal known. The violins were tuned till their tense strings were ready to break with music's stress, and the piano had been freshly put in order. The gigantic baritone turned his eyes, somehow fired with unexpected feeling, upon his accompanists.

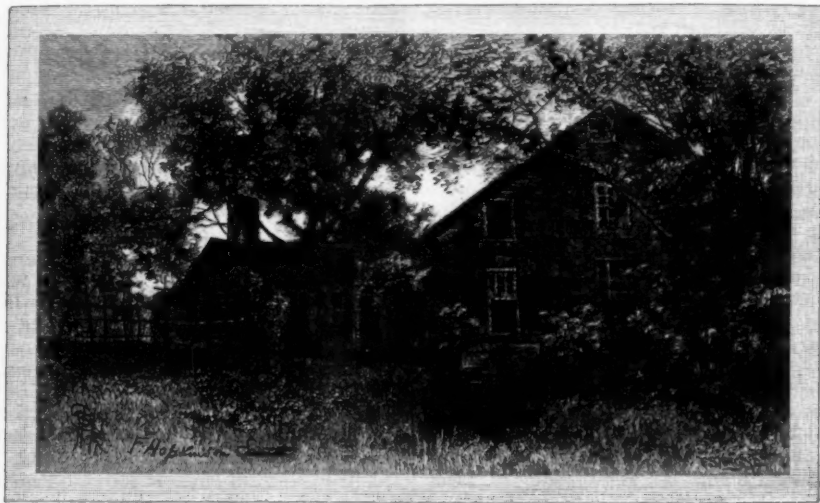
"Are we ready?" he whispered, and the violins and piano nodded. And then he swept out the reserves of a magnificent voice in a torrent of feeling and flame, flooding the inn-parlor with melody, thronging the midnight street with reverberations, and causing the neighboring glasses of the poet's own windows to thrill with the rapturous disturbance. None of his chums had ever heard him "come out so." The complaining violins, the accented markings of the piano, lent color and outline to the song. There were enough trained voices in the company to troop in effectively with a

chorus. It was such a rendering of "Sweet Home" as that plaintive *romanza* does not very often get. Village listeners, hearing those lamenting violins, that voice of exile filled with tears and sweetness, leaned against the porches, saddened and tiillated in the very kernel of the heart. The music, for once, had gone to the quick. And the voluntary performers, their pious duty paid, packed themselves off in absolute silence to bed.

It was a half-sad morning that took the

places are as self-conscious, when a landscape artist comes, as a Ranelagh beauty in the presence of Reynolds. They are all the time posing for effect. Easthampton is one of them."

The incorrigibly "lazy" had been intensely busy watching the others. These drones had their uses; they looked out for effects, and made reports of phenomena. At sunset these irresponsible ones would pose in the foreground of coast-scenes, making pirates or wrecked corpses. At sun-



"HOME, SWEET HOME." (FROM CHARCOAL DRAWING.)

painters away from Easthampton. They had found their account there.

"You see," said the "Marine," "some neighborhoods are very strongly marked with the artistic consciousness. They combine well. They set out their milk-pans to drain in beautiful compositions. Their calves come to the fence in red and white, their old hens scratch under coops fenced in with rotten menhaden-nets, their sea-beaches attract the most beautiful brown wrecks, whose figure-heads have their gilding washed by the high tides in full sunshine. These places know how to relieve a Samuel Prout roof with a Birket Foster elm-tree. Their geese march over the crests of a hilly road, with heads stretched up. Their men are old school-masters, sailors and wreckers. Their wind-mills are brown with age and much oiling. Their girls lean in white aprons against the wheat-sacks. These

rise, half awake, they would stray to the signal-station on the coast, where they would find the fishing experts on the watch for menhaden, digging their bare toes into the sand-hill with excitement as the "bunch" rose into sight, reddening the purple sea.

"Some days they make it redder than others. Depends on the sun and clouds, I expect," the wise man would explain to his visitor. Then his excitement would culminate as the fish rose again, abundant and close to shore. "Haul the weft," he would scream to his assistant, and the old basket would fly up on the signal-post causing every village boat to dart together upon the prey, looking like sharks in the morning twilight. Meantime, not satisfied with the ordinary signal, the gray-beard would tear off his red waistcoat and become frantic, waving it to his neighbors and dancing in the sand, bare-legged, grizzled-chested, the

of your sister Rosalie. They say she has jilted me!

FAC-SIMILE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S HANDWRITING.

muscles on his brown arm working as he followed the red stain with eager forefinger. The town fills with the noise of the horn calling the fishers to their boats. When the first peddler came to Easthampton, within living memory, the sound of his horn caused a misconception. The men rushed to sea and the peddler found the town deserted of all who held the purse-strings.

Hard as it was to part from the artistic village, Easthampton was left behind at last. The two long country wagons drove up to the door. Our tourists, provided with London walking-boots of raw leather, most elaborately constructed to ease the feet, were all rather foot-sore from the mere superiority of their equipments. They could not walk a mile in their inimitable shoes without limping. They piled into the carriages. "Sirius" had bought a lovely Queen Anne table at a farm-house above Bridgehampton, and had nursed it fondly in his arms on all his wanderings. It climbed into the wagon, too, and was thenceforward the object of his care and the subject of his friends' most heart-felt anathemas, through the whole route. Bidding good-bye to the hospitable Gardiners of Gardiner's Tavern, they trotted out of Easthampton, shocking the echoes with their rattling chorus:

"My father was a corrier some
ears afore I was born;
He always rose at daybreak to go
his rounds in the morn;
He used to take me with him,
so early in the spring,
I loved to sit upo' the corrt and
hear my father sing.
Cr-rack! snap! goes the whip;
I whistle and I sing!

I sit upon the wagon, I am happy as a king;
My horse is always willing; as for me, I'm never
sad.
There's no one leads an 'appier life than Jemmy,
the corrier's lad!"

VOL. XVII.—39.



THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME." (FROM
BASS-RELIEF, MODELED IN CLAY.)

The roads hereabout are full of legends of the Indians,—those powerful Montauketts, "tall, proud, straight, warlike," who used to fight the Narragansetts and all the red legions from the main-land. A little to the north of Easthampton, on the Sag Harbor road, our tourists had visited a spot called "Whooping Boy's Hollow." Here, in the old times, an Indian chief's son was murdered. The road just here passes through a pine wood, and this grove is vocal after night-fall with childish screams, to the discomposure of stage-drivers and belated urchins. The artists, determined not to destroy the illusion, refrained from staying until the hour when the manifestations take place.

Midway between Easthampton and Montauk our travelers passed the terrible Lebanon cedar, thrusting up its flat, table-like top on the wide, sandy heath, whose closely knit and tufted twigs can sustain the ominous number of thirteen persons as on a platform. "It is immortalized," says Payne, "by a wild tale of Indian massacre and miraculous escape." This is another form of the legend of Fort Pond (otherwise Kongonock), or the event may have happened at both localities. A little to the west of Kongonock, at any rate, is the old Indian burial-ground. Near it is one of the legendary foot-prints in the rock. In the early ages of the Montauketts, one of the tribe, whose reputation was ruined and whose life forfeited by some act of crime, fled to this spot, and, placing his foot upon the rock, sprang forward into the valley, which opened to receive him, while a spring gushed forth for the first time. The other story of a leaper's foot-prints, and which may be

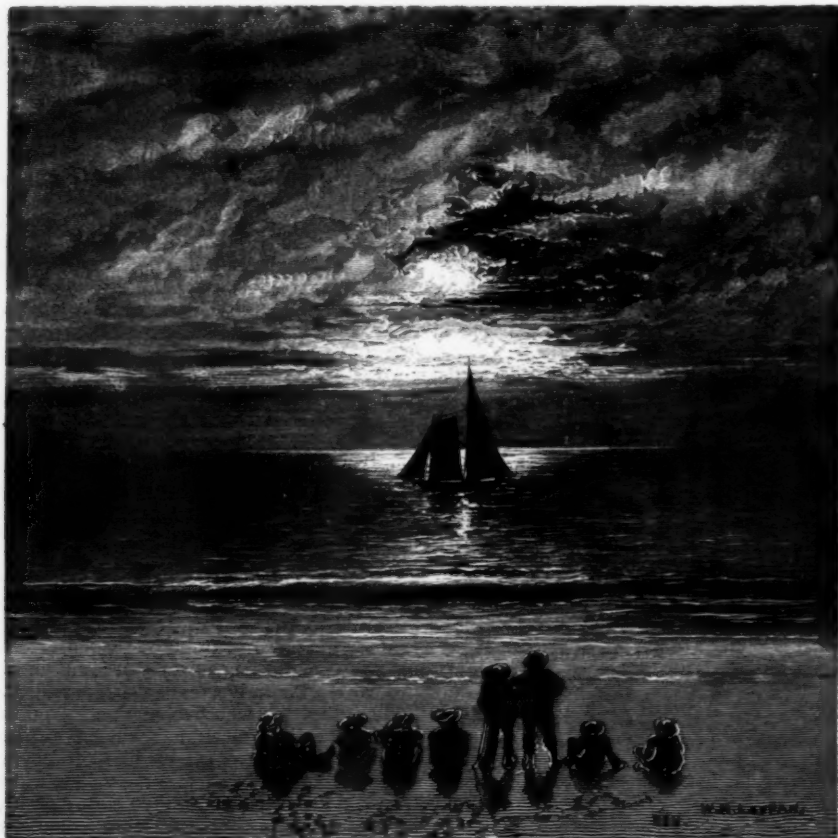
either located at Fort Pond, as a *variorum* edition, or, if the reader prefer, by Whooping Boy's Hollow, is of darker omen still. The hero is the devil. At a "pow-wow," at which a renegade Puritan or two assisted, the devil was driven from the feast in time for the salvation of these white spectators' souls, and marked his horrid foot-print in his three several leaps; whether cloven or not (the foot being presented simply in an Indian translation of the devil, as it were), the traces are hardly distinct enough to show.

The youthful driver dutifully pointed out the Enchanted Cedar, and he knew all about Whooping Boy's Hollow. But his remembrances of the various indentations—sachem's head-rests, devil's prints, or what not—were all resolved into one legendary

impression, of a painfully unpoetic character.

"Old Teeny's Hole," said Tradition, in the person of this lad, "is here, just by Flat Top Tree; it is a little before you get to the tree. Old people at Montauk remember Teeny. He was an Indian, and he fell down drunk here, and drowned in six inches of water."

The carriages passed the long, close, thicket-bordered beach of Napeague, with its swarms of mosquitoes. To the left were the Nommonock hills; before them, Hither Wood. Emerging from the inclosed region and the pressure of damp, tropical vegetation, our tourists came out upon a scene of freshness and uncontaminated splendor, such as they had no idea existed a hundred miles from New York. The woods rolled glo-



"FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE ———."

riously over the hills, wild as those around the Scotch lakes; noble amphitheatres of tree-tufted mountains, raked by roaring winds, caught the changing light from a cloud-swept heaven; all was pure nature, fresh from creation. The beach they skirted was wild and stern, with magnificent precipices. From the steep cliffs they often afterward dug out the nests of the sand-martins, occasionally disclosing a delicate egg, or a timid fledgeling, lying *perdu* in his gallery, two feet back from his little round vestibule. And so, resting alternately at "Stratton's" and at the house of the light-keeper, they finally made the extremity of Montauk Point, and the great Fresnel lantern, against which the sea-birds and the giant dragon-flies often dash out their little lives.

The convex table-land at Montauk Cape is set with two great, gem-like lakes, miles in extent, and named respectively Great Pond and Fort Pond. Fort Pond was the scene of a mighty battle in the Narragansetts' campaign against the Montauketts. The latter, staunch allies as they were of the neighboring white family of Gardiner, on the island of that name, were on the point of being beaten, and the Saxon settlers left to the cruelty of hostile tribes, when a friendly rally was made by the Fire Island Indians, who drove off the Narragansetts to their canoes.

This friendly, and once valorous Montauk tribe is reduced to a pitiful handful. The tourists found them, however, still herding the cattle for their old neighbors of East-hampton, around the fresh banks of Kongs-nock Lake. The last king, Pharaoh, was dying in a wind-swept cabin, all alone by the pond-side. Our tourists invaded this royal residence.

They thought little of the intrusion at first; the majesty of Indian kingship does not produce unmixed awe. So they trooped up to the house of unpainted clapboards, under whose eaves salted eels, and *che-guit* or weak-fish, were fastened up to dry. "Queen Amelia," a pleasant faced



A SCHOOL IN SIGHT.

mulattress, was on her knees in the entry, scrubbing. To pass into the presence of the chief was no more than to step into the unfastened common-room. Here, on a clean bed, lay an invalid figure that compelled them to reverence.

King David Pharaoh was lying as still as a marble image, on the outside of the bed-clothes; only his eyes moved around, quick and brilliant. He had on a bright striped sporting-shirt; his legs were stretched out



MONTAUK LIGHT.



SKETCHING AT EASTHAMPTON.

parallel with each other; seeming just as thin as their bones, in the clean trowsers of jute bagging. His neat, small, arched feet were bare, pointing lightly to left and right. His hollow face was of pure Indian type, but reduced almost to a skull. There was a small looking-glass, with a picture painted in the upper part of the frame. A colored lithographic head of "Clara" (recalling, if you choose, the heroine of Payne's lyric) decorated a frame near by, and there was

another of a ship on fire. Over the dying man's head was a great colored lithographic broadside of cricketing costumes, pinned to the wall.

The quietude, the ancestral type, of the moribund chief gave the intruders a shock, and the faith in its own privacy promulgated by the unguarded sick-bed made them feel like brutes. Off went the hats, we remember, for the first thing. Then one or two drew to the bed-head, and opened a low-



FLAT TOP TREE.

voiced conversation. Suffering reduces the distinctions of caste, and this composed sufferer seemed far the superior, at that moment, of any man in the room.

The tourists thought of the extinction of the Montauks, and rather brutally asked King Pharaoh if he had children. He rolled his glittering eyes from one to another, and slowly delivered an answer fraught with the gloomy considerations that must have been occupying his life.

"Yes, yes. The boys don't all go out to sea. Some of them are left and get married. They'll keep us up a while longer."

His voice here sank into an inaudible murmur; but his self-possession remained. An eager artist had taken out a sketch-book.

"Would you object to having your portrait taken, for us to remember you by?"

The answer was a withering criticism on the work of some previous artist.

"Yes," he drawled slowly (with his senile deliberation at the age of forty). "I wouldn't like to. There was an insulting sketch of me made some time ago. But there are all the photographs."

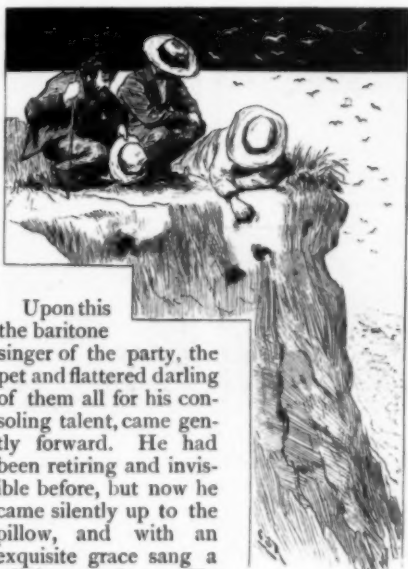
And he looked toward the pictured group at the bed's foot, representing himself and quadroom wife and several male children.

It seemed to be a happy inspiration when somebody suggested a hymn. Two or three voices joined in a low litany, in Latin, and very beautiful. The man looked up when it was done, and said:

"Thank you. But I don't understand it very well."



PHAROAH, THE KING OF THE MONTAUKS. (FROM
BASS-RELIEF MODELED IN CLAY FROM LIFE.)



HECKLESS
EXPLORATIONS.

Upon this the baritone singer of the party, the pet and flattered darling of them all for his consoling talent, came gently forward. He had been retiring and invisible before, but now he came silently up to the pillow, and with an exquisite grace sang a religious anthem. He began in a low but controlled tone. The dying Indian looked startled at the thrilling music of the murmuring voice—a voice that has often held thronging congregations spell-bound with its solitary melody. The song was Faure's "Les Rameaux." The expiring chief listened to the musical combinations invented by France's incomparable "Mephistopheles," her versatile "Masaniello," her sublime "Hamlet." Whatever of merely operatic or borrowed character the music might have inherited from Faure, it had nothing but sincerity in it now, sung in English, with genuine and freshly awakened feeling. As the "Rameaux" hymn proceeded to invoke all heathen nations to swell the triumph of the Conqueror of Peace, the red child of these western isles raised his eyes, bright and liquid. The invocation to "Humanity" in Faure's words was the first thing to attract his close attention:

"Around our way the palm-trees and the flowers
Send forth their perfume on our festal day,
His voice is heard, and nations at the sound
Have now regained that freedom sought in vain;
Humanity shall everywhere abound,
For light to all the world is given again."

The propaganda of this world-compelling song was probably never so exerted before. The Indian, a man of no mean natural capacity, understood it, with a swift intuition.



IMPRESSIONS OF LONG ISLAND.

A soft choir joined from the other musicians at the triumphal refrain:

"Hosanna!
Glory to God!
Blessed is he who comes bearing Salvation!"

It was music's invocation to those heathen *protégés* of Christianity whom Columbus found on our shores, and who have never since been perfectly at one with our religion. Its significance was perfectly felt by the listener, and melody, by its own eloquence, was acting as no mean missionary. Few

Christian churches, we fancy, have heard the song sung with such breadth, nobility and inspiration, as this lonely Indian on the windy, sea-washed moor. His eyes closed as the delicious persuasion concluded, and the visitors filed silently and respectfully out of his house.

The king died a few days after the visit of the Tile Painters. His title was worn not quite in vain, since the tribe he governed have really a right of occupancy on their promontory,—a right which Judge Dykman decides must be looked upon as an incumbance to real title. The late king expressed a wish to see Sag Harbor before he died, was driven thither while in an expiring state, and succumbed on his return that evening. His cousin, Stephen Pharaoh, the sportsman, soldier, and finest pedestrian on Long Island, succeeds him.

The tourists, soon after this visit, resumed the habits of civilization at the great hotel on Shelter Island. The "Owl" threw his London walking shoes away, and it was noticed that a diamond on his hand, carefully worn inward to the palm through the trip, now sparkled on a knuckle. The "Gaul" enriched a boot-black; and "Sirius" was suspected of putting on bear's-grease. The Tilers were re-absorbed into the relentless tide of commonplace.

THE GLACIER MEADOWS OF THE SIERRA.

WHAT I regard as the typical glacier meadow, is formed by the filling in of a glacier lake, and is found only in the alpine region of the Sierra, at a height of from about eight thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The general surface is nearly as level as the lake which it has replaced, and is perfectly free from rock-heaps and the frowsty roughness of rank, coarse-leafed, weedy, or shrubby vegetation. The sod is close and silky, and so complete that you cannot see the ground; warm also, and everywhere free from mossy bogginess; and so brilliantly enameled with flowers and butterflies that it may well be called a garden-meadow, or meadow-garden; for the plushy sod is in many places so crowded with gentians, daisies, ivesias, and various species of orthocarpus that the grass is scarce noticea-

ble, while in others the flowers are only pricked in here and there singly, or in small ornamental rosettes.

The most influential of the grasses composing the sod is a delicate calamagrostis, with fine filiform leaves, and loose airy panicles that seem to float above the flowery lawn like a purple mist. But, write as I may, I cannot give anything like an adequate idea of the exquisite beauty of these mountain carpets as they lie smoothly outspread in the savage wilderness. What words are fine enough to picture them?—to what shall we liken them? The flowery levels of the prairies of the old West, the luxuriant savannahs of the South, and the finest of cultivated meadows are coarse in comparison. One may at first sight compare them with the carefully tended lawns of pleasure-grounds; for they are as free

from diversifying weeds as they, and as smooth, but here the likeness ends; for our wild lawns, with all their exquisite fineness, have no trace of that painful, licked, snipped, repressed appearance that pleasure-ground lawns are apt to have even when viewed at a distance. And, not to mention the flowers with which they are brightened, their grasses are infinitely finer both in color and texture, and instead of lying flat and motionless, matted together like a dead green cloth, they respond to the touches of every breeze, rejoicing in pure wildness,—blooming and fruiting in the vital light.

Glacier meadows abound throughout all the alpine and subalpine regions of the Sierra in still greater numbers than the lakes. Probably from 2,500 to 3,000 exist between latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$ and 39° , distributed like the lakes,—in the woods and cañons, and along the main dividing ridges, in strict concordance with all the other glacial features of the landscape. On the head-waters of the rivers there are what are called "Big Meadows," usually about from five to ten miles long. These occupy the basins of the ancient ice-seas, where many tributary glaciers came together to form the grand trunks. Most however are quite small, averaging perhaps but little more than three-fourths of a mile in length. One of the very finest of the thousands I have enjoyed lies hidden in an extensive forest of the two-leaved pine, on the edge of the basin of the ancient Tuolumne Mer de Glace, about eight miles to the west of Mount Dana.

Imagine yourself at the Tuolumne Soda Springs on the bank of the river, a day's journey above Yosemite Valley. You set off northward through a forest that stretches away indefinitely before you, seemingly unbroken by openings of any kind. As soon as you are fairly into the woods, the gray mountain-peaks, with their snowy gorges and hollows, are lost to view. The ground is littered with fallen trunks that lie crossed and recrossed like storm-lodged wheat; and besides this close growth of pines, the rich moraine soil supports a luxuriant growth of ribbon-leaved grasses, chiefly bromus, triticum and agrostis, which rear their handsome spikes and panicles above your waist. Making your way through this fertile wilderness,—finding lively bits of interest now and then in the squirrels and Clark crows, and perchance in a deer or bear,—after the lapse of an hour or two vertical bars of sunshine are seen ahead between the brown shafts of the pines, and

then you suddenly emerge from the forest shadows upon a delightful purple lawn lying smooth and free in the light like a lake. This is a glacier meadow. It is about a mile and a half long by a quarter of a mile wide. The trees come pressing forward all around in close serried ranks, planting their feet exactly on its margin, and holding themselves erect, strict and orderly like soldiers on parade; thus bounding the meadow with exquisite precision, yet with free curving lines such as nature alone can draw. With inexpressible delight you wade out into the grassy sun-lake, feeling yourself contained in one of nature's most sacred chambers, withdrawn from the sterner influences of the mountains, secure from all intrusion, secure from yourself, free in the universal beauty. And notwithstanding the scene is so impressively spiritual, and you seem dissolved in it, yet everything about you is beating with warm, terrestrial, human love, delightfully substantial and familiar. The rosy pines are types of health and steadfastness; the robins feeding on the sod belong to the same species you have known since childhood; and surely these are the very friend-flowers of the old home garden. Bees hum as in a harvest noon, butterflies waver above the flowers, and like them you lave in the vital sunshine, too richly and homogeneously joy-filled to be capable of partial thought. You are all eye, sifted through and through with light and beauty. Sauntering along the brook that meanders silently through the meadow from the east, special flowers call you back to discriminating consciousness. The sod comes curving down to the water's edge, forming bossy outswelling banks, and in some places overlapping glacier boulders and forming bridges. Here you find mats of the curious dwarf willow scarce an inch high, yet sending up a multitude of gray silky catkins, illumined here and there with the purple cups and bells of bryanthus and vaccinium.

Go where you may, you everywhere find the lawn intensely beautiful, as if nature had fingered and adjusted every plant that very day. The floating grass panicles are scarce felt in brushing through their midst, and none of the flowers have tall or rigid stalks. In the brightest places you find three species of gentians with different shades of blue, daisies pure as the ether, silky leaved ivesias with warm yellow flowers, several species of orthocarpus with blunt, bossy-headed spikes, red and purple and yellow; the Alpine golden-rod, pedicularis and clover,

fragrant and honeyful, and with their fine colors massed and blended like those of the rainbow. Parting the grasses and looking more nearly you may trace the branching of their shining stems, and note the marvelous beauty of their mist of flowers, the glumes and pales exquisitely penciled, the yellow dangling stamens, and feathery pistils. Beneath the lowest leaves you discover a fairy realm of mosses,—hypnum, dicranum, poly-

catchers come and go in fitful flights from the top of dead spars, while woodpeckers swing across from side to side in graceful festoon curves,—birds, insects, and flowers all telling a deep summer joy.

The influences of pure nature are as yet so little known, that it is generally supposed that complete pleasure of this kind, permeating one's very flesh and bones, unfits the student for scientific pursuits in which



SEEKING PASTURAGE BELOW THE GLACIERS OF THE SIERRA.

trychium, etc.,—their precious spore-cups poised daintily on polished shafts, curiously hooded, or open, showing the richly ornate peristomas worn like royal crowns. Creeping liverworts are here also in lavish abundance, and several rare species of fungi. Caterpillars, black beetles, and ants roam the wilds of this lower world, making their way through miniature groves and thickets like bears in a thick wood, while every leaf and flower seems to have its winged representative overhead. Dragon-flies shoot in vigorous zigzags through the dancing swarms, and a rich profusion of butterflies—the leguminosæ of insects—make a fine addition to the general show. Many of these last are comparatively small at this elevation, and as yet almost unknown to science; but every now and then a familiar vanessa or papilio comes sailing past. Humming-birds too are quite common here, and the robin is always found along the margin of the stream or out in the shallowest portions of the sod. Swallows skim the grassy lake from end to end, fly-

cool judgment and observation are required. But the effect is just the opposite of this. Instead of producing a dissipated condition, the mind is fertilized and stimulated and developed like sun-fed plants. All that we have seen here enables us to see with surer vision the fountains among the summit-peaks to the east whence flowed the glaciers that ground soil for the surrounding forest; and down at the foot of the meadow the moraine which formed the dam which gave rise to the lake that occupied the basin ere the meadow was made; and around the margin the stones that were shoved back and piled up into a rude wall by the expansion of the lake-ice during long by-gone winters; and along the sides of the streams the slight hollows of the meadow which mark those portions of the old lake that were the last to vanish.

I would fain ask my readers to linger a while in this fertile wilderness, to trace its history from its earliest glacial beginnings, and learn what we may of its wild inhab-

itants and visitors. How happy the birds are all summer and some of them all winter, how the pouched marmots drive tunnels under the snow, and how fine and brave a life the slandered coyote lives here, and the deer and bears! But, knowing well the difference between reading and seeing, I will only ask attention to some brief sketches of its varying aspects as they are presented throughout the more marked seasons of the year.

The summer life we have been depicting lasts with but little abatement until October, when the night-frosts begin to sting keenly, bronzing the grasses, and ripening the creeping heathworts along the banks of the stream to a reddish purple and crimson; while the flowers disappear, all save the golden-rods and a few daisies, that continue to bloom on unscathed until the beginning of snowy winter. In still nights the grass panicles and every leaf and stalk are laden with frost crystals, through which the morning sunbeams sift in ravishing splendor, transforming each to a precious diamond radiating all the colors of the rainbow. The brook-shallows are plaited across and across with slender lances of ice, but both these and the grass crystals are melted before midday, and, notwithstanding the great elevation of the meadow, the afternoons are still warm enough to revive the chilled butterflies and call them out to enjoy the late-flowering golden-rods. The divine alpenglow flushes the forest every evening, followed by a crystal night with hosts of lily stars, whose size and brilliancy cannot be conceived by those who have never risen above the lowlands.

Thus come and go the bright sun-days of autumn, not a cloud in the sky, week after week until near December. Then comes a sudden change. Clouds of a peculiar aspect with a slow crawling gait gather and grow in the azure, throwing out satiny fringes, and becoming gradually darker until every lake-like rift and opening is closed and the whole bent firmament is obscured in an equal structureless gloom. Then comes the snow, for the clouds are ripe, the upper meadows are in bloom, and shed their varied blossoms like an orchard in the spring. Lightly, lightly they lodge in the brown grasses, and in the tasseled needles of the pines, falling hour after hour, day after day, silently, lovingly,—all the winds hushed,—glancing and circling hither, thither, glinting against one another, rays interlocking in flakes large as daisies; and then the dry grasses, and

the trees, and the stones, are all equally abloom again. Thunder-showers occur here during the summer months, and impressive it is to watch the coming of the big transparent drops, each a small world in itself,—one unbroken ocean hurling free through the air like poised planets through space. But still more impressive to me is the coming of the snow-flowers, falling stars, winter daisies, giving bloom to all the ground alike. Rain-drops blossom gloriously in the rainbow, and change to flowers in the sod, but snow comes in full flower direct from the dark, frozen sky.

The late snow-storms are oftentimes accompanied by strong winds that break up the crystals, when the temperature is low, into single petals and irregular dusty fragments, but there is comparatively little drifting on the meadow, so securely is it embosomed in the woods. From December to May, storm succeeds storm, until the snow is about fifteen or twenty feet deep, but the surface is always as smooth as the breast of a bird.

Hushed now is the life that so late was beating warmly. Most of the birds have gone down below the snow-line, the plants sleep, and all the fly-wings are folded. Yet the sun beams gloriously many a cloudless day, casting long lance shadows athwart the dazzling expanse. In June small flecks of the dead, decaying sod begin to appear, gradually widening and uniting with one another, covered with creeping rags of water during the day, and icy by night, looking hopeless and unvital as crushed rocks just emerging from the darkness of the glacial period. Walk the meadow now! Scarce the memory of a flower will you find. The ground seems twice dead. Nevertheless, the annual resurrection is drawing near. The life-giving sun pours his floods, the last snow-wreath melts, myriads of growing points push eagerly through the steaming mold, the birds are heard again singing and building, the air fills with new flies, and fervid summer life comes surging on, seemingly yet more glorious in all its attributes than before.

This is a perfect meadow, and under favorable circumstances exists without manifesting any marked change for many centuries. Nevertheless, soon or late it must inevitably grow old and die. During the calm Indian summer, scarce a sand-grain moves around its banks, but in flood-times and storm-times soil is washed forward upon it and laid in successive sheets around its gently sloping rim, and gradually ex-

tended out to the moist, level center, making it constantly drier. Through a considerable period the meadow vegetation is not greatly affected thereby, for it gradually rises with the rising ground, keeping on the surface like water-plants rising on the swell of waves. But at length the elevation of the meadow-land goes on so far as to produce too dry a soil for the specific meadow-plants, when of course they die out and give up their place to others fitted for the new conditions. The most characteristic of the new-comers at this elevation above the sea are principally sun-loving gillias, eriogonæ, and compositæ and finally, forest trees. Henceforward the obscuring changes are so manifold that the original lake-meadow can be unveiled and seen only by the geologist.

Generally speaking, glacier lakes vanish more slowly than the meadows that succeed them, because unless very shallow a greater quantity of material is required to fill up their basins and obliterate them than is needed to render the surface of the meadow too high and dry for meadow vegetation. Furthermore, owing to the weathering to which the adjacent rocks are subjected, material of the finer sort susceptible of transportation by rains and ordinary snow-floods is more abundant during the meadow period than during the lake period. Yet many a fine meadow favorably situated exists in almost prime beauty for thousands of years, the process of extinction being exceedingly slow, as we reckon time. This is especially the case with meadows circumstanced like the one we have described—embosomed in deep woods, with the ground rising gently away from it all around; for the net-work of tree-roots in which all the ground is clasped prevents any rapid torrential washing. But, in exceptional cases, beautiful lawns formed with great deliberation are overwhelmed and obliterated at once by the action of land-slips, earthquake avalanches, or extraordinary floods, just as lakes are.

In those glacier meadows that take the place of shallow lakes which have been fed by feeble streams, glacier mud and fine vegetable humus enters largely into the composition of the soil; and, on account of the shallowness of the soil, and the seamless, water-tight, undrained condition of the rock-basins, they are usually wet, and therefore occupied by tall grasses and sedges, whose coarse appearance offers a striking contrast to that of the delicate lawn-making

species described above. These shallow-soiled meadows are oftentimes still farther roughened and diversified by partially buried moraines and uprising montoneed bosses of the bed-rock, which, with the trees and shrubs growing upon them, produce a very marked effect as they stand out in full relief like islands in the grassy level or sweep across in rugged curves from one forest wall to the other.

Throughout the upper meadow region, wherever water is sufficiently abundant and low in temperature in basins secure from flood-washing, handsome bogs are formed with a deep growth of brown and yellow sphagnum picturesquely ruffled with patches of kalmia and ledum which ripen masses of intensely beautiful color in the autumn, and between these cold, spongy bogs and the dry, flowery meadows there are many interesting varieties which are graduated into one another by the varied conditions already alluded to. Every one of these forms a delightful study, but anything like a full description of a single specimen of each would require the space of a whole volume.

HANGING MEADOWS.

THERE is a very marked and interesting species of Sierra meadows, not at all related to the lake meadows we have considered—that is, in so far as their origin is concerned. They are distinguishable at once from all the foregoing, even by position alone; for they are always found lying aslant upon some moraine-covered hill-side, trending in the direction of greatest declivity, waving up and down over rock heaps and ledges, like rich green ribbons brilliantly illumined with flowers. They occur both in the alpine and sub-alpine regions in considerable numbers, and never fail to make very telling features in the landscape. They are often a mile or more in length, but never very wide,—usually from thirty to fifty yards. When the hill or cañon side on which they lie dips at the required angle, and other conditions are at the same time favorable, they frequently extend from above the timber-line to the bottom of a cañon or lake-basin, descending in fine, fluent lines like a broad cascade, breaking here and there into a kind of spray on large boulders, or dividing and flowing around on either side of some projecting islet. Sometimes a noisy stream goes brawling down through their midst, and again, scarce a drop of water is in sight. They always owe their existence, however, to

streams, whether visible or invisible, the wildest specimens being found where some perennial fountain, as a glacier or snow-bank or moraine spring sends down its waters across a rough sheet of soil in a dissipated web of feeble, oozing currentlets. These conditions give rise to a meadowy vegetation, whose extending roots still more fully obstruct the free, concentrated flow of the waters, and tend to dissipate them out over a wider area. Thus the moraine soil requisite for the better class of meadow plants and the necessary moisture are at times combined about as perfectly as if smoothly outspread on a level surface. Where the soil happens to be composed of the finer qualities of glacial detritus and the water is not in excess, the nearest approach is made by the vegetation to that of the tropical lake-meadow. But where, as is more commonly the case, the soil is coarse and bowldery, the vegetation is correspondingly rank and flowery. Tall, wide-leaved grasses take their place along the sides, and rushes and nodding carices in the wetter portions, mingled with the most beautiful and imposing flowers,—orange lilies and larkspurs seven or eight feet high, lupines, senecios, aliums, painted-cups, many species of mimulus and penstemon, the ample boat-leaved *veratrum alba*, and the magnificent alpine columbine, with spurs an inch and a half long. At an elevation of from seven to nine thousand feet flowers frequently from the bulk of the vegetation; then the hanging meadows become hanging gardens.

In rare instances we find an alpine basin the bottom of which is a perfect meadow, and the sides nearly all the way round, rising in gentle curves, are covered with moraine

soil, which, being saturated with melting snow from encircling fountains, gives rise to an almost continuous girdle of down-curving meadow vegetation, that blends gracefully into the level meadow at the bottom, thus forming a grand green mountain nest with a flowery border.

But commonly the hanging meadows come sweeping down through the woods into the lake levels in ribbon strips, leaving the trees along their margins beautifully revealed. It is in meadows of this sort that the water-rat makes his curious homes, excavating snug chambers beneath the sod, digging canals, and turning the gathered waters from channel to channel to suit his convenience, and harvesting the gay vegetation for food, cutting it off, and gathering it in bunches with the heads all one way, like handfuls of culled flowers.

Another species of hanging meadow or bog is found upon densely timbered hillsides, where small perennial streams have been dammed at short intervals by the fall of trees.

Yet another species is found depending from moist tablets down sheer granite precipices, pricked full of bright houstonias; while corresponding vertical meadows rise from the feet of the precipices to meet them, like stalactite and stalagmite.

And there are three species of pot-hole meadows, one found along the sides of the main streams, another on the summits of ridges, and the third out on bare, shining glacier pavements; all of them extremely interesting in every way. But enough has been said, perhaps, to give a hint of the fine beauty that lies hid in the wildernesses of the California Alps.

"TO THE CLERGY."

I HAD but just finished writing an article in the November number of this magazine, concerning "Parsons and Parsons"; the ink was not dry on the hopeful sentences with which I had endeavored gracefully to round off some playful discussions, when a circular came to me through the mails, addressed "To the Clergy." Now, when a document begins with this respectful, flattering, and even reverent, expression,—“to the clergy,”—I infer that I am about to be called on to offer prayers for something, to

preach on some popular reform, or—what is more likely—to take a collection for some charity whose merit is only surpassed by its impecuniosity. But this circular inclosed a sample of black tricot, and begged to call my attention to the full line of ready-made “clerical suits” offered by a well-known merchant-tailor house in New York. This house is ready to put you into a suit that shall say to every man who sees you: “I am not a common man, but a man of God,—a kind of Burmese sacred white elephant to

be treated gingerly. Please hide your wickedness lest it shock my delicate clerical nerves. Gentlemen never swear in my presence, any more than they smoke where there are ladies."

And this clerical suit—this "outward sign of an inward grace"—is to be had for twenty-two dollars. It is a great deal for a tailor to do for so little money. And then, this sacred tricot is kept ready made up in all sizes, for fat clergymen and lean, for little parsons and tall ones. But that is not all; for, further on, we read: "Less our usual clerical discount of ten per cent." Ah! then a parson is not only a man to whom common Gentiles must doff their hats, but to whom there must be made a "clerical discount." Because he is poor, perhaps? But my washer-woman is poor, and I never heard that any benevolent tailor or slop-shop keeper offers her a discount on her boy's trowsers. Besides, ministers as a class are not poor,—some of us are not even poor in spirit. If we do not get rich, we are generally paid about all that our services are worth in the market, and we are rather better off than Christ's fellow-craftsmen, the carpenters, and Peter's brethren, the fishermen. The country minister is often straitened, but so, also, is the country doctor; but nobody ever gives the doctor a medical discount of ten per cent. Why should we, of all men, be genteel paupers? Why should the merchant-tailor give me one-tenth of the value of a suit of black tricot, because I am a parson? If a parson is very poor, and one wants to help him as a poor man, let him do so; but let no man represent the profession as so anxious for clerical discounts that it will jump at a thin device, by which a suit of clothes that can never be sold to anybody but a clergyman, is marked up to twenty-two dollars, in order to be knocked down to nineteen dollars and eighty cents.

The inside of this document contains directions for the self-measurement of the reverend clergy, by which the height, weight, and cubical contents of each learned divine can be accurately ascertained. These directions are accompanied by two cuts, the first giving a rear view of a clergyman, the other a correct front view, with whiskers. The cuts are crossed by lines and diagrams that remind one of the anatomical oxen in cook-books, intended to show the beef-buyer where the porterhouse steak is situate, and from what part the shoulder-blade roast may be cut. Along with these cuts are full and explicit directions for the measurement of a

clergyman around the chest, around the waist, and so on down.

You think that I am laughing at the clergy. I did not get up this sartorian view, behind and before, of the parson. The man who most sincerely reverences that vocation, which is certainly sacred if sacredly followed, will be the first to feel the absurdity of all this long coat-tail and broad phylactery business,—this doing up a parson in straight-breasted coat and cassock vest, as though his spiritual graces were too delicate for the rude winds of earth. It is not a hopeful sign of growing robustness that so many ministers, in all denominations, are inclined to put themselves into uniform, like spiritual policemen. It is not the veteran, but the holiday soldier, who prides himself on his brass buttons; and men set apart to the greatest and most difficult work in the world—the moral and spiritual elevation of their fellows—ought to be above baubles.

Dress is a trifle, to be sure, and the largest liberty should be accorded to individual taste in the matter. If a man likes to part his hair differently from other people, it is only a narrow bigot that will remark on it. And if a minister wishes a clerical suit, as a matter of individual taste, it would be impertinence to object. Some of the ablest and best clergymen in the country wear a distinctive dress, and it is not for one unworthy to unloose their shoe-latches to find fault. But against the clerical suit as a symptom one may protest. The younger clergymen of all religious bodies ought to feel the breath of the future upon them,—ought to know that class privilege is done away. Every assumption of separatism or authority reacts. He is the best minister who is most a man, and no manly man ever plumes himself on his office, be he constable or parson.

There are yet lingering on this busy scene men who think that in some sort represent the Most High to the imaginations of men, and who resort to small stage effects to give loftiness to their ambassadorial dignity. I remember to have heard somewhere of one such minister, upon whose corrugated brow sat all the terrors of the law, and in whose ghostly and sepulchral voice the imagination might hear the gathering thunders of Sinai. He called at the house of a lady whose little child, playing on the floor, was so awe-stricken that he crept into a corner, got down behind a chair, and gazed up between the rungs at the holy man. At length, after various godly admonitions, the solemn man said good-bye, and the little

fellow crept out on the floor, and, looking up at his mother, asked in a reverent whisper: "Mamma, was dat God?"

Before I get too far away from the tailors and their clerical suits, I must recall the grim joke of that Sioux Indian, who, in the awful slaughter of the Minnesota Massacre, eagerly donned the "clerical suit" of an Episcopal missionary, whose house he had plundered. Meeting a poor white woman fleeing for her life, he did not tomahawk her as she expected, but drawing himself up with droll mock-earnestness, he inquired:

"Do you belong to my church?"

It is not in the coat so much as in the man, that the assumption of a spiritual superiority lies. Some men put their state-lines into their sermons, and there are fopperies of discourse as well as of clothes. "I would as soon wear a fine coat as preach a fine sermon," said the stern and logical John Wesley. But there may be as much Phariseism in plainness as in fineness. Simplicity is something to be neither weighed nor measured. If a man will be just a man he will hit it. "As I grow older I become more a man and less a minister," said Channing, and Dr. James Alexander writes under this sentence: "Development in the right direction."

One of the most pompous and empty declaimers that I ever knew in the pulpit was a Western lay-preacher, who, having once in his life a chance to air his eloquence before a town audience in the capital of Minnesota, was enlarging on the uncertainty of life's advantages. With a stately but impassioned gesticulation, he reached his climax with this outburst: "He knows not how soon may death invade the sweet instinctive circle of his family peculiarities!"

This reminds me of what was said by a Methodist presiding elder of the old time, from one of the mountain districts of Pennsylvania, about the preaching of a young brother whom he was praising before the conference. "Bishop," he said, "I have heard a ray of eloquence dart from him with a degree of torrents."

This kind of blundering is something very different from the Oriental *abandon* with which the famous sailor-preacher, Father Taylor, used to delight his hearers—both the sailors and the lettered Bostonians who were wont to throng his chapel. Mr. Emerson related in his lecture on "Eloquence" how without let or hindrance the old man's fancy ran riot in strange imagery. On the occasion of his departure for Europe, he asked

pathetically: "Who will feed my lambs while I am gone?" Then looking round he cried: "The great God that takes care of the whale, giving him a cart-load of herrings for breakfast, He will feed my lambs."

I think it is Father Taylor of whom it is told, that in one of his most passionate bursts of oratory he had added one gorgeous digression to another, until he was unable to find again the original current of his sentence. He paused a moment in embarrassment and then came out with: "Hallelujah, brethren! my verb has lost sight of its nominative, but I am bound for the kingdom of heaven!"

Mr. Emerson compares Taylor with Kossuth in this gift of natural and unchecked oratory. I remember an incident that happened during the great Hungarian's progress through this country. In Madison, Indiana, he spoke in the church of which my step-father was the pastor. After his address in English the Americans were all turned out to make room for the Germans, but I climbed, boy-like, from the parsonage yard through the church window and got a place on the steps of the high, old-fashioned pulpit, where, hanging over the balusters, I saw, rather than understood, the wonderful oratory of Kossuth. The Germans were wrought into a frenzy of excitement, but just as the speaker, depicting the coming liberty of Germany, had reached the summit of his tremendous declamation, and while the throng of Germans crowding every inch of floor and galleries was swayed to and fro in excitement as by a wind, a child held in the arms of a woman in the very middle of the church, took fright at the applause and began to scream so frantically as to render any further speaking impossible. It took some minutes to get the mother and child out of the jam; the break was depressing, and I felt very sure the speech was spoiled. As the child's voice at length went out into the open air, the disappointed and now depressed audience turned to the orator, who swept his hand through the air and said vehemently in German:

"He may cry now for Germany, but when he is old he will laugh!"

The lost ground was recovered by this single dash, and the audience was at white heat again.

I ought not to leave Father Taylor without putting down a characteristic saying which I have from one of his family. As his mind failed from age and brain soften-

ing, he now and then flashed out with his old brilliancy. A young lady relative found it necessary to tell Mrs. Taylor of something she had seen in the childish old man which needed checking. This exasperated him, and it happened the next morning that he and this relative were the only persons at the table. Father Taylor was angry and did not as usual say grace before meat. His niece sat waiting while the old gentleman sulkily stirred his coffee.

"Uncle Edward, do ask a blessing," she pleaded.

Without closing his eyes or ceasing for a moment to stir the coffee, he said:

"O Lord! save us from deceit, conceit, and tattling."

One of his daughters had this sentence illuminated after his death, and hung where it would always be in sight, a perpetual admonition and reminder.

It is the perfect genuineness of such a man as Father Taylor that makes him invaluable. He was made after no pattern, and a unique man is a perpetual antidote to cant.

The over-pious man is quite as bad as the over-rhetorical man. But no man is to be judged by his green flavor. Every school-boy's handwriting follows at a great distance perhaps, the copy: and every young man is either imitating older men, or trying to live up to some visionary theory. After a while, if he be a real man and not a plaster cast, he hears the oracle within and begins to live his own life. An energetic originality will redeem a man from cant. When Mr. Moody first began to go about Chicago asking people if they were Christians, he was called "Crazy Moody." After a while, when his native force began to show through, the papers called him "Brother Moody." But when the man was fully developed, they came down to the more respectful "Mr. Moody." For, though Mr. Moody is dogmatic and narrow, as most enthusiasts are, he is yet a true man, full of originality. His gradual emancipation from the cant of his early life shows this. And I am not sure that he has yet gone through his last transformation. There is certainly room for him to learn a little more liberality. In the old days, when he plied his stereotyped interrogatory, he went South in the service of the Christian Commission, I have heard him relate that an old planter came in to ask for rations. Mr. Moody, by way of doing good to his soul, asked "Are you a Christian?" But the planter was deaf and his interrogator

was soon shouting the question in his ear, but still ineffectually. Turning to the negro who had accompanied the old man, he inquired: "Is your master a Christian?" "No, sah, he's a Prisbyterian." Much disconcerted, Mr. Moody sought still to turn the conversation to profit, so, addressing the negro, he said: "Are you a Christian?" "Yes, sah, I'se a Mefodis."

The answer ought to suggest many things to a professional revivalist. Are we others not also, like the negro, a little foggy as to what constitutes a Christian? If it does not consist in being a member of a church, does it any more lie in mysterious emotions? Is it a state into which men can be inducted by the hundred, and instantaneously? Is it not just one of those slow-growing developments,—one of those subtle, intangible, uncountable things that evade inquisitions and statistics, and that are not to be dealt with too grossly? Either the Sermon on the Mount means something, or it does not.

But it is hardly my function, here, to preach much, but to tell stories. And Mr. Moody's negro reminds us of another negro. General Fiske is a prominent Methodist, and while in charge of the Freedmen's Bureau operations at the West, addressed a company of negroes on the subject of religion. At the close a negro preacher saluted him and said:

"Gin'l, dat wus a mighty good speech, sah,—a mighty good speech, sho's yo' bawn, gin'l. You's a Baptis', gin'l. Couldn' no man make dat speech 'thout he'd been under the watah. Dat's sho. Dey's a mighty sight o' dese heah Mefodis 'bout heah, gin'l; but dey's a low set, a mighty low set."

I bought a little book at auction for a few cents the other day, not because I wanted it, but because I wanted one book of the lot in which it was sold. This little book is entitled "Letters of the late Lord Littellton," and I looked in vain for any Lord Littellton in literature or the peerage. It was not until I had gone on this foolish scent for some time that I discovered—what I ought to have known before if I had been as infallible as those writers who know everything without the pains of learning anything—that Lord Littellton is a myth invented by William Coombe, the author of "Dr. Syntax's Tour." In this book there figures one of those *bons vivants* parsons, that are not so common now as they were, happily—or at least not so barefaced. He has lost his sermon, of which he says: "It was divided

into three parts; the first was taken from Clarke, the second from Abernethy, and the third was composed by myself; and the two practical observations were translated from a Latin sermon, preached and printed at Oxford in the year of our Lord, 1735. * * * It had four beginnings, and seven conclusions; by the help whereof I preached it, with equal success, on a Christmas-day, for the benefit of a charity, at a florists' feast, an assize, an archdeacon's visitation, and a funeral, besides common occasions."

I am quite unwilling to believe, despite the popularity of homiletical publications, that sermon-stealing is common. If it were, the standard of pulpit eloquence might be higher. I have heard that a very prominent and fashionable preacher, not far from New York, on being detected in the delivery of some of Frederick W. Robertson's choicest discourses, excused himself by saying that he knew Robertson's sermons to be better than any he could prepare on the same subjects. In this he may have been right. But if he had been strictly honest he would have made some such statement to the congregation before the sermons were given. And I cannot see why it would not be well for a minister, let us say of limited leisure and deficient originality, to give his people from time to time the best passages out of the great preachers, frankly giving credit. Let him not trust to his hearers' ignorance to palm off on them other people's gold for his own, lest he be like the minister in the stock story, one of whose hearers in the middle of a fine passage said audibly, "That's South." When the subject changed a little the same man was heard to mutter "Watson," and at the next turning, "That's Chalmers," at which the exasperated minister cried out,

"Put that man out."

"That's himself," said the imperturbable adversary.

Everybody knows something of that sermon by President Nott, on dueling, which is so hackneyed from the continual declamation by schoolboys of the passage beginning: "Hamilton yielded to the force of an imperious custom." But the barefaced sermon-thieves did not let even this alone, and Professor John Nott told me that he had himself listened to the preaching by a plagiarist of his father's celebrated sermon.

I once found in a pulpit Bible a preacher's notes which were but catch-words for the delivery from memory of Headley's highly colored discourse about Mount Tabor. And

I know a preacher in the hill-country who delivered sermon after sermon, drawn substantially from Hunter's "Sacred Biography." It is a pity that a man who is a good declaimer but not of any force in the composition of a sermon should not have the privilege of delivering anything he can find, provided always that he does not omit marks of quotation. Nothing can be worse for congregations than the obligation to originality on the part of the preacher who cannot originate. Rather, there is one thing worse than a dull minister, and that is a dishonest one, and such are all sermon-stealers—asses braying in lions' skins.

A young Methodist preacher was once arraigned in Illinois for plagiarism of Bishop Morris's sermons. It happened that Morris was presiding over the conference at the time, and the leading men in the body were quite disposed to make an example of the young thief.

"Don't be too hard," pleaded Bishop Morris. "You must admit, at least, that the young man showed a good deal of judgment in his selections."

Bishop Morris was a well-nourished man with a keen hatred of cant. He had the bad habit of chewing tobacco, and a melancholy brother once rebuked him in set and solemn phrases for his indulgence in this vice. "Brother," he answered, in a pious tone, "did you never read what the apostle says, that one man eats meat, while another being weak eateth herbs? I," continued the portly bishop with solemnity, "am one of the weak brethren."

The man with a pedantic hobby is the worst. I knew on the frontier a Baptist minister, who drew a good round salary from the Home Missionary funds of his denomination, and whom I heard deliver the third of a series of discourses on "The Cainite Rebellion." There were others yet to come on the same subject, which was but one branch of a grand series on Divine Providence. He told me that he had spent fourteen years in studying metaphysics, and seven years in his studies of Divine Providence. He said he "had exhausted Providence." If I had been Providence I should have been exhausted long before. He soon exhausted even the Home Missionary authorities, his salary was cut off, and he went to making brooms, in which function he rendered the world better service than in elucidating the history of the land of Nod.

In the effort to avoid a clerical exclusiveness some ministers rush into an undignified

familiarity. A rude woman in Iowa said enthusiastically that she did like her pastor:—"Why he come right into my kitchen the other day, and sot right down by the stove, and took up the tongs and began to snap them,—so common like." I once took charge of a church in a lumbering village, succeeding a minister who had made himself agreeable by entering the back doors of the houses of his parishioners, and that without knocking, and by many other familiarities which had brought him great popularity with the lumbermen and their families. He reaped a substantial harvest from his familiarity in many ways, never hesitating to make his wants known, and generally carrying a basket on his arm. Nothing so won upon his admirers as his habit of asking for a bit of bread and butter when he was hungry. I found myself regarded as the pink of exclusiveness because I knocked at the door and went in by the front of a house, and took my free-and-easy luncheons at home. One evening, while I was engaged in conversation in a store, the remarks of the company in praise of my predecessor became very pointed; they were evidently intended for my edification. I answered mildly that I should not think of taking liberties in other men's houses which I should be unwilling to have them take in mine. A strapping lumberman, six feet two, in picturesque red shirt, approached me, and, squaring himself off, delivered his fire point-blank.

"Looky here, Mister, ef you've brought any airs to this yere town, the sooner you git rid of them the better."

What could I say? But any man can prove by a year's trial that, even with such people, the better way is for the minister to respect himself, and to teach other men to respect themselves. A man of true instincts will readily see the difference between a manly friendliness and a disgusting familiarity, or a fawning servility.

I have told in the pages of this magazine of one army chaplain, and now comes, while I write, a little note from a stranger to tell me that my old friend Chaplain Green is dead. He was a Baptist minister in the lumbering village of which I have spoken,—a village that has since grown to be a considerable city. He was a man of slender culture, so far as book-knowledge went. He had been a steamboat captain, a sheriff, and I know not what besides. There was a world of wholesome uprightness and downrightness in him. When the war broke out, he was

quite active in promoting enlistments. But the country regions were slow to move in those first weeks. He was holding a war-meeting in Cottage Grove, in Minnesota, and when he had concluded a fiery speech he called on a young lawyer to address the people. The fellow was one of those egotists who think of nothing but their own vanity. He threw cold water on all enthusiasm by a pompous speech of a Fourth-of-July sort. Forgetting the awful crisis, he said, with great flourishes:

"If ever my country needs my service, I am ready to go. Whenever the time comes that I am wanted, I shall be ready."

At this, Mr. Green jumped to his feet and shouted:

"For God's sake, sir, if the time hasn't come now, when will it come?"

Such questions are bad for oratory.

Mr. Green became chaplain of one of the Wisconsin regiments, and was beloved of all his men. While the regiment was at the rendezvous at Madison, Wisconsin, he was one day called on to bury one of his "boys." He had concluded the prayers at the grave and was marching back decorously at the head of the escort, when a man rode up in front of the grave-yard gate, and cried out, as the procession came out, "Chuck 'em in, d——n 'em!" with much more abuse of the soldiers, not fit to be repeated. Quicker than a flash the impulsive chaplain stooped to pick up a hard frozen clod, and the next moment the insulter of dead soldiers was felled from his horse. But the flash was momentary; once back in his quarters, the chaplain was terrified at the thought of his dreadful breach of military and clerical decorum. He sat in despair for two hours, then he sallied forth to the colonel's quarters.

"Colonel," he said, "what do you think they'll do with me?"

"I don't know," said the colonel sternly. "I know what they ought to do with you, though."

"What?" asked the penitent chaplain.

"Promote you."

The ministers who were able to be fellows with men were the successful chaplains. There is a refined minister, remarkable for elegant rhetoric and well known in the Presbyterian body, who, in a moment of enthusiasm, accepted a chaplain's commission. Never was a man less suited to the place. When at last he had extricated himself by resignation, he expressed his feelings by a characteristic figure of speech. "I would just as soon spend the remainder of my days on a

hammock in the corner of an Irish grocery as in the army."

A major in the paymaster's department told me of the chaplain of a regiment from the mountains of Kentucky, in which there were six hundred men who could not read. The chaplain was not remarkable for erudition, but he suited himself to his hearers. This is the way he served up the story of Daniel:

"Now, my brethren, there was Dan'el. He was one of them that surrendered when Jerusalem was captured. Now, this 'ere Dan'el, he tuck the oath of allegiance to the king of Persia, and the king of Persia made him a colonel in the Persian army. That made all the West P'inters mad. They determined to git him cashiered. They couldn't find nothin' ag'in Dan'el, only that he was a prayin' man. So they went and got the king to issue an order that they shouldn't nobody pray for thirty days.

"Well, when that order was read on dress-parade, Dan'el was mad as fury. He went straight back to his tent and turned up the fly, and knelt down and prayed longer and louder nor ever. Then they went and told the king of Persia, and the king of Persia throwed him into the guard-house and let him stay all night.

"Well, now, the king of Persia couldn't sleep, because he knowed Dan'el was the best colonel in the army. So in the mornin' the king went down to the guard-house and give Dan'el a good talkin' to, and let him out. But Dan'el, he wouldn't go out. He demanded a court of inquiry. Well, when the court of inquiry met, Dan'el beat 'em all to pieces. He proved that the ginerall order was contrary to the articles of war. Then the king of Persia made Dan'el a brigadier-general."

It is the longest possible step from this chaplain to Doctor Bethune, who was a typical "rich man's preacher." It is told in Brooklyn that Doctor Bethune once related seriously to some friends that he found himself obliged to go from one part of the city to another one day, when he had not his carriage with him. He did not know what to do, until he luckily happened to think of "those moving machines that go through the streets," as he called them. He got into one, and was surprised to find what nice things the street-cars were for poor people.

But Doctor Bethune, even, rebelled against conventional propriety in driving fast horses in a day when a horse with good legs was far more reprobate than he is to-day. It is said that Bethune's consistory once com-

plained of the scandal caused by the doctor's horses.

"Well, gentlemen," he said meekly, "I may as well tell you that I mean to sell those horses."

The brethren expressed their delight.

"The reason I am going to sell them is this," he added slyly. "I was driving to-day, and So-and-so passed me, and I tell you, gentlemen, I will not drive a team that can be passed."

In my previous article I did injustice to Doctor Taylor, whose admirable book, "The Ministry of the Word," I represented as teaching that a minister should always read his sermons. Doctor Taylor holds only that the sermon should be written; not that it should always be read. On all such points it is hard to make a general rule. I would as soon trust Doctor Taylor's judgment as any one's; but, if I remember rightly, Doctor James Alexander, another excellent authority, insists that an extemporaneous speaker ought not to write a sermon before delivery. But in this whole matter of writing and reading sermons, the rule is to follow the natural bent. At least, those who, like myself, have never written a sermon in their lives, will not be troubled with remorse for having printed sermons. There are few discourses that deserve to be printed in full. An old and stupid clergyman in England, the son or grandson of a celebrated man, told me that he had printed more than a thousand of his own sermons for gratuitous distribution. The old man thought this a miracle of zeal; but I am sure that his sharp young curate, who stood by him while he talked, knew that it was a miracle of vanity.

It seems a pity that some of the *esprit du corps* that is wasted among ministers in trying to arrest the freedom of individual thought might not be turned to other account. Suppose that, instead of arraigning for heresy our Lyman Beechers, Albert Barneses, Horace Bushnells, and the later martyrs, we should set to work to rid the ranks of our profession of a few humbugs, clap-trap sensationalists, coxcombs, sanctimonists, self-seekers, parsons who never pay grocers' bills, those who write puffs of themselves, and those who carry uncharitableness up to the credit side of the ledger, under the head of zeal. What if, while we are so eager to root out the good wheat of individuality and courageous utterance, we leave untouched the tares of cowardice and selfishness? The business of tare-pulling is one which Christ would not intrust to the discrimination of

the angels themselves, and some of those who are engaged in it to-day are not just like angels—at least, not like the better class of angels.

There is so much to be done that it is a pity to waste any enthusiasm. In Jotham's parable, the olive refused to leave its fatness to be king over the trees, and one regrets to see men so useful as Doctor Tyng, the younger, reversing the parable by following in a wake marked with the wrecks of such preachers as Irving and Cumming. For if Christ were to come, what then? There is no more assurance that the New Testament imagery will find literal fulfillment than did that of the Old. And if he were to come now as he did before, let us say in the overalls of a workingman, repudiating our social pride and our pride of orthodoxy, exposing our hypocrisies, great and small; consorting with the poor, the wicked, and the outcast; making friends of publicans, eating with sinners, and commending philanthropic heretics like the good Samaritan,—if he were to come as he came once, do you think we should know him? It would seem that the chief-priests and scribes expected him before, but did not recognize him. And what if he should not know us, who are called by his name? Is there not need that some Elias should first come?

Some years ago a minister in New York City made a great sensation by advertising a sermon to thieves and harlots. The house was crowded, of course, with people who

wanted to get a good look at the wicked people who, for their part, did not come. This kind of prurient interest is easily excited by any discussion of social evils that is trumpeted. It is only the minister of firm but delicate touch who can advantageously treat such topics at all, and he will not use them as baits to catch gudgeons with. Such themes are sure to excite curiosity, whether they be treated in the pulpit, or the daily papers, or the weekly dreadfuls; but the chief purpose of the moral reformer should not be to excite evil curiosity. A certain kind of pathological information a reformer needs; but it is not information to be generally disseminated. About all such evil a pure spirit will say, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret!"

It is not by hiding the weaknesses of ministers that we elevate the profession. Nor by finding fault, perhaps, though that is the healthier way of the two. But a minister ought to be something better than an ornament to solemn occasions, like the tassels on a hearse. Let the younger men, who feel the liberalizing influence of the age, the breath of the twentieth century on their brows, seek also that simple earnestness and consecration to Christ-like service of their fellows, that only can make a minister's life worth the living. For, indeed, it is the most glorious life in God's world, if gloriously lived out. But effeminacy and self-seeking turn the noblest vocation into a sham.

"WE MET UPON THE CROWDED WAY."

I.

WE met upon the crowded way;
We spoke and passed. How bright the day
Turned from that moment, for a light
Did shine from her to make it bright.
And then I asked can such as she
From life be blotted utterly?
The thoughts from those clear eyes that dawn—
Can they unto the ground be drawn?

II.

Among the mighty who can find
One who hath a perfect mind?
Angry, jealous, cursed by feuds,—
They own the sway of many moods.
But thou dost perfect seem to me
In thy divine simplicity.
Though from the heavens the stars be wrenched
Thy light, dear maid, shall not be quenched:
Gentle, and true, and pure, and free—
The gods will not abandon thee!

A SYMPOSIUM ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

I DESIRE to preface this paper with the statement that I am following distinguished precedents in the choice of my title. I have always associated the word "symposium" with the matters of eating and drinking; but when grave and imposing reviews apply it to a collection of opinions, I want to be, as the French say, "in the movement," and so do the same. I should rightly have procured written statements from the representative gentlemen whose views on the pressing Chinese question I have endeavored to collate; but having first applied to a native of the Flowery Kingdom, and learning that he "no sa be Englishee w'lttee," I concluded to secure the services of an exporter of a metropolitan journal, and transcribe the results of his "interviews" as follows:

AH LEE.

THIS gentleman was sought in a somewhat damp basement in Cherry street. Misled by a certain sameness in the Mongolian physiognomy, the reporter politely addressed an almond-eyed individual bending over a tub, from whom only the expressions "No sabe" and "Washee-washee" could be extorted; but Ah Lee himself soon appeared, and conversed with great volubility.

"He (pointing to the gentleman presiding at the tub) b'long alla same mi coolie. He no sabe anyting. B'long number one foolo. You no wantchee washee-washee? Wantchee what thing? Mi *views*? No sabe views! Mi *'pinion*? What thing b'long 'pinion? Wantchee sabe what thing mi thinkee 'long [about] that Chinaman Melica side [in America]? Alla lightee [all right]. Mi come Melica side three year before. Stop San Flancisco two year, this side one year. No likee San Flancisco. Ilishman too muchee bobbey Chinaman. Policeman too muchee flog; too muchee cuttee *tail*ee; smallo boy too muchee stoney mi. This side jussee now more better; no so muchee bobbey. Bimeby hab got more Chinaman come, mi thinkee this side alla same San Flancisco; plenty bobbey, plenty stoney. Likee Melican man, no likee Ilishman. Mi thinkee that Ilishman no good inside that heartee. What for he fightee Chinaman? This no b'long he countee [country]. He come this side alla same Chinaman come, alla same Melican man go China side, wantchee catchee chancee [gain advantages]. Chinaman workee welly hard makee lailoadee

[railroad], makee cigar, washee-washee; he spensee [expenses] welly smallo, he no d'linkee samshoo [drink spirits], can catchee littee [little] chancee. Ilishman spensee more largee; he dlinkee plenty samshoo, no got chancee, he *inside plenty hot* [very angry], he wantchee fightee Chinaman, wantchee pay he walkee [send him away].

"Denny Kearney? Who man? No sabe he. He wantchee washee-washee? What thing he talkee? Chinaman b'long moon-eye leper? No sabe moon-eye leper. Mi thinkee Kearney number one foolo. Wantchee killum Chinaman, makee that Golden Gatee full up 'long he body [fill with their bodies]? Tluly [truly], mi thinkee that foolo talkee [nonsense]. No sabe Genelal Butler. You talkee he number one fien 'long [friend of] that Kearney? Kearney come Boston side helpee that Butler catchee taoutae [become governor]? Butler loosum chancee [failed]? He talkee wantchee takee Chinaman bone puttee ground makee that licee [rice] come up more quick? How can talkee so fashion? S'pose some man so fashion talkee China side, can secure chop-chop cuttee head [would be sure to lose his head]. Mi thinkee alla this pidgin tluly welly culio [very curious]. Long teem before [a long time ago] mi hab see one piecee Melican joss pidgin man [missionary] Canton side. He talkee mi Melica side one man alla same 'nother man, maskee [no matter if] he poor man, richee man, white man, black man, Chinaman, any fashion man, he can stop this side, mandalin [government] take care he alla same. Mi fear he talkee lie pidgin [told a lie] Melica side no p'loppa [proper]. Maskee [never mind]. S'pose Ilishman no too muchee bobbey, mi can stop two, three year, catchee littee chancee, takee that dollar, buy shilling billee [exchange] takee steamer, go back Canton side. Jussee now you go? No 'casion so chop-chop [you needn't hurry so much]. Mi likee you come 'nother teem [again]. S'pose you wantchee washee-washee, s'pose you got fien wantchee washee-washee, mi can do number one fashion, one dollar one dozen. Chin chin!"

MONSIEUR ALPHONSE DE LA FONTAINE.

THIS gentleman was found (*au sixieme*) in a (tenement) house in (South) Fifth avenue, and received the reporter graciously.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur.* I speak not very well English, for I have not the habitude to

converse. *Et vous ne parlez pas*, you speak not French? (The reporter desires it known that the Frenchmen, whom he has met don't speak the same kind of French that he learned in Ollendorff.) *N'importe*. I will do my possible. I ask your pardon to receive you *en déshabillé*. I read on your card zat you *journaliste*, and you vish to make to me vat you call ze 'interview.' *Mais qu'est ce que c'est que ça?* Vat is zat? I vill tell you vat I think? *Mais oui*. I am of a familiee very *distinguée*, and in my country of ze first *considération*. Viz ze Empereur, I vas ze ver' good friend. Ven he vas prisoner, and ze Commune destroy *ma belle Paris*, I am come to New York, and I rest here it is seven year. I gain *un peu d'argent*, I make my little *économies*, I rest tranquil. Some day I hear zat *Le Prince Impérial* he come once more to the Tuileries. *Je m'en vais*, I go quickly to him. I cry *Vive l'Empereur!* I see once more *la belle France*. *Quel bonheur!*—And you vish my opinion of the *politique?* *Et la question Chinoise?* *Ah oui*. I have know very well ze ambassadeur at Pekin. Ven *ces scélérats de Chinois* have killed at Tientsin the poor Sisters of Charity, he tell ze Prince Kung zat from zat moment ze Chinese empire cease to exist. *Malheureusement*, zere is ze war at home, he have not ze ships and ze army and—But it is not zat! It is of ze *canaille* in ze *Rue Cherry* zat you ask? But to zat question zare cannot be but ze one side. You vill not tell me that ze great American people vish to have here zat *barbare?* *Tenez!* Vat is man vizout ze *sensibilité*, vizout ze *esprit?* And vill you find ze *esprit* in zat dirty man viz the yellow face who pass ze time in nothing but to wash ze clothes? *C'est affreux!* And zen consider for one leetle moment anoder terrible fate zat you prepare for yourself,—*la cuisine, mon ami!* For me, I find not zat one comprehends in ze *États Unis*, ze importance of zis question. I like not ze baked beans, and ze doughnuts; but vat vill happen ven zis *cochon de Chinois* take possession of your kitchen? You vill have, *voyez-vous*, ze dog, ze cat, ze egg zat is not good, ze nest of ze bird,—*quel horreur!*—I find not now in your country ze good digestion; but if you chase not away the Chinaman, you go to have no digestion *du tout!* Bah! You vill take a *petit verre de absinthe?* *Non?*—*Une cigarette?* *Bien! Au revoir, Monsieur.*"

THE HON. GERARD MONTAGUE.

THE reporter followed his card to the door of a handsome apartment at the "Brunswick," where the occupant stood with his

back to the fire, caressing his long blond whiskers.

"How d'ye do? Want to 'interview' me, as you say in your country? Yes—I've no objection; doosid queer custom, though, you know. Came over four months ago. Went to California and Colorado. Shooting? Yes, very good. Fellahs at home don't know how awfully jolly it is. Chinese in California? No end; asked a lot of fellahs about them. Answers didn't agwee. Some said they were doosid useful, others called them a beastly nuisance.

"I say, you know, there's a low cad there that spoke on a place called the Sand Lots, and I went out with some fellahs to hear him. By Jove! didn't he pitch into them? He could give odds to a Billingsgate fishwoman. What do I think myself? I weally don't know. We on our side don't see much of them you know, except fellahs in the army and navy who go out to their beastly hot countwy. A fellah at my club went into the City one day on top of a 'bus and there was a missionawy on the box, and he heard the dwivah ask him, 'What kind of people is the Chinese? Is they a civilized folk? Does they take their gin of a mornin'?' But, my deah sir, weally, this is a most extraordinawy countwy, such a doosid mixture, don't you know, that I weally can't see why you—aw—should object to a few more nationalities. I don't know much about this question myself, but, by Jove! I did know a fellah once, who knew another fellah who had a wov with his governor,—came to gwief with wacing, and all that sort of thing, don't you know?—and had to go out to Austwalia,—beastly place he said it was,—met a doosid lot of cads. He went up to the mines and began digging for gold; found it an awful bore, and gave up his claim, and then what should a couple of impudent beasts of Chinamen do, but come along and work where he had been, and find a lot of gold! Of course he gave them a jolly good thwashing, but the authowities actually gave judgment against him—just fancy!—in favor of those yellow heathen, and against a gentleman. Beastly sell, wasn't it? Now you know that's the sort of thing that a fellah can't stand. We wouldn't have the blarsted Chinamen in England, you may be suah,—and if this wasn't such an awfully new countwy—But hello! by Jove! it's three o'clock, and I'm going on a dwag to the Park; not like Wotten Wow, you know, but—aw—not so bad after all. Have a bwandy and soda? Delighted to see you at any time. Good-bye."

HERR ISAAC ROSENTHAL.

THE reporter left a green car at the corner of Avenue A, found this amiable Teuton at the door of a clothing warehouse, and met with a cordial greeting.

"Come righd in, mein liebe Herr! Don'd mind dot leedle tog. He vill not pide you. I geeb him to trive away de bad leedle poy in de sthreed. You like to puy zome very coot glothing? I can zell you dot goat—for—Nein? You are reborder? *Teufel!* I know noding about dot Steward pusiness. *Ach!* id is not dot? So! And you vand to shpeak to me about de Shinamen? Vell, I dell you dot you come yust to de righd blace. You bedder don'd go no farder. You yust come in de back shtore, you take ein glas bier, you schmoke ein gut zigar,—no, not dot,—I call him real Havana, bud I make him up-shtairs. I gif you a bedder one as dot. So! I lighd him for you. Now I shpeag mit you about dem Shinamen, und you put vat I zay in de baber, pecause de public oughd to know vat bad beobles dey ish. I keeb last year ein kleine shop mit mein bruder,—hish name is Zolomon,—and ve haf yust as coot glothes as dem dot you zee dere, and von day dere gome in ein, zwei, drei Shinamen, and zay to me, 'How do, John?' and I dell him dot my name ish not John; but he only laugh. Den he zay, 'You got some coot glothes, John? S'pose hab got, mi likee see.' I haf such vay of shpeaking nefer heard, but I can a leedle undershtand, and I t'ink dot he vill not know a coot goad ven he zee id, and I show him some dot ish not of the brime qualidy, and vill not last so long as dot kind as I show you, and I sharge him a coot brice, and he look at him, and dry him on, and I dell him dot id vill him very vell fit. Und den dish great rasgal he zay to me dot he has not much money got, but some leedle box of very coot tea, und he make a pargain and shwop mit me. Und I t'ink dot I make mit him a coot drade, and I give him the goat, and dake de dea; and he say, 'Chin chin, John,' and go out, and I don'd never see him no more. Und vat you tink? ven I open dot dea, I find him one inch coot, and below dot noding but yust rubbish, and some schmall bieces of iron to make him heavy. Und zo, mein liebe Herr, you can de reason undershtand dot I like not to have dot Shinese beobles gome to New York. Und you pe a goot yellow, and put in de baber dot he ish a bad man, and if he gome here, de honest men can no pusiness do."

In one of the public squares the reporter

found a party of men, presumably engaged in the collection and removal of rubbish; but, at the moment of his arrival, grouped together for a social chat, in which the "boss" took a prominent part. In him was recognized the gentleman whose opinions were sought,—a newly arrived, but eminent, ward politician,

MR. PHELM MC-FINNEGAN.

"Good-mornin' to yez," he pleasantly began. "It's mesilf that's glad to see the loight of your countenance. And may be ye're one of them gntlemen of the press that I'm tould comes from Trinithy College, Dublin. 'And it's niver a betther place they'll be foinding. Shure it's to Ould Ireland that they have to come to supply their wants, and don't it make ye proud to see in what honor and estheem yere countrymen are hild in this city? Look at the hoigh places they're filling. Faix, ye may be afther calling it the capital of the Irish republic. An intherview is it? Arrah, there was a thafe of the wurruld come to me about the election, and I tould him me sintimints, and when the paper come out it was that different from what I said, that I'd niver know me own wurruds. And it's not the election this toime? I'd loike ye to have seen a meeting that we had in me disthricht. Shure the room was full of me friends, and I was spaking to thim about the great principles of liberthy, and how if our candidate was put in he'd double the wages of the wurruking man, and did they moind, I was afther asking thim, that it was a land of liberthy and their own dear counthry (and sorra a bit was it, betwixt you and me and the pump, for there was niver a mother's son of thim but come from Ould Ireland, and it's sorra a naturalization paper the half of thim had), and there was a man got up, and do you know what he tould thim? He said that he was born in the ward, and his father and grandfather before him, and he thought that whin they'd be spaking about it being their own counthry, he'd loike to say a wurrud, and shure the boys was that mad that they riz roight up, and they put him out. And thin—But what do yez say? What will I be afther thinking about the *Chinaze*? Oh, murther! Shure yere not wantning thim haythin foreyners to come and sthay here and take the bread out of the mouth of the wurruking man? Aint they wurruking men thimselves? Sorra a bit of it, with their long pig-tails and their opium pipes. Would ye now,—would ye

raly put one of thim alongside of a broth of a boy just landed from the Country Cork or Tipperary, with his nate velvetreen breeches and his sprig of shillelagh, and loiking a sup of whisky whin he's dhry, and always ready for a foight? Shure there was one of them—as foine a young man as ever ye seen—come out in the stheamer a whoile ago, and he was afther taking a walk and he met one of thim Chinaze on the sidewalk with his woman's skirts and his silks, whin Patsy had niver a dacint coat to his back, and he was that mad that he knocked him off into the mud. And whin the craythur picked himself up, ye niver seen anything loike his impudence, for he points first to Patsy, and thin to himself and says, '*You—Christian, mi—heathen. Good-mornin'.*' Did ye iver hear the loikes of that? No surr, as long as the Oirish vote is that powerful that it is now, niver a Chinaze will ye see here."

Like a breeze from his own Western prairies and cañons was the hearty greeting, at a down-town hotel, of

JUDGE ELIAKIM PILLSBURY,

of Dead-man's Ranch, Whisky Gulch, Montana Territory, who gave his visitor a strong shake of the hand, placed himself at his disposal, and expressed his sentiments concisely and clearly, after having, at the reporter's request, read over the notes of the foregoing interviews.

"Wall," said he, "I kalkilate you've come to me about the right time.

"I was born and reared in the state of Maine, and used to hear lots of stuff about free speech, but I've found out that speakin' their own minds was a luxury beyond the means of most men, and I aint been able to afford it myself until I struck it rich in the gulch (a true fissure vein and as good ore as you ever see). And that's the trouble with most folks; they're afraid to say things that may harm their interests. It reminds me of a debating society down in Skowhegan when I was a youngster. A fellow named Fettyplace summed up on one side, and a fellow named Bunker on the other; and when the president come to decide, sez he, 'I allow Mr. Bunker 'peared to have the best of the argyment, but then Mr. Fettyplace, he buys most of his goods at my store, and I can't decide ag'in him.' So you see it is. People in trade's afraid of losing custom, and politicians think of their places, and lawyers of their practice, and some parsons too, may be, of the risk

of bein' turned out. But I've got to the point now that I kalkilate to say about what I think, and it aint taken me long to make up my mind about what these five men hev told you. The Chinees's head's leveler than any of 'em. He jest goes on about his business (although I allow he aint any great shakes in the 'washee-washee,' as he calls it, for he does everlastingly use up the clothes), and he don't mind what folks is talking about, and I say, *give him a show.* I don't take any stock in his josses and opium-smoking and all that, but no more do I in some of the ways of Irishmen and Portygese and sich like; but I'll tell you one thing thet's sartain, and jest you make a note of it, and that is, that unless we're agoin' right straight back on the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, all these foreigners is exactly the same to us, and there isn't one in the whole outfit of 'em hez any more rights here than another. And as to a lot of 'em comin' here and livin' off the land, and then tellin' us that some more foreigners sha'n't come, because they happen to wear pig-tails and eat rats (an' one of my cousins who's been to Canton sez that aint so), is playin' it down pretty low on us, and about as everlastin' impudence as I ever heerd of. I don't go much on Butler nowadays, for he'd ought to know better than to be incitin' a lot of ignorant folks to rise up ag'in capitalists, as they call 'em, and jest get shot or knocked in the head by and by; and I'd like to know how he makes his views jibe with them he held when he wrote to the cussed impudent foreign consuls at New Orleans: 'If you don't like the way things is carried on in this country, you've a short, speedy and effectual remedy. *Go!* Stay not on the order of thy going, but go at once. You come here without our invitation, and you leave without our regrets.' That's the kind of talk. As for that Kearney, he's a first-class dead-beat, and if he'd show his face once in the gulch, you jest bet the boys would bounce him. So, pard, if my opinion's any good to you, jest say that I kalkilate to stick close to the Constitution, and if that document don't make no difference between folks that come here from foreign parts, I say give 'em all a show, and make 'em behave themselves, and if they don't, make 'em git up and git suddenly."

With which words of common sense (are they not so, oh, intelligent, fair-minded reader?) cometh to an end this symposium.

"SHE WAS A BEAUTY."

SHE was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President;
And quite coquettish in her ways—
On cardiac conquests much intent.

Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,
Wooded her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase—
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

And when your roses where hers went
Shall go, my Lill, who date from Hayes,
I hope you'll wear her sweet content
Of whom tradition lightly says:
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

IN A PARIS RESTAURANT.

I GAZE, while thrills my heart with patriot pride,
Upon the exquisite skin, rose-flushed and creamy;
The perfect little head; on either side
Blonde waves. The dark eyes, vaguely soft and dreamy,
Hold for a space my judgment in eclipse,
Until, with half a pout, supremely dainty,
"He's reel mean"—slips from out the strawberry lips—
"Oh, aint he!"

This at her escort, youthful, black-moustached
And diamond-studded—this reproof, whereat he
Is not to any great extent abashed.
(That youth's from "Noo Orleans" or "Cincinnati,"
I'm sure.) But she—those dark eyes doubtful strike
Her sherbet-ice. . . Wont touch it. . . Is induced to.
Result: "I'd sooner eat Mince-Pie, Jim, like
We used to."

While then my too-soon-smitten soul recants,
I hear her friend discoursing with much feeling
Of tailors, and a garment he calls "pants."
I note into her eyes a softness stealing—
A shade of thought upon her low, sweet brow—
She hears him not—I swear, I could have cried here—
The escort nudges her—she starts, and—"How?
The idear!"

This was the finishing and final touch.
I rose, and took no further observation.
I love my country "just about" as much—
I have for it as high a veneration—
As a man whose fathers fought for liberty,
Whose veins conduct the blood of Commodore Perry, can.
But *she* was quite too very awfully
American.

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF EMERSON.

It was said by a friend who stood by Thoreau's grave, before Hawthorne had been buried near him on the hill-side where he sleeps in Concord, "This village is his monument, covered with suitable inscriptions by himself." In future years,—when the pilgrim shall stand on the same pine-covered hill-top, where, a little higher up, as befits his genius, will be seen the grave of Emerson,—it can be said with even greater truth, that Concord itself is the monument of him who wrote

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,"

and that other song, unrivaled in the depth of its sadness, whose closing strain is

"The silent organ loudest chants
The Master's requiem."

For Concord is not only inscribed in all its tranquil scenery—its woods and fields and waters—with memories of Emerson the poet, but is also a family monument to his ancestors, the Bulkeleys and Emersons and Blisses; pious ministers who founded it, prayed for it and preached in it, helped to rescue it from Indian ambush and English invasion, and then laid their bones there to become part of its soil, and to dignify the plain earth which had nourished them. The history of the town is indeed that of Emerson and his forefathers; and it is better known by his fame than through any other distinction it may now enjoy. It is here that the pilgrim shall say as the Persian disciple said of his master, "The eagle of the immaterial soul of Saadi hath shaken from his plumage the dust of the body."

Ralph Waldo Emerson is the eighth in descent from the Reverend Peter Bulkeley, Rector of Woodhill, in English Bedfordshire, where the Ouse, they say, pours a winding flood through green meadows, much as the Musketaquid now does in his American colony. This Puritan minister, unwilling to obey the bishops of Charles Stuart, emigrated to Massachusetts, in 1634, with several of his English flock, and, in company with Major Simon Willard, a Kentish man, planted the town of Concord in September, 1635. He was the first minister of the church which he gathered there, and, at his death in 1659, transmitted his sacred office to his son, Rev. Edward Bulkeley; whose

daughter, Elizabeth, born in Concord in 1638, married Rev. Joseph Emerson in 1665, and became the mother of a long line of ministerial Emersons. Her son, Edward Emerson, born in Concord in 1670, married Rebecca Waldo of Chelmsford in 1697; from whom the present Mr. Emerson derives both his descent and his middle name, by which he has commonly been called. The Emersons and Waldos, unlike the Bulkeleys, first settled in Ipswich, and were not originally clergymen. Thomas Emerson, the first American ancestor of the poet, is supposed to be descended from the Emersons of Durham in England, and perhaps from that Ralph Emerson in the county palatine of Durham, who, in 1535, received from Henry VIII. a grant of the heraldic arms which the family of Ralph Waldo Emerson have inherited,—three lions passant, with a demi-lion holding a battle-ax for crest.* The Waldos claim descent from Peter Waldo, a leading man among those early Protestants known as Waldenses; their first American ancestor was Cornelius of Ipswich and Chelmsford, the father of Rebecca Emerson. These Waldos had been merchants in London. The Bulkeleys were of gentle blood, and related to the family of Oliver St. John, the parliamentary leader and friend of Cromwell, whom Rev. Peter Bulkeley calls his nephew.

In New England, since Thomas Emerson's death in 1666, his descendants have taken to the Christian ministry as remarkably as the Cottons or the Mathers. Mr. Emerson of Concord, his father, grandfather and great-grandfather, of that name, were all ministers, and he has a clerical ancestor in every generation, on one side or the other, as far back as Fox's "Book of Martyrs," to which one of those ancestors wrote a supplement. Mr. Emerson himself was born in Boston, May 25, 1803; his father, Rev. William Emerson, being at that time and until his death in 1811, minister of the First Church congregation, which John Cotton had gathered in 1630. This church in 1803

* This escutcheon was carved on the tomb-stone of Nathaniel Emerson (brother of Rev. Joseph Emerson) at Ipswich, Massachusetts, where he died in 1712, at the age of eighty-three. In 1709, Richard Dale, a London herald, certified this as the correct escutcheon, and it has since been used by some branches of the Emerson family.

assembled in the Old Brick Meeting-house on Washington street, close by the Old State-house, but soon removed to a site near the parsonage-house, at the corner of Summer and Chauncy streets, in which Mr. Emerson was born. This house has been taken down, and so has the new parsonage-

Emerson of Concord married his successor in the parish, Dr. Ripley, who thus became the guardian of young William Emerson and his sisters. When, some thirty years after, Rev. William Emerson of Boston died, leaving six or seven young children, of whom Ralph Waldo was the third in age, Dr. Rip-



THE OLD MANSE.

house on the same estate, in which Mr. Emerson spent his childhood. His father, Rev. William Emerson of Boston, was born at Concord, in the parsonage-house of his father, Rev. William Emerson of Concord, famous as the Old Manse, since Hawthorne lived and wrote under its gambrel roof. It was then, a few years before the Revolution, a new and fine house, built for the young minister of Concord and his bride, Miss Phebe Bliss, the daughter of his predecessor in the parish, Rev. Daniel Bliss. The sketches given with this paper of its exterior and interior represent it as little different from what it was in 1775, when Mr. Emerson's grandfather went forth from its front door early on the morning of Concord fight, to join the farmers at their muster on his meeting-house green. It was in the same condition sixty years later when Ralph Waldo Emerson went to live in it, as he had done at intervals before.

About 1780, the widow of Rev. William
Vol. XVII.—41.

ley's parsonage at Concord became a second home to them,—their own home continuing in Boston and Cambridge until 1834, when, upon his return from England, Mr. R. W. Emerson took up his abode permanently in Concord. For a year or so he lived at the Old Manse with his grandfather, Dr. Ripley, and there his first book, "Nature," was chiefly written. In the latter part of 1835, after his marriage with Miss Lidian Jackson of Plymouth, he took possession of his own home on the Lexington road, east of the village, not far from the Walden woods, and has lived there ever since. The house was partially destroyed by fire a few years ago, but was rebuilt in its former shape and aspect. It stands among trees, with a pine grove across the street in front, and a small orchard and garden reaching to a brook in the rear. On the south-east side, from which the succeeding sketch is taken, it looks toward another orchard, on the edge of which formerly stood the picturesque sum-

mer-house built for Mr. Emerson in 1847-8 by his friend Mr. Bronson Alcott, but now for some years decayed and removed. The house itself is of wood,—a modest, homelike, comfortable residence, with small outlook, narrow grounds, and at some distance from Walden pond and the river—the two features of Concord scenery best known to the world, because most fully described by Thoreau and Hawthorne.

Mr. Emerson had dwelt in this home for seven years when Hawthorne, immediately upon his marriage with Miss Sophia Peabody in 1842, went to live in the Old Manse, of which he has given so charming a description. The general features of the landscape have also been described by him, as well as by Thoreau, by Ellery Channing, the poet, by Bronson Alcott, and by Emerson himself. Hawthorne said in 1843: "The scenery of Concord has no very marked characteristics, but a great deal of quiet beauty, in keeping with the river. There are broad and peaceful meadows, which, I think, are among the most satisfying objects in natural scenery. The heart reposes on them with a feeling that few things else can give, because almost all other objects are abrupt and clearly defined; but a meadow stretches out like a small infinity, yet with a secure homeliness which we do not find either in an expanse of water or of air. The hills which border these meadows are wide swells of land, or long and gradual ridges, some of them densely covered with wood. The white village appears to be embosomed among wooded hills. The river is one of the loveliest features in a scene of great rural beauty."

The sketch on page 500 is taken from one of these hills, and gives quite as much distinctness to the river and its meadows as to the village itself, beyond which, as this picture is drawn, lies the hill-side grave of Hawthorne and the houses of Emerson and Alcott. From the hill Nahshawtuc, on which the artist sat to sketch this view (and where the Indians used to encamp, between the two rivers, Assabet and Musketaquid, which flow under its north and south sides to form the Concord), one may see in the spring freshets that prospect which Thoreau described:

"Our village shows a rural Venice,
Its broad lagoons where yonder fen is;
As lovely as the Bay of Naples
Yon placid cove amid the maples;
And in my neighbor's field of corn
I recognize the Golden Horn."

It was proposed by Thoreau that Concord should adopt for its coat-of-arms "a field verdant, with the river circling nine times round"; and he compared the slow motion of the stream to "the moccasined tread of an Indian warrior." Channing—who, since he came to reside in Concord, in 1841, has rambled over every foot of its ground with Thoreau, with Hawthorne, or with Emerson, and is one of the few persons who, as Thoreau thought, "understood the art of walking, that is, of taking walks; who had a genius, so to speak, for *sauntering*"—Channing sings of these

"Peaceful walks
O'er the low valleys, seamed with long-past thrift,
And crags that beetle o'er the base of woods,
By rock and hill, low stream, and surly pitch
Of never-opening oaks."

But Emerson himself, the first poet of Concord, if not of America, has drawn the landscape so familiar to him with the most truthful touches:

"Because I was content with these poor fields,
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
And granted me the freedom of their state.
For me in showers, in sweeping showers, the
spring
Visits the valley;—break away the clouds,—
I bathe in the morn's soft and silvered air,
And loiter willing by yon loitering stream;
Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivulet
Winds, mindful yet of sannup and of squaw,
Whose pipe and arrow oft the plow unburies.
Sparrows far off, and nearer, April's bird,
Blue-coated, flying before from tree to tree,
Courageous, sing a delicate overture
To lead the tardy concert of the year.
Onward and nearer rides the sun of May,
And wide around the marriage of the plants
Is sweetly solemnized. Then flows amain
The surge of summer's beauty; dell and crag
Hollow-and lake, hill-side and pine arcade,
Are touched with genius. Yonder ragged cliff
Has thousand faces in a thousand hours."

Such is the picture presented to serene and hopeful eyes; but there is a different landscape, veiled with a sadder hue, which the same eyes have sometimes seen.

"In the long, sunny afternoon,
The plain was full of ghosts;
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts."

"The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood."



THE EMERSON HOUSE.

"But they are gone, the holy ones,
Who trod with me this lovely vale;
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low and pale.

"I touch this flower of silken leaf
Which once our childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew."

Those whom Emerson commemorates in these lines were his earliest companions, his brothers Edward and Charles, with whom he rambled among the Concord woods and streams in his boyhood and youth, from 1816 to 1836, when his youngest brother Charles died. A few years later—perhaps in 1838—his friend Alcott began to walk the hill-tops and wood-paths with him; in 1839 he became intimate with his young townsman, Henry Thoreau, then just setting forth with his brother John to explore the rivers Concord and Merrimac; and in 1841 Ellery Channing, returning eastward from the prairies of Illinois and the banks of the Ohio, made his home in a cottage, not far from Mr. Emerson's house. Hawthorne, as before mentioned, came first in 1842; he left Concord for Salem in 1846, but returned thither twice, in 1852 and finally, in 1860, when he came back from England. Between 1836 and 1846 Margaret Fuller was a frequent visitor in Concord, and a companion of Mr. Emerson and his friends. Hawthorne's note-

book records that in August, 1842, while returning through the woods from Mr. Emerson's house to the Old Manse, he encountered Margaret reading under a tree in "Sleepy Hollow"—the little park that has since become a cemetery, in which Hawthorne himself is buried. As they sat talking on the hill-side, not far from his future grave, "we heard," he says, "foot-steps on the high bank above us, and while the person was still hidden among the trees he called to Margaret. Then he emerged from his green shade, and behold! it was Mr. Emerson, who said 'there were Muses in the woods to-day, and whispers to be heard in the breezes.' It being now nearly six o'clock, we separated,—Mr. Emerson and Margaret toward his home, and I toward mine."

This anecdote may serve to call attention to a habit of Emerson, in which he agrees with Wordsworth. When a traveler asked to see the old poet's study, his servant answered—"Here is Mr. Wordsworth's library, but his study is out-of-doors." It was for many years Mr. Emerson's custom to pass his mornings in his library, and his afternoons in the open air, walking alone or with a friend across the pastures and through the woods which encircle the village on all sides. Behind the first range of these woods to the southward lies the fair lake called

Walden, along whose shores Mr. Emerson owns some acres of woodland, so that he may look upon Walden as his own domain. His favorite walk has been to these woods and around this pond; and on the farther shore, opposite the cove where Thoreau built his cabin in 1845, Mr. Emerson once purposed to build a lodge or summer-house, for study and for the lovely prospect. The sketch of Walden given on page 504 was drawn from a point in the Emerson wood-lot, looking south-east across the water to the Emerson wood-lot on the other side, where the lodge, had it been built, was to stand. For some years, just before Thoreau's death in 1862, Mr. Emerson kept his boat in the cove beside which his friend's cabin had stood, and from this they now and then rowed forth together.

"Here sometimes gliding in his peaceful skiff
Climené sails, heir of the world, and notes
(In his perception that no thing escapes)
Each varying pulse along Life's arteries,
Both what she half resolves, and half effects,
As well as her whole purpose. To his eye,
The stars of many a midnight heaven have
beamed
Tokens of love, types of the soul. He saw
In those far-moving barks on Heaven's sea,
Radiates of force; and while he moved from
man
Lost on the eternal billow, still his heart
Beat with some natural fondness for his race."

As Mr. Emerson was one day walking with a young friend along the railroad track

that dykes Walden on the south-west, he threw a stone into the green water and repeated his own lines, which had not then been printed:

"He smote the lake to please his eye
With the beryl beam of the broken wave;
He flung in pebbles, well to hear
The moment's music which they gave."

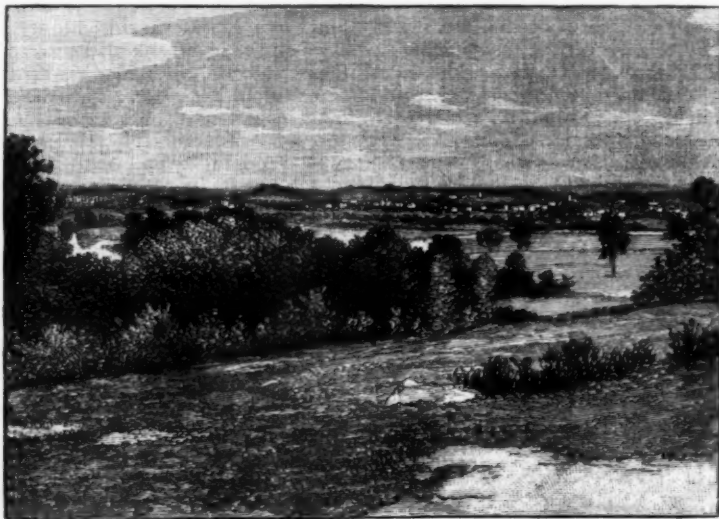
In one of his later poems, called "My Garden," he thus speaks of Walden and its wooded banks:

"My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake edge,
Then plunge to depths profound.

Waters that wash my garden side
Play not in Nature's lawful web,
They heed not moon or solar tide,—
Five years elapse from flood to ebb."

The allusion here is to the mysterious rise and fall of the water in Walden, quite regardless of rain or drought, being sometimes at its highest in a dry summer, and at its lowest when all other streams and ponds are full. It seems to be fed by secret springs, and to have a hidden outlet.

When, at one period in his life, it became necessary for Mr. Emerson to decide in what town or city he would fix his abode, he said, "I am by nature a poet, and, therefore, must live in the country." His choice of Concord for a home was simple



CONCORD FROM LEE'S HILL.

and natural; it had been the home of his ancestors, the paradise of his childhood, and no other scenery could have been more in harmony with his genius. He found there the familiar beauty of nature and the freedom from social forms which the idealist needs; while his native city was still so near that he could resort to it or welcome his friends from it as often as his way of life required. For a few years before establishing himself in Concord, in 1834, he had been the minister of a parish in Boston, and for some years after his retirement there he continued to preach occasionally in pulpits not far from home. Gradually his pulpit became the lecture platform, from which, in Boston and in a hundred other cities and villages, he read those essays that, since 1840, have appeared in his books. His poems first began to be printed in the "Dial," a quarterly review established by him and his friends in 1840, and continuing four years. The first volume of poems was published in 1847; the second in 1867; a third, containing the most, but not all of these two volumes, came out in 1876, with a few new poems, the most important of which was his "Boston," first read at Faneuil Hall in December, 1873, when the poet had more than completed his three-score years and ten. It had been written about ten years earlier, however, as part of a longer poem not yet published. Several of his poems have long remained unpublished, among them one read in Cambridge more than forty years ago. He began to write verses very early, and, in the biography of his friend, Mrs. Samuel Ripley, we find the first of his lines that were ever printed. They are a translation made in May, 1814, when he was just eleven years old, from the fifth eclogue of Virgil. The passage translated begins:

*Sed tu desine plura puer; successimus antro,
Extinctum Nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnin
Flebant: vos coruli testes, et flumina Nymphis.*

This is Waldo Emerson's version of it, if, as I suppose, he translated it, and did not copy from some elder translator:

"Turn now, O youth! from your long speech
away;
The bower we've reached recluse from sunny ray.
The Nymphs with pomp have mourned for Daph-
nis dead;
The hazels witnessed and the rivers fled.
The wretched mother clasped her lifeless child,
And gods and stars invoked with accents wild.
Daphnis! The cows are not now led to streams
Where the bright sun upon the water gleams,



THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE REBUILT.

Neither do herds the cooling river drink,
Nor crop the grass upon the verdant brink.
O Daphnis! Both the mountains and the woods,
The Punic lions and the raging floods
All mourn for thee—for thee who first did hold
In chariot reins the spotted tiger bold."

There are ten more lines, but these are enough to show the smoothness of the verse and the freedom of the translation. It was written in continuation of a version made by Mrs. Ripley herself (then Miss Sarah Bradford), whose letter accompanying her own verses furnishes an agreeable picture of the young poet's occupations at the Boston Latin school. Miss Bradford, then not quite twenty-one years old, had read by herself and for her own delight not only Virgil and Horace and Juvenal in Latin, but Homer, Theocritus, Euripides and Sophocles in Greek, and Tasso in Italian. She writes thus to her friend's nephew, who afterward became her own nephew by marriage:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—You love to trifle
in rhyme a little now and then; why will you not

continue this versification of the fifth Bucolic? You will answer two ends, or, as the old proverb goes, kill two birds with one stone,—improve in your Latin, as well as indulge a taste for poetry. Why can't you write me a letter in Latin? But Greek is your favorite language; *Epistola in lingua Græca* would be still better. All the honor will be on my part, to correspond with a young gentleman in Greek. Only think of how much importance I shall feel in the literary world! Tell me what most interests you in Rollin; in the wars of contending princes, under whose banners you enlist, to whose cause you ardently wish success. Write me with what stories in Virgil you are most delighted. Is not that a charming one of Nisus and Euryalus? I suppose you have a Euryalus among your companions; or don't little boys love each other as well as they did in Virgil's time? How beautifully he describes the morning! Do write to your affectionate friend

SARAH.*

Amid such pursuits as this letter indicates, Waldo Emerson passed his boyhood, in his native city of Boston, then a town of greater fame than magnitude or wealth, but of a spirit greater than either. As he then saw it he has sung it, and the memory of that Boston will be best preserved in his nervous lyrical verse:

"The rocky nook with hill-tops three
Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice each day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms;
The men of yore were stout and poor,
And sailed for bread to every shore.

"And where they went, on trade intent,
They did what freemen can;

* Miss Bradford married the uncle of Waldo Emerson, Rev. Samuel Ripley, in 1818, and lived in his parish at Waltham until the spring of 1846, when they removed to the Old Manse in Concord, which Hawthorne had just left vacant. It had been the early home of Mr. Ripley, whose father, Rev. Doctor Ripley, had married Mrs. Emerson, grandmother of Waldo Emerson. In this picturesque residence Mrs. Ripley spent the rest of her life, dying at the age of seventy-four. She continued to be one of the most intimate friends of Mr. Emerson and his circle of companions, and for many years she spent her Sunday evenings at his house. She was the most learned woman ever seen in New England, and, at the same time, the sweetest and the most domestic. Closely associated with her for more than twenty years was Miss Elizabeth Hoar (a sister of Judge Hoar and of Senator Hoar, and the betrothed of Charles Emerson, who died in 1836)—a woman also of much learning, of a tender and self-renouncing nature and of the warmest affections. These ladies, with Mrs. Emerson, and with the younger friends and kindred who clustered about them, gave to the society of Concord the perfect charm of womanly grace and domestic sentiment, to which Margaret Fuller added a sibylline quality, and Mrs. Alcott a practical benevolence not less rare. Mrs. Alcott died in 1877, Miss Hoar in 1878, Mrs. Ripley in 1867, and all are buried among the pines on the summit or the slope of the hill where Hawthorne and Thoreau are buried.

Their dauntless ways did all men praise,
The merchant was a man.
The world was made for honest trade,—
To plant and eat be none afraid.

"We grant no dukedoms to the few,
We hold like rights, and shall;—
Equal on Sunday in the pew,
On Monday in the Mall.
For what avail the plow or sail,
Or land, or life, if freedom fail?

"The sea returning, day by day,
Restores the world-wide mart;
So let each dweller on the Bay
Fold Boston in his heart,
Till these echoes be choked with snows,
Or over the town blue ocean flows.

"Let the blood of her hundred thousands
Throb in each manly vein;
And the wit of all her wisest
Make sunshine in her brain.
For you can teach the lightning speech
And round the globe your voices reach!"

Here the Boston of the eighteenth century finds itself connected with that of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and the period of Emerson's life in that city was the connecting link between the two. Born there in 1803, he left it in 1833, when it had grown from a town of 25,000 to a city of 65,000; it now numbers more than 350,000. It has given birth to no poet greater than Emerson, although Poe and Channing, Sprague and the elder Dana were also born there; and none of its poets have so well understood and illustrated its peculiar spirit. He breathed in its atmosphere and its traditions as a boy, while he drove his mother's cow to pasture along what are now the finest streets. He learned his first lessons of life in its schools and churches; listened to Webster and Story in its courts, to Josiah Quincy and Harrison Gray Otis in its town-meetings at Faneuil Hall; heard sermons in the Old South Meeting-house, and, in the years of his pastorate in Boston, sometimes preached there. I find, for example, that he gave the "charity lecture" at the Old South on the first Sunday of June, 1832. He was then, and had been for some time, one of the school committee of Boston; a few years earlier he was the chaplain of the Massachusetts Senate. After his graduation at Harvard College, in 1821, he had taught in his brother's school for young ladies, in Boston. This school was in Federal street, near the church of Doctor Channing, where in after years Mr. Emerson occasionally preached. He studied divinity, nominally with Doctor Channing; but the great preacher of the Unitarians took very little

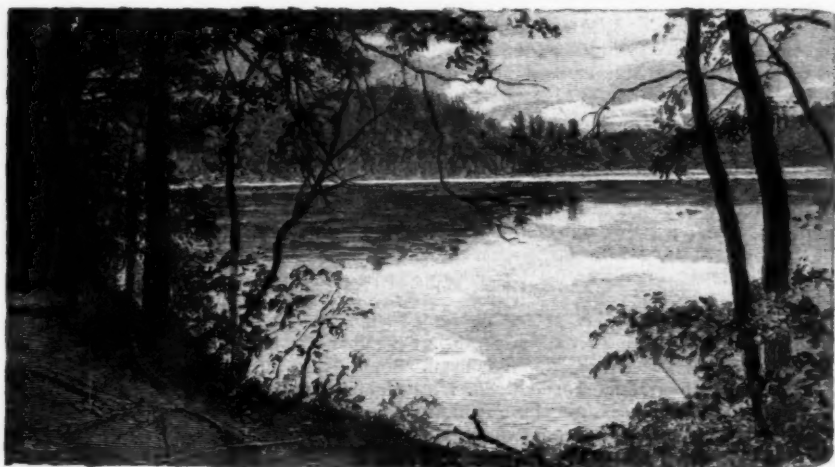
supervision of his studies. His own parish was at the North End, in Hanover street,—the same over which Cotton Mather and his father, Increase Mather, had preached in the time of Franklin. The Boston of history was a small place, and its famous men lived in sight of each other's houses. Franklin was born within gun-shot of where Emerson and Samuel Adams and Wendell Phillips were born; and Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, who could "teach the lightning speech," was born in Charlestown, just across the river from Mr. Emerson's parish.

The young scholar who, at the age of eleven, loved "to trifle in rhyme," and whose favorite language was Greek, entered college at fourteen and was graduated at eighteen. He continued to write verses during his boyhood and youth, and in college wrote two poems as exercises, one of which was to be given at a public exhibition. Being required to show this to his professor (who was Edward Channing, brother of the famous Doctor Channing), the only criticism made upon it was, "You had better write another poem." "What a useless remark was that!" said Mr. Emerson afterward; "he might at least have pointed out to me some things in my verses that were better than others, for all could not have been equally bad." He added that he received in college very little instruction or criticism from the professors that was of value to him, except from Edward Everett, who was then Greek professor, and who had newly returned from Europe, full of learning and enthusiasm. For a year his tutor in mathematics was Caleb Cushing, since so conspicuous in Massachusetts politics. In studying divinity, from 1823 to 1827, he heard the lectures of Professor Norton, and derived benefit from his criticisms. He profited most, however,—as he thought, and as his sermons will show,—from the preaching and the conversation of Doctor Channing, of whom he has spoken as one of the three most eloquent men he ever heard, the others being Daniel Webster and Wendell Phillips. His own pulpit eloquence was singularly attractive, though by no means equally so to all persons. In 1829, before the two friends had met, Mr. Bronson Alcott heard him preach in Doctor Channing's church, on "The Universality of the Moral Sentiment," and was much struck, as he said, "with the youth of the preacher, the beauty of his elocution, and the direct and sincere manner in which he addressed his hearers." This particular sermon was probably one

that he had written in July, 1829, concerning which he had said to a friend, while writing it: "I am striving hard to-day to establish the sovereignty and self-existent excellence of the Moral Law in popular argument, and *slay the Utility swine*." It is possible, therefore, that he may have taken a tone toward the Utilitarians which gave some ground for a remark made, not long after, by the wife of a Boston minister with whom Mr. Emerson exchanged. "Waldo Emerson came last Sunday," said this lady, "and preached a sermon for G—— with his chin in the air, in scorn of the whole human race." But the usual tone of his discourses could never justify this peevish criticism. Some years later, when he was preaching plain sermons to a small country congregation at Lexington, which was waiting to settle another minister (Mr. Emerson having declined to settle there), some one asked a woman in the parish why they had not invited Mr. A—— (a learned and eloquent preacher, since become famous). She replied with the greatest sincerity, "You do not consider what a simple, plain people we are; we can hardly understand any minister except Mr. Emerson." Only two or three of the sermons preached by him have ever been printed. That which he gave in his church September 9, 1832, when resigning his pastorate because of his scruples concerning the rite of the Lord's Supper, has been published in Mr. Frothingham's "Transcendentalism in New England."

Mr. Emerson began preaching as a candidate, and for the supply of pulpits casually vacant, in 1827. In November of that year he preached three Sundays for Dr. Dewey, then settled in New Bedford; and on Thanksgiving Day he preached for his uncle, Rev. Mr. Ripley, at Waltham. In April, 1828, he supplied the Concord pulpit of Doctor Ripley for two Sundays, and attended funerals and other pastoral services, during his grandfather's absence at the South. Later in the year 1828 he was invited to become the colleague of Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., in the Second Church at Boston, and accepted the call. He was ordained there early in 1829, Doctor Ripley giving the "charge" upon that occasion.*

* Mr. Emerson had asked Doctor Ripley to preach his ordination sermon, as he had preached that of his father, Rev. William Emerson at Harvard in 1792, but his aged kinsman declined, saying: "My son Sam has never been invited to preach an ordination sermon; I should prefer you would ask him." Rev. Samuel Ripley therefore preached the sermon and his father gave the charge.



WALDEN POND.

In course of it he said, "It may be asked 'Why is this service assigned to one so aged, and so little conversant in this metropolis?' Because I was the friend and successor of your excellent grandfather, and became the legal parent and guardian of his orphan children; because I guided the youthful days, directed the early studies, introduced into the ministry, witnessed the celebrity and deeply lamented the early death of your beloved father; and because no clergyman present can feel a livelier interest or purer joy, on seeing you risen up in his stead, and taking part with us in this ministry in your native city, where his eloquent voice is still remembered, and his memory affectionately cherished."* Of the son he said: "We cheerfully express our joy at the ordination of one whose moral, religious and literary character is so fair and promising. We cherish the expectation that you will make laudable progress in everything good and excellent,—that you

* Pulpit eloquence and literary skill were hereditary in the Emerson family. Both the father and the grandfather of Mr. R. W. Emerson were noted for these. An aunt of his was once passing through Concord in the stage-coach, not long after the Revolution, when one of her fellow-passengers, a stranger, inquired who preached in the village church, which he saw from the window. Being told that it was the successor of Rev. William Emerson of Concord, he said: "I once heard that minister preach in that church the most eloquent sermon I ever listened to,"—a compliment to her father which greatly pleased Miss Mary Emerson. This lady had much to do with the early education of Mr. R. W. Emerson and his brothers, and was herself one of the best writers of her time.

will be a wise teacher and an affectionate pastor. Your life must be a continuous lecture on piety and goodness, on personal virtues and relative duties. Your religion must be carried into the elegant houses of the opulent, and the humble dwellings of the poor. You must be quick to discern and embrace opportunities to instruct the youth, to teach the children, and, like our Savior, to take little ones into your arms and bless them. This branch of duty will be easier to you than to most ministers, both from natural disposition and habit." And then, as if with the spirit of prophecy, this venerable man added: "Professing Christians may censure you and exclude you from the arms of their charity. You will find it a serious trial to be deemed and treated as one whose belief and preaching are dangerous to the souls of your hearers,—to be daily misrepresented, and your usefulness impeded; to be denied the Christian name, and pointed at before ignorant people as a moral pestilence." This was what did in fact happen to Mr. Emerson after he found himself unable to accept the creed and perform the rites of the sect to which he belonged; and a painful controversy, in which he took little part, followed the preaching of his sermon explaining his personal views of the Lord's Supper, in September, 1832.

He finally bade farewell to his Boston parish in December, 1832, and early in 1833 embarked on his first voyage to Europe. He sailed up the Mediterranean in a vessel bound for Sicily, and went as far eastward

as Malta. Returning through Italy, France and England, he was at Florence in May, 1833, and in July he reached London.

Mr. Emerson's health, which had always been delicate, and which in 1832 had been greatly affected by bereavement and controversy, was quite restored by this sea-voyage, and his intellectual horizon was widened by the experiences of travel. In Florence he met Horatio Greenough, the first great American sculptor, and dined with Walter Savage Landor, then "living in a cloud of pictures at his Villa Gherardesca." In London he saw Wellington in Westminster

of the soul." Had Goethe been living then, the young American "might have wandered into Germany also," but as it was, he returned to Boston in October, and the next year withdrew from his native city to Concord, as already mentioned. It was at this withdrawal, I suppose, that he wrote the often-quoted "Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home,"—in which occurs this contrast between Boston and Concord, between the city and the country:

"Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,



EMERSON'S LIBRARY.

Abbey, at the funeral of Wilberforce, and called on Coleridge. He made a pilgrimage to the North to visit Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and Carlyle at Craigenputtock in Scotland; where, in a sort of exile, sixteen miles from Dumfries, in Nithsdale, "amid desolate heathery hills, the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." Carlyle afterward spoke of that visit as if it were the coming of an angel; and from that day onward the two friends have corresponded with each other. In sight of Wordsworth's country, in August, 1833, Carlyle and Emerson "sat down and talked of the immortality

To supple Office low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

"I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Poisoned in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God."

In his retreat at Concord, the poet's inspiration, which had been felt but little

during the period of Mr. Emerson's theological studies and pastoral duties, revisited him, and constantly returned for thirty years. When, in his twenty-first year, he sent a Christmas poem to a friend, he said: "If it were not that my Muse unluckily caught cold and died a few years since, these verses would be better."

From that time (1823) to 1835, few poems were written by him that he has owned or published. Some verses on "Fame" belong to this period, and the graceful verses "To Ellen at the South" were written before 1830. But from 1835 (when he first appeared as an author of aught but sermons), his verses began to be remarkable, though few. In April, 1836, he wrote the hymn for the dedication of the Concord battle-monument, in which occurs the immortal line:

"And fired the shot heard round the world."

In the same year he published "Nature," his first book, which is a prose poem from beginning to end, and which contains a few of those sententious couplets that were afterward so common in his volumes.

"A subtle chain of countless rings,
The next unto the farthest brings:
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose.
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

It is to an earlier period than this that some of the love-poems belong,—that for example, "To Eva," and those lines which, if we did not find them in his book, we should hardly suspect to be Emerson's, called "The Amulet." These two poems he retains in the latest printed selection from his published and unpublished verses, but excludes another, quite as charming, which may be cited here:

"Thine eyes still shined for me, though far
I lonely roved the land or sea:
*As I behold yon evening star,
Which yet beholds not me.*

"This morn I climbed the misty hill,
And roamed the pastures through;
How danced thy form before my path,
Amidst the deep eyed dew!

"When the red-bird spread his sable wing,
And showed his side of flame;
When the rose-bud ripened to the rose,
In both I read thy name."

No poet, ancient or modern, not even Shakspeare or Dante, has more clearly divined or expressed with more profound

utterance the nature of love than Emerson, though the poems in which he has expressly dealt with that passion are few. To be a poet is to be a lover, and the feminine Muse is but the unknown quantity in the poet's algebra, by which he expresses now this element, now that, in the indeterminate equation of love. Or, as Emerson better announces this mystery:

"The sense of the world is short,
Long and various the report,—
To love and be beloved."

In another epigram, not yet acknowledged by him, he has said:

"They put their finger on their lip,—
The Powers above;
The seas their islands clip,
The moons in Ocean dip,—
They love, but name not love."

In that masterly and mystical lyric, the "Ode to Beauty" (first published in the "Dial," for October, 1843), he pursues this theme farther, and, indeed, to the very limits of human insight:

"Who gave thee O Beauty
The keys of this breast,—
Too credulous lover
Of blest and unblest?
Say when in lapsed ages
Thee knew I of old?
Or what was the service
For which I was sold?
When first my eyes saw thee
I found me thy thrall,
By magical drawings,
Sweet tyrant of all!
*Love drinks at thy fountain
False waters of thirst;*
Thou intimate stranger!
Thou latest and first!

"Queen of things! I dare not die
In Being's deeps, past ear and eye,
Lest there I find the same deceiver,
And be the sport of Fate forever.
Dread Power, but dear! if God thou be,
Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me!"

Here is a flight of love-song beyond Sappho and Anacreon, or the Persian poets, and soaring in another poem ("The Celestial Love"), to a height still more transcendent:

"To a region where all form
In one only Form dissolves;
In a region where the wheel
On which all beings ride,
Visibly revolves;
Where the starred, eternal worm
Girds the world with bound and term;
Where unlike things are like;
Where good and ill,

And joy and moan,
Melt into one.
There Past, Present, Future shoot
Triple blossoms from one root."

From this ecstasy the passage is brief into that other kindred mood in which the parable of "Uriel" was written,—a myth that perpetually receives and needs interpretation :

"It fell in the ancient
periods
Which the brooding soul
surveys,
Or ever the wild Time
coined itself
Into calendar months and
days.

* * *
A sad self-knowledge
withering fell
On the beauty of Uriel;
In heaven once eminent,
the god
Withdrew, that hour,
into his cloud;
Whether doomed to long
gyration
In the sea of generation,
Or by knowledge grown
too bright

To hit the nerve of feeble sight.
Straightway a forgetting wind
Stole over the celestial kind,
And their lips the secret kept,
If in ashes the fire-seed slept.

* * *
But now and then truth-speaking things
Shamed the angel's veiling wings;
And out of the good of evil born
Came Uriel's laugh of cherub scorn,
And a blush tinged the upper sky,
And the gods shook, they knew not why."

Verses like these revealed to all his discerning readers of poetry that a new poet had appeared, whose every utterance, be it better or worse, was a new surprise. In the same volume which contained the poems cited (published in 1847), appeared also "Merlin," wherein Emerson announced, in words not less dark and profound, his theory of the poet's mission. He was, among other things, to

"mount to Paradise
By the stair-way of surprise."

Wherever this new poet might be going, that was the stair-way he continually used; provoking admiration sometimes, sometimes a shudder, but more frequently laughter, among those who did not know him or understand him. The Philistines laughed at

his poems in the "Dial," where, from July, 1840, to July, 1844, he printed the best of his earlier verses. In 1843, writing about Wordsworth in this magazine he said, thinking perhaps of his own reception by the American critics,—“In the debates on the



THE ALCOTT HOUSE.

Copyright Bill, in the English Parliament, Mr. Sergeant Wakley, the coroner, quoted Wordsworth's poetry in derision, and asked the roaring House of Commons what that meant, and whether a man should have a public reward for writing such stuff." But Emerson, no more than Wordsworth, never listened to the derision and seldom to the advice of his critics. He would not conform to the age, but wrote on until the age should conform to his genius. As he predicts of the true bard, in "Merlin," so he has done before and since :

"He shall not seek to weave,
In weak, unhappy times,
Efficacious rhymes;
Wait his returning strength.
Bird, that from the nadir's floor
To the zenith's top can soar,
The soaring orbit of the Muse exceeds that
journey's length.
Nor, profane, affect to hit
Or compass that, by meddling wit,
Which only the propitious mind
Publishes when 'tis inclined."

Or, as he wrote in prose, in 1843, when reviewing his friend Carlyle's "Past and Present": "The poet cannot descend into the turbid present, without injury to his rarest gifts. Hence that necessity of isolation which genius has always felt. He must stand on

his glass tripod if he would keep his electricity." The same doctrine appears again and again in his verse and his prose,—in "Saadi," for example, which is his poetic autobiography:

"Now his memory is a den,
A sealed tomb from gods and men,
Whose rich secrets not transpire;
Speech should be like air and fire;
But to speak when he assays,
His voice is bestial and base;
Himself he heareth hiss or hoot,
And crimson shame him maketh mute;
But whom the Muses smile upon,
And touch with soft persuasion,
His words, like a storm-wind, can bring
Terror and Beauty on their wing.
Saadi! so far thy words shall reach,
Suns rise and set in Saadi's speech."

One may imagine "Saadi," as first published in the "Dial," and in the three editions of the "Poems" since, to be but the



torso of a work from which portions have been broken off here and there,—or which, having been wrought out piecemeal, has never been brought together by the author into a single whole. Every now and then, among the acknowledged or the unacknowledged

verses of Emerson, we find fragments of "Saadi," sometimes under other names,—for example, these:

"There are beggars in Iran and Araby,—
SAID was hungrier than all;
Men said he was a fly
That came to every festival.

His music was the south wind's sigh,
His lamp the maiden's downcast eye,
And ever the spell of beauty came
And turned the drowsy world to flame.

"Said melted the days in cups like pearl,
Served high and low, the lord and the churl;
Loved harebells nodding on a rock,
A cabin hung with curling smoke,
And huts and tents; nor loved he less
Stately lords in palaces,
Fenced by form and ceremony.

"Was never form and never face
So sweet to SEYD as only grace
Which did not slumber like a stone,
But hovered gleaming and was gone.
Beauty chased he everywhere,—
In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.

"While thus to love he gave his days
In loyal worship, scorning praise,
How spread their lures for him in vain
Thieving Ambition and paltering Gain!
He thought it happier to be dead,
To die for Beauty than live for bread.

"Said Saadi,—'When I stood before
Hassan the camel-driver's door,
I scorned the fame of Timour brave,—
Timour to Hassan was a slave.
In every glance of Hassan's eye
I read rich years of victory.
And I, who cower mean and small
In the frequent interval,
When wisdom not with me resides,
Worship toil's wisdom that abides.'

"Whispered the Muse in Saadi's cot,
'O gentle Saadi! listen not
(Tempted by thy praise of wit,
Or by thirst and appetite
For the talents not thine own),
To sons of contradiction.
Never, son of eastern morning,
Follow falsehood, follow scorning.
Denounce who will, who will, deny,
And pile the hills to scale the sky;
Let theist, atheist, pantheist,
Define and wrangle how they list,
Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer,—
But thou, joy-giver and enjoyer,
Unknowing war, unknowing crime,
Gentle Saadi, mind thy rhyme!
Heed not what the brawlers say,
Heed thou only Saadi's lay.'"

Without taking too literally this ideal portrait of a poet and scholar, it may serve as the picture of Emerson drawn by himself.



THE LEFT-HAND FRONT ROOM OF THE OLD MANSE.

In accord with this ideal, he has resolutely kept within the limits of his genius,—has avoided controversy, negation, applause, and the forcing of his talent beyond the measure of its powers. No man has disputed less, few have affirmed more. And while many have written much less than he that the world would gladly read, few have published less, in comparison with the great mass of papers which remain unprinted. Scarcely any of his numerous sermons have ever been published; most of his speeches on political and social occasions remain uncollected and unedited; many verses exist only in manuscript, or have been withdrawn from publication; and even of his lectures, from which he has printed freely, for nearly forty years, a great many still remain in manuscript. Even those published omit much that was spoken,—the fine lectures on History, on Love, and others, displaying so many omissions to those who heard them that the author was at the time sorely complained of by his faithful hearers

for leaving out so much that had delighted them. Few or none of the philosophical lectures read at Harvard University eight or nine years ago, and designed to make part of what Mr. Emerson calls "The Natural History of the Intellect," have ever been printed. This work when completed was to be the author's most systematic and connected treatise. It was to contain, what could not fail to be of interest to all readers, Mr. Emerson's observations on his own intellectual processes and methods, of which he has always been studiously watchful, and which, from his habit of writing he has carefully noted down. From this work, which even if not finished will at some time be printed, and from his correspondence of these many years, portions of which will finally be printed, it will be possible to reconstruct hereafter a rare and remarkable episode of literary history.

By far the largest part of all that has flowed from the pen of Emerson was written in the small library represented in the

sketch on page 505. Here too, the portrait of the poet was drawn by Mr. Eaton, in the hot afternoons of last July; while at evening in the adjoining parlor, to which the doors shown in the engraving lead, Mr. Alcott and his friend Dr. Jones, the Illinois Platonist, held conversations in a circle of Mr. Emerson's neighbors. In this house, indeed, have occurred more of those famous "conversations" of Mr. Alcott, than in any other place. Sometimes these Platonic dialogues have been carried on in the library itself, with the volumes of the Greek master looking down from the shelves upon his New England disciples, and the Sibyls of Raphael, with the Fates of Michael Angelo, glancing from the walls at the utterers of oracles as enigmatical as their own, if not so conclusive. Here have sat Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Whittier, Longfellow, Sumner, Thoreau, the Channings, the Lowells, Arthur Hugh Clough, Jones Very, Henry James and his sons, Louisa Alcott, Lord Amberley and his free-thoughted wife, the English Stanleys, the American Bradfords, Theodore Parker, Elizabeth Peabody, Julia Ward Howe, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, Wentworth Higginson, George William Curtis, Bret Harte, and hundreds more who have made for themselves a name in poetry, oratory, art, literature, or politics, in all parts of the world. To many of these men and women, and to thousands that have never distinguished themselves, Concord has been for years a Mecca, toward which their thoughts turned when their steps could not bend thitherward, but which has also been the shrine of their frequent pilgrimage. Hawthorne perceived and felt this tendency when he went in 1842 to dwell in the Old Manse, and he first, perhaps, described it. "Young visionaries," he said, "to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clew that should lead them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists—whose systems, at first air, had imprisoned them in an iron frame-work—traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its value. For myself, there had been epochs in my life when it, too, might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the

riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher." With a clearer perception, the result of a longer intimacy, the poet Channing has celebrated this part of Emerson's life:

"Not always went he lonely; for his thought
Retained the touch of one whose guest he was,—
A large and generous man, who, on our moors
Built up his thought (though with an Indian tongue,
And fittest to have sung at Persian feasts),
Yet dwelt among us as the sage he was,—
Sage of his days, patient and proudly true,—
Whose word was worth the world, whose heart
was pure.

Oh, such a heart was his! no gate or bar,—
The poorest wretch that ever passed his door,
Welcome as highest king or fairest friend,
To all his store, and to the world beside.
For if the genius of all learning flamed
Aloft in those clear eyes; if never hour,
Nor e'en the smallest instance of his times,
Could ever flit, nor give that soul reward;
Yet in his sweet relations with his race
Pure mercy lived. * * * * *
The merest waif from nothing, cast upon
The shores of this rich heart, became a gem,
So regal then its setting."

Mr. Alcott also has said his word about this hospitality of the friend, with whom his own name is so inseparably associated that when we think of Alcott we must remember Emerson. Their houses have stood for many years in the same neighborhood,—Mr. Alcott's being the very farm-house, under the hill-side on the Lexington road, which Hawthorne takes as the abode of one of his heroes in "Septimius Felton." Like Hawthorne's own "Wayside" just beyond, it long ago received from Alcott's graceful hand alterations and additions that converted the plain cottage into a picturesque home for thought and literature. In this house, embowered in orchards and vines and overtopped by the familiar pine-wood of the Concord landscape, Mr. Alcott once wrote thus concerning Mr. Emerson:

"Fortunate the visitor who is admitted of a morning for the high discourse, or permitted to join the poet in his afternoon walks to Walden, the Cliffs, or elsewhere,—hours to be remembered as unlike any others in the calendar of experiences. Shall I describe them as sallies oftentimes into the cloud-lands,—into scenes and intimacies ever new, none the less novel nor remote than when first experienced?—interviews, however, bringing their own trail of perplexing thoughts,—costing some days' duties, several nights' sleep oftentimes, to restore one to his place and poise. Certainly safer not to venture without the sure credentials, unless one will have his pretensions pricked, his conceits

reduced in their vague dimensions. But to the modest, the ingenuous, the gifted—welcome! nor can any bearing be more poetic and polite to all such,—to youth and accomplished women especially. His is a faith approaching to superstition concerning admirable persons, the rumor of excellence of any sort being like the arrival of a new gift to mankind, and he the first to proffer his recognition and hope. He, if any, must have taken the census of the admirable people of his time, numbering as many among his friends as most living Americans; while he is already recognized as the representative mind of his country, to whom distinguished foreigners are especially commended when visiting America."

To which may be added Emerson's own hint in "Saadi":

"Simple maids and noble youth
Are welcome to the man of truth;
Most welcome they who need him most,
They feed the spring which they exhaust,
For greater need
Draws better deed;
But, critic, spare thy vanity,
Nor show thy pompous parts
To vex with odious subtlety
The cheerer of men's hearts."

This poem was written in the fullness of manly strength, near the outset of Emerson's literary career. Throughout the verses of that period there breathes no thought of age or weakness. They are like the utterance of

"Olympian bards who sung
Divine Ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so."

But age came surely on, though slower than with most men, and was perceived by the poet himself, before any of his listeners saw the autumnal shadow. More than twelve years ago, in his poem "Terminus," Emerson accepted the warning and declared anew, in advance of old age, his youthful faith:

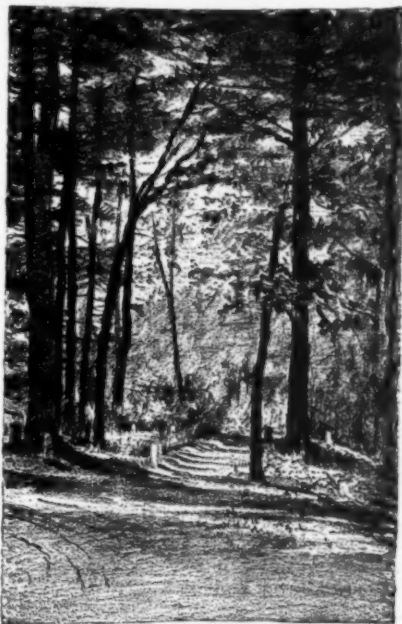
"Economize the failing river,—
Not the less adore the Giver;
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise, accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.

* * *
As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Mr. Eaton's portrait well presents the aged poet, now passing into silence, whose voice, from first to last, has been in this lofty key.

It will be for posterity to fix his rank among the poets of the world, but that he must rank among them, and in no obscure place, is certain. With that proud humility which distinguishes him among his contemporaries, and in allusion to the few readers that his poems have yet found, he said in October last, "It has been settled that I cannot write poetry." The friend to whom he said it asked, "Has that at last been determined?" "Yes, that is the voice of the public." "It was not so reported to me," said his friend; "I heard that you could write nothing else than poetry." The wise old man smiled, as always when he hears a close reply, and said: "I suppose everybody who writes verses at all has had this experience,—you must have had it,—they sometimes wrote lucky verses which seem excellent to themselves, however they may appear to others,—so good that they do not get finished." His hearer might have responded that the unfinished poems are always the best, that the great world is but one verse in an endless song, and that the briefest fragment of a noble strain is more imperishable than the heavens themselves:

"An unrequested star did gently slide
Before the wise men to a greater light."



GRAVES OF HAWTHORNE AND THOREAU IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY.

"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.



"SIT DOWN," SHE SAID, "AND TALK TO ME."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"HAWORTH & CO."

THE next day, when he descended from his gig at the gates, instead of going to his office, Haworth went to the engine-room.

"Leave your work a bit and come into my place," he said to Murdoch. "I want you."

His tone was off-hand but not ill-humored. There was a hint of embarrassment in it. Murdoch followed him without any words. Having led the way into his office, Haworth shut the door and faced him.

"Can tha guess what I want?" he demanded.

"No," Murdoch answered.

"Well, it's easy told. You said I'd be cooler to-day, and I am. A night gives a man time to face a thing straight. I'd been making a fool of myself before you

came up, but I made a bigger fool of myself afterward. There's the end on it."

"I suppose," said Murdoch, "that it was natural enough you should look at the thing differently just then. Perhaps I made a fool of myself too."

"You!" said Haworth, roughly. "You were cool enow."

Later Ffrench came in, and spent an hour with him, and after his departure Haworth made the rounds of the place in one of the worst of his moods.

"Aye," said Floxham to his companion, "that's allus th' road when he shows hissen."

The same day Janey Briarley presented herself to Mr. Ffrench's housekeeper, with a message from her mother. Having delivered the message, she was on her way from the housekeeper's room, when Miss Ffrench, who sat in the drawing-room, spoke through the open door to the servant.

"If that is the child," she said, "bring her here to me."

Janey entered the great room, awe-stricken and overpowered by its grandeur. Miss Ffrench, who sat near the fire, addressed her, turning her head over her shoulder.

"Come here," she commanded.

Janey advanced with something approaching tremor. Miss Ffrench was awe-inspiring anywhere, but Miss Ffrench amid the marvels of her own drawing-room, leaning back in her chair and regarding her confusion with a suggestion of friendly notice, was terrible.

"Sit down," she said, "and talk to me."

But here the practical mind rebelled and asserted itself, in spite of abasement of spirit.

"I haven't gotten nowt to talk about," said Janey, stoutly. "What mun I say?"

"Anything you like," responded Miss Ffrench. "I am not particular. There's a chair."

Janey seated herself in it. It was a big one, in which her small form was lost; and her parcel was a big one, but Miss Ffrench did not tell her to put it down, so she held it on her knee and was almost hidden behind it. In fact, she presented somewhat the appearance of a huge newspaper package, clasped by arms and surmounted by a small, sharp face and an immense bonnet, and with a curious appendage of short legs and big shoes.

"I dunnot see," the girl was saying mentally, and with some distaste for her position, "what she wants wi' me."

But as she stared over the top of her parcel, she gradually softened. The child found Miss Ffrench well worth looking at.

"Eh!" she announced, with admiring candor. "Eh! but tha art han'some!"

"Am I?" said Rachel Ffrench. "Thank you."

"Aye," answered Janey, "tha art. I niver seed no lady loike thee afore, let alone a young woman. I've said so mony a toime to Mester Murdoch."

"Have you?"

"Aye, I'm allus talkin' to him about thee."

"That's kind," said Rachel Ffrench. "I dare say he enjoys it. Who is he?"

"Him!" exclaimed Janey. "Dost na tha know him? Him as was at our house th' day yo' coom th' first toime. Him as dragged thee out o' th' engine."

"Oh!" said Miss Ffrench, "the engineer."

VOL. XVII.—42.

"Aye," in a tone of some discomfiture. "He's a engineer, but he is na th' common workin' soart. Granny Dixon says he's gotten gentlefolks' ways."

"I should think," remarked Miss Ffrench, "that Mrs. Dixon knew."

"Aye, she's used to gentlefolk. They've takken notice on her i' her young days. She knowed thy grandfeyther."

"She gave me to understand as much," responded Miss Ffrench, smiling pleasantly at the recollection this brought to her mind.

"Yo' see mother an' me thinks a deal o' Mester Murdoch, because he is na one o' th' drinkin' soart," proceeded Janey. "He's th' steady koin'd as is fond o' books an' th' loike. He does na mak' much at his trade, but he knows more than yo'd think for, to look at him."

"That is good news," said Miss Ffrench, cheerfully.

Janey rested her chin upon her parcel, warming to the subject.

"I should na wonder if he gotten to be a rich mon some o' these days," she went on. "He's gotten th' makin's on it in him, if he has th' luck an' looks sharp about him. I often tell him he mun look sharp."

She became so communicative indeed, that Miss Ffrench found herself well entertained. She heard the details of Haworth's history, the reports of his prosperity and growing wealth, the comments his hands had made upon herself, and much interesting news concerning the religious condition of Broxton and "th' chapel."

It was growing dusk when the interview ended, and when she went away Janey carried an additional bundle.

"Does tha allus dress i' this road?" she had asked her hostess, and the question had suggested to Miss Ffrench a whimsical idea. She took the child upstairs and gave her maid orders to produce all the cast-off finery she could find, and then she had stood by and looked on as Janey made her choice.

"She stood theer laughin' while I picked th' things out," said Janey afterward. "I dunnot know what she wur laughin' at. Yo' niver know whether she's makin' game on you or not."

"I dunnot see as theer wur owt to laugh at," said Mrs. Briarley, indignantly.

"Nay," said Janey, "nor me neyther, but she does na laugh when theer's owt to laugh at—that's th' queer part o' it. She said as I could ha' more things when I

coom again. I would na go if it wur na fur that."

Even his hands found out at this time that Haworth was ill at ease. His worst side showed itself in his intercourse with them. He was overbearing and difficult to please. He found fault and lost his temper over trifles, and showed a restless, angry desire to assert himself.

"I'll show you who's master here, my lads," he would say. "I'll ha' no dodges. It's Haworth that's th' head o' this concern. Whoever comes in or out, this here's 'Haworth's.' Clap that i' your pipes and smoke it."

"Summat's up," said Floxham. "Summat's up. Mark yo' that."

Murdoch looked on with no inconsiderable anxiety. The intercourse between himself and Haworth had been broken in upon. It had received its first check months before, and in these days neither was in the exact mood for a renewal of it. Haworth wore a forbidding air. His rough good-fellowship was a thing of the past. He made no more boisterous jokes, no more loud boasts. At times his silence was almost morose. He was not over civil even to Ffrench, who came oftener than ever, and whose manner was cheerful to buoyancy.

Matters had remained in this condition for a couple of months, when, on his way home late one night, Murdoch's attention was arrested by the fact that a light burned in the room used by the master of the Works as his office.

He stopped in the road to look up at it. He could scarcely, at first, believe the evidence of his senses. The place had been closed and locked hours before, when Haworth had left it with Ffrench, with whom he was to dine. It was nearly midnight, and certainly an unlawful hour for such a light to show itself, but there it burned steadily amid the darkness of the night.

"It doesn't seem likely that those who had reason to conceal themselves would set a light blazing," Murdoch thought. "But if there's mischief at work there's no time to waste."

There was only one thing to do, and he did it, making the best of his way to the spot.

The gate was thrown open, and the door of entrance yielded to his hand. Inside, the darkness was profound, but when he found the passage leading to Haworth's room, he saw that the door was ajar and

that the light still burned. On reaching this door he stopped short. There was no need to go in. It was Haworth himself who was in the room—Haworth, who lay with arms folded on the table, and his head resting upon them.

Murdoch turned away, and as he did so the man heard him for the first time. He lifted his head and looked round, speaking loud.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

There was no help for it. Murdoch pushed the door open and stood before him.

"Murdoch," he said. "I saw the light, and it brought me up."

Haworth gave him a grudging look.

"Come in," he said.

"Do you want me?" Murdoch asked.

"Aye," he answered, dully, "I think I do."

Murdoch stood and looked at him. He did not sit down. A mysterious sense of embarrassment held him in check.

"What is wrong?" he asked, in a lowered voice. He hardly knew it for his own.

"Wrong?" echoed Haworth. "Naught. I've—been taking leave of the place—that's all."

"Yo' have been doing *what*?" said Murdoch.

"Taking leave of the place. I've given it up."

His visitor uttered a passionate ejaculation.

"You are mad!" he said.

"Aye," bitterly. "Mad enow."

The next instant a strange sound burst from him,—a terrible sound, forced back at its birth. His struggle to suppress it shook him from head to foot; his hands clinched themselves as if each were a vise. Murdoch turned aside.

When it was over, and the man raised his face, he was trembling still, and white with a kind of raging shame.

"Blast you!" he cried, "if there's ever aught in your face that minds me o' this, I'll—I'll kill you!"

This Murdoch did not answer at all. There was enough to say.

"You are going to share it with Ffrench?" he said.

"Aye, with that fool. He's been at me from th' start. Naught would do him but he must have his try at it. Let him. He shall play second fiddle, by the Lord Harry!"

He began plucking at some torn scraps of paper, and did not let them rest while he spoke.

"I've been over th' place from top to bottom," he said. "I held out until to-night. To-night I give in, and as soon as I left 'em I came here. Ten minutes after it was done I'd have undone it if I could—I'd have undone it. But it's done, and there's an end on it."

He threw the scraps of paper aside and clenched his hand, speaking through his teeth.

"She's never given me a word to hang on," he said, "and I've done it for her. I've give up what I worked for and boasted on, just to be brought nigher to her. She knows I've done it,—she *knows* it, though she's never owned it by a look,—and I'll make that enough."

"If you make your way with her," said Murdoch, "you have earned all you won."

"Aye," was the grim answer. "I've earned it."

And soon after the light in the window went out, and they parted outside and went their separate ways in the dark.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

BEFORE the week's end, all Broxton had heard the news. In the Works, before and after working hours, groups gathered together to talk it over. Haworth was going to 'tak' Ffrench in partner.' It was hard to believe it, and the general opinion expressed was neither favorable nor complimentary. "Haworth and Ffrench!" said Floxham, in sarcastic mood. "Haworth and Co.,—an' a noice chap Co. is to ha' i' a place. We'n ha' patent silver-mounted back-action puddlin'-rakes afore long, lads, if Co. gets his way."

Upon the occasion of the installation of the new partner, however, there was a natural tendency to conviviality. Not that the ceremony in question was attended with any special manifestation on the part of the individuals most concerned. Ffrench's appearance at the Works was its chief feature, but, the day's labor being at an end, several gentlemen engaged in the various departments scorning to neglect an opportunity, retired to the "Who'd 'a' Thowt it," and promptly rendered themselves insensible through the medium of beer, assisted by patriotic and somewhat involved speeches.

Mr. Briarley, returning to the bosom of his family at a late hour, sat down by his fireside and wept copiously.

"I'm a poor chap, Sararann," he remarked. "I shall ne'er get took in partner by nobody. I'm not i' luck loike some—an' I nivver wur, 'ceptin' when I getten thee."

"If tha'd keep thy nose out o' th' beer-mug tha'd do well enow," said Mrs. Briarley.

But this did not dispel Mr. Briarley's despondency. He only wept afresh.

"Nay, Sararann," he said, "it is na beer, it's misforchin. I allus wur misforchnit—'ceptin' when I getten thee."

"Things is i' a bad way," he proceeded, afterward. "Things is i' a bad way. I nivver seed 'em i' th' reet leet till I heard Foxy Gibbs mak' his speech to-neet. Th' more beer he getten th' eleyquenter he wur. Theer'll be trouble wi' th' backbone an' sinoo, if ther is na summat done."

"What art tha drivin' at?" fretted his wife. "I canna mak' no sense out o' thee."

"Canna tha?" he responded. "Canna thee, Sararann? Well, I dunnot wonder. It wur a good bit afore I straightened it out mysen. Happen I hannot getten things as they mout be yet. Theer wur a good deal o' talk an' a good deal o' beer, an' a man as has been misforchnit is loike to be slow."

After which he fell into a deep and untroubled slumber, and it being found impossible to rouse him, he spent the remainder of the night in Granny Dixon's chair by the fire, occasionally startling the echoes of the silent room by a loud and encouraging "Eer-er!"

During the following two weeks, Haworth did not go to the Ffrench's. He spent his nights at his own house in dull and sullen mood. At the Works, he kept his word as regarded Ffrench. That gentleman's lines had scarcely fallen in pleasant places. His partner was gruff and authoritative, and not given to enthusiasm. There were times when only his own good-breeding preserved the outward smoothness of affairs.

"But," he said to his daughter, "one does not expect good manners of a man like that. They are not his *forte*."

At the end of the two weeks there came one afternoon a message to Haworth in his room. Murdoch was with him when it arrived. He read it, and, crushing it in his hand, threw it into the fire.

"They're a nice lot," he said with a short laugh, "coming down on a fellow like that."

And then an oath broke from him.

"I've give up two or three things," he



"I HEARD FOXY GIBBS MAK' HIS SPEECH TO-MEET."

said, "and they're among 'em. It's th' last time, and——"

He took down his overcoat and began to put it on.

"Tell 'em," he said to Murdoch as he went out,—“tell 'em I'm gone home, and sha'n't be back till morning. Keep the rest to yourself.”

He went out, shutting the door with a bang. Murdoch stood at the window and watched him drive away in his gig.

He was scarcely out of sight before a carriage appeared, moving at a very moderate pace. It was a bright though cold day, and the top of the carriage was thrown back, giving the occupant the benefit of the sunshine. The occupant in question was Rachel Ffrench, who looked up and bestowed upon the figure at the window a slight gesture of recognition.

Murdoch turned away with an impatient movement after she had passed. “Pooh!” he said, angrily. “He's a fool.”

By midnight of the same day Haworth had had time to half forget his scruples. He had said to his visitors what he had said to Murdoch, with his usual frankness.

“It's the last time. We've done with each other after this, you know. It's the last time. Make the most on it.”

There was a kind of desperate exultation in his humor. If he had dared, he would have liked to fling aside every barrier of restraint and show himself at his worst, defying the world; but fear held him in check, as nothing else would have done,—an abject fear of consequences.

By midnight the festivities were at their height. He himself was boisterous with wine and excitement. He had stood up at the head of his table and made a blatant speech and roared a loud song, and had been laughed at and applauded.

“Make the most on it,” he kept saying. “It'll be over by cock-crow. It's a bit like a chap's funeral.”

He had just seated himself after this, and was pouring out a great glass of wine, when a servant entered the room and spoke to him in a low tone.

“A lady, sir, as come in a cab, and——” And then the door opened again, and every one turned to look at the woman who stood upon the threshold. She was a small woman, dressed in plain country fashion; she had white hair, and a fresh bloom on her cheeks, and her eyes were bright with timorous excitement and joy.

“Jem,” she faltered, “it's me, my dear.”

Haworth stared at her as if stunned. At first his brain was not clear enough to take in the meaning of her presence, but as she approached him and laid her basket down and took his hand, the truth revealed itself to him.

“It's me, my dear,” she repeated, “accordin' to promise. I didn't know you had comp'ny.”

She turned to those who sat about the table and made a little rustic courtesy. A dead calm seemed to take possession of one and all. They did not glance at each other, but looked at her as she stood by Haworth, holding his hand, waiting for him to kiss her.

"He's so took by surprise," she said, "he doesn't know what to say. He wasn't expecting me so soon," laughing proudly. "That's it. I'm his mother, ladies and gentlemen."

Haworth made a sign to the servant who waited.

"Bring a plate here," he said. "She'll sit down with us."

The order was obeyed, and she sat down at his right hand, fluttered and beaming.

"You're very good not to mind me," she said. "I didn't think of there bein' comp'ny—and gentry, too."

She turned to a brightly dressed girl at her side and spoke to her.

"He's my only son, Miss, and me a widder, an' he's allers been just what you see him now. He was good from the time he was a infant. He's been a pride an' a comfort to me since the day he were born."

The girl stared at her with a look which was almost a look of fear. She answered her in a hushed voice.

"Yes, ma'am," she said.

"Yes, Miss," happily. "There's not many mothers as can say what I can. He's never been ashamed of me, hasn't Jem. If I'd have been a lady born, he couldn't have showed me more respect than he has, nor been more kinder."

The girl did not answer this time. She looked down at her plate, and her hand trembled as she pretended to occupy herself with the fruit upon it. Then she stole a glance at the rest,—a glance at once guilty, and defiant of the smile she expected to see. But the smile was not there.

The only smile to be seen was upon the face of the little countrywoman who regarded them all with innocent reverence, and was in such bright good spirits that she did not even notice their silence.

"I've had a long journey," she said, "an' I've been pretty flustered, through not bein' used to travel. I don't know how I'd have bore up at first—bein' flustered so—if it hadn't have been for everybody bein' so good to me. I'd mention my son when I had to ask any thing, an' they'd smile as good-natured as could be, an' tell me in a minute."

The multiplicity of new dishes and rare wines bewildered her, but she sat through the repast simple and unashamed.

"There's some as wouldn't like me bein' so ignorant," she said, "but Jem doesn't mind."

The subject of her son's virtues was an

inexhaustible one. The silence about her only gave her courage and eloquence. His childish strength and precocity, his bravery, his good temper, his generous ways, were her themes.

"He come to me in time of trouble," she said, "an' he made it lighter—an' he's been makin' it lighter ever since. Who'd have thought that a simple body like me would ever have a grand home like this—and it earned and bought by my own son? I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen," looking round with happy tears. "I didn't go to do it, an' there's no reason for it, except me bein' took a little by surprise through not bein' exactly prepared for such a grand place an' gentlefolk's comp'ny, as is so good an' understands a mother's feelin's."

When the repast was at an end, she got up and made her little courtesy to them all again. If the gentlefolk would excuse her, she would bid them good-night. She was tired and not used to late hours.

To the girl who had sat at her side she gave an admiring smile of farewell.

"You're very pretty, my dear," she said, "if I may take the liberty, bein' a old woman. Good-night! God bless you!"

When she was gone, the girl lay forward, her face hidden upon her arms on the table. For a few seconds no one spoke; then Haworth looked up from his plate, on which he had kept his eyes fixed, and broke the stillness.

"If there'd been a fellow among you that had dared to show his teeth," he said, "I'd have wrung his cursed neck!"

CHAPTER XX.

MISS FFRENCH MAKES A CALL.

THE following Sunday morning, the congregation of Broxton Chapel was thrown into a state of repressed excitement. Haworth's carriage, with a couple of servants, brought his mother to enjoy Brother Hixon's eloquence. To the presence of the carriage and servants Haworth had held firm. Upon the whole, he would have preferred that she should have presented herself at the door of Broxton Old Church, which was under the patronage of the county families and honored by their presence; but the little woman had exhibited such uneasiness at his unfolding his plan of securing the largest and handsomest pew for her that he had yielded the point.

"I've always been a chapel-goin' woman,

Jem," she had said, "an' I wouldn't like to change. An' I should feel freer where there's not so many gentlefolk."

The carriage and the attending servants she had submitted to with simple obedience. There were no rented pews in Broxton Chapel, and she took her seat among the rest, innocently unconscious of the sensation her appearance had created. Every matron of the place had had time to learn who she was, and to be filled with curiosity concerning her.

Janey Briarley, by whose side she chanced to sit, knew more than all the rest, and took her under her protection at once.

"Tha'st gotten th' wrong hymn-book," she whispered audibly, having glanced at the volume the servant handed to her. "We dunnot use Wesley aw th' toime. We use Mester Hixon's 'Songs o' Grace.' Tha can look on wi' me."

Her delicate attentions and experience quite won Dame Haworth's motherly heart.

"I never see a sharper little thing," she said, admiringly, afterward, "nor a old-fashioned. There wasn't a tex' as she didn't find immediate, nor yet a hymn."

"Bless us!" said Mrs. Briarley, laboriously lugging the baby homeward. "An' to think o' her bein' th' mistress o' that big house, wi' aw them chaps i' livery at her beck an' call. Why, she's nowt but a common body, Jane Ann. She thanked thee as simple as any other woman mought ha' done! She's noan quality. She'd gotten a silk gown on, but it wur a black un, an' not so much as a feather i' her bonnet. I'd ha' had a feather, if I'd ha' been her—a feather sets a body off. But that's allus th' road wi' folk as has brass—they nivver know how to spend it."

"Nay," said Janey, "she is na quality; but she's gotten a noice way wi' her. Haworth is na quality hissen."

"She wur a noice-spoken owd body," commented Mrs. Briarley. "Seemt loike she took a fancy to thee."

Janey turned the matter over mentally, with serious thrift.

"I should na moind it if she did," she replied. "She'll ha' plenty to gi' away."

It was not long before they knew her well. She was a cheerful and neighborly little soul, and through the years of her prosperity had been given to busy and kindly charities.

In her steadfast and loving determination to please her son, she gave up her rustic habit of waiting upon herself, and wore her

best gown every day, in spite of pangs of conscience. She rode instead of walked, and made courageous efforts to become accustomed to the size and magnificence of the big rooms, but, notwithstanding her faithfulness, she was a little restless.

"Not bein' used to it," she said, "I get a little lonesome or so—sometimes, though not often, my dear."

She had plenty of time to feel at a loss. Her leisure was not occupied by visitors. Broxton discussed her and smiled at her, rather good-naturedly than otherwise. It was not possible to suspect her of any ill, but it was scarcely to be anticipated that people would go to see her. One person came, however, facing public opinion with her usual calmness,—Rachel Ffrench, who presented herself one day and made her a rather long call.

On hearing the name announced, the little woman rose tremulously. She was tremulous because she was afraid that she could not play her part as mistress of her son's household to his honor. When Miss Ffrench advanced, holding out her gloved hand, she gave her a startled upward glance and dropped a little courtesy.

For a moment, she forgot to ask her to be seated. When she recollected herself, and they sat down opposite to each other, she could at first only look at her visitor in silence.

But Miss Ffrench was wholly at ease. She enjoyed the rapturous wonder she had excited with all her heart. She was very glad she had come.

"It must be very pleasant for Mr. Haworth to have you here," she said.

The woman started. A flush of joy rose upon her withered face. Her comprehension of her son's prosperity had been a limited one. Somehow she had never thought of this. Here was a beautiful, high-bred woman to whom he must be in a manner near, since she spoke of him in this way—as if he had been a gentleman born.

"Jem?" she faltered, innocently. "Yes, ma'am. I hope so. He's—he's told me so."

Then she added, in some hurry:

"Not that I can be much comp'ny to him—it isn't that; if he hadn't been what he is, and had the friends he has, I couldn't be much comp'ny for him. An' as it is, it's not likely he can need a old woman as much as his goodness makes him say he does."

Rachel Ffrench regarded her with interest.

"He is very good," she remarked, "and has a great many friends, I dare say. My father admires him greatly."

"Thank you, ma'am," brightly, "though there's no one could help it. His goodness to me is more than I can tell, an' it's no wonder that others sees it in him an' is fond of him accordin'."

"No, it's no wonder," in a tone of gentle encouragement.

The flush upon the withered cheek deepened, and the old eyes lit up.

"He's thirty-two year old, Miss," said the loving creature, "an' the time's to come yet when he's done a wrong or said a harsh word. He was honest an' good as a child, an' he's honest an' good as a man. His old mother can say it from the bottom of her full heart."

"It's a very pleasant thing to be able to say," remarked her visitor.

"It's the grateful pride of my life that I can say it," with fresh tenderness. "An' to think that prosperity goes with it too. I've said to myself that I wasn't worthy of it, because I couldn't never be grateful enough. He might have been prosperous, and not what he is. Many a better woman than me has had that grief to bear, an' I've been spared it."

When Miss Ffrench returned to her carriage she wore a reflective look. When she had seated herself comfortably, she spoke aloud:

"No, there are ten chances to one that she will never see the other side at all. There is not a man or woman in Broxton who would dare to tell her. I would not do it myself."

When Haworth returned at night he heard the particulars of the visit, as he had known he should when Ffrench had told him that it was his daughter's intention to call that day.

"The beautiful young lady my old eyes ever saw, my dear," his mother said again and again. "An' to think of her comin' to see me, as if I'd been a lady like herself."

Haworth spoke but little. He seldom said much in these days. He sat at the table drinking his after-dinner wine, and putting a question now and then.

"What did she say?" he asked.

She stopped to think.

"Praps it was me that said most," she answered, "though I didn't think so then. She asked a question or so an' seemed to like to listen. I was tellin' her what a son

you'd been to me, an' how happy I was an' how thankful I was."

"She's not one that says much," he said, without looking up from the glass on which his eyes had been fixed. "That's her way."

She replied with a question, put timidly.

"You've knowed her a good bit, I dare say, my dear?"

"No," uneasily. "A six-month or so, that's all."

"But it's been long enough for her to find out that what I said to her was true. I didn't tell her what was new to her, my dear. I see that by her smile, an' the kind way she listened. She's got a beautiful smile, Jem, an' a beautiful sweet face."

When they parted for the night, he drew from his pocket a bank-note and handed it to her.

"I've been thinking," he said, awkwardly, "that it would be in your line to give summat now and then to some o' the poor lot that's so thick here. There's plenty on 'em, an' p'raps it wouldn't be a bad thing. There's not many that's fond of givin'. Let's set the gentry a fashion."

"Jem!" she said. "My dear! there isn't nothin' that would make me no happier—nothin' in the world."

"It wot do overmuch good, may be," he returned. "More than half on 'em don't deserve it, but give it to 'em if you've a fancy for it. I don't grudge it."

There were tears of joy in her eyes. She took his hand and held it, fondling it.

"I might have knowed it," she said, "an' I don't deserve it for holdin' back an' feelin' a bit timid, as I have done. I've thought of it again and again, when I've been a trifle lonesome with you away. There's many a poor woman as is hard-worked that I might help, and children too, may be, me bein' so fond of 'em."

She drew nearer still and laid her hand on his arm.

"I always was fond of 'em," she said, "always—an' I've thought that, sometimes, my dear, there might be little things here as I might help to care for, an' as would be fond of me."

"If there was children," she went on, "I should get used to it quick. They'd take away the—the bigness, an' make me forget it."

But he did not answer nor look at her, though she felt his arm tremble.

"I think they'd be fond of me," she said, "them an'—an' her too, whomsoever she might be. She'd be a lady, Jem, but she

wouldn't mind my ways, I dare say, an' I'd do my best with all my heart. I'd welcome her, an' give up my place here to her, joyful. It's a place fitter for a lady such as she would be—God bless her!—than for me." And she patted his sleeve and bent her face that she might kiss his hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH MRS. BRIARLEY'S POSITION IS DELICATE.

So the poor and hard-worked of the town came to know her well, and it must also be confessed that others less deserving learned to know her also, and proceeded, with much thrift and dexterity, to make hay while the sun shone. Haworth held to his bargain, even going to the length of lavishness.

"Haworth gives it to her?" was said with marked incredulity at the outset. "Nay, lad, tha canna mak' me believe that."

Mrs. Haworth's earliest visit was made to the Briarley cottage. She came attired in her simplest gown, the week after her appearance at the Chapel, and her entrance into the household created such an excitement as somewhat disturbed her. The children were scattered with wild hustling and scurry, Janey dragged off her apron in the temporary seclusion offered by the door. Mrs. Briarley, wiping the soap-suds from her arms, hurried forward with apologetic nervousness. She dropped a courtesy, scarcely knowing what words of welcome would be appropriate for the occasion, and secretly speculating on possible results.

But her visitor's demeanor was not overpowering. She dropped a courtesy herself,—a kindly and rustic obeisance. She even looked somewhat timid.

"I'm Mr. Haworth's mother, ma'am," she faltered, "an'—an' thank you kindly," taking the seat offered. "Don't put yourself out, ma'am, for me. There wasn't no need to send the children away,—not at all, me bein' partial to 'em, an' also used."

The next instant she gave a timid start.

"Gi' me my best cap!" cried a stentorian voice. "Gi' me my best cap! Wheer is it? Gi' me my best cap!"

Granny Dixon's high basket-backed chair had been placed in the shadow of the chimney-corner for her better enjoyment of her midday nap, and, suddenly aroused by some unknown cause, she had promptly become conscious of the presence of a visitor and the dire need of some addition to

her toilet. She sat up, her small-boned figure trembling with wrath, her large eyes shining.

"Gi' me my best cap!" she demanded. "Gi' it me!"

Mrs. Briarley disappeared into the adjacent room, and came out with the article



"GI' ME MY BEST CAP."

required in her hand. It was a smart cap, with a lace border and blue bows on it.

"Put it on!" shouted Mrs. Dixon. "An' put it on straight!"

Mrs. Briarley obeyed nervously.

"She's my mester's grandmother," she explained, plaintively. "Yo' munnot moind her, missus."

Granny Dixon fixed her eyes upon the stranger.

"She gotten it," she proclaimed. "I did na. I'd nivver ha' bowt th' thing i' th' world. Blue nivver wur becomin' to me. She gotten it. She nivver had no taste."

"Aye," said Mrs. Briarley, "I did get it fur thee, tha nasty owd piece, but tha't nivver catch me at th' loike again,—givin' thee presents, when I hannot a bit o' finery to my name."

"It allus set me off—red did," cried Mrs. Dixon. "It wur my fav'rite color when I wur a lass,—an' I wur a good-lookin' lass, too, seventy year ago."

"I'm sure you was, ma'am," responded Mrs. Haworth. "I've no doubt on it."

"She canna hear thee," said Mrs. Briarley. "She's as deaf as a post—th' ill-temper owd besom," and proceeded to give a free translation at the top of her lungs.

"She says tha mun ha' been han'some. She says onybody could see that to look at thee."

"Aye," sharply. "She's reet, too. I wur, seventy year ago. Who is she?"

"She's Mester Haworth's mother."

"Mester Haworth's mother?" promptly.

"Did na tha tell me he wur a rich mon?"

"Aye, I did."

"Well, then, what does she dress i' that road fur? She's noan quality. She does na look much better nor thee."

"Eh! bless us!" protested Mrs. Briarley.

"What's a body to do wi' her?"

"Don't mind her, ma'am," said Mrs. Haworth. "It don't do no harm. A old person's often sing'lar. It don't trouble me."

Then Janey, issuing from her retirement in comparatively full dress, was presented with due ceremony.

"It wur her as fun thy place i' th' hymn-book," said Mrs. Briarley. "She's a good bit o' help to me, is Jane Ann."

It seemed an easy thing afterward to pour forth her troubles, and she found herself so far encouraged by her visitor's naïve friendliness that she was even more eloquent than usual.

"Theer's trouble ivvery wheer," she said, "an' I dare say tha has thy share, missus, fur aw thy brass."

Politeness forbade a more definite reference to the "goin's-on" which had called forth so much virtuous indignation on the part of the Broxton matrons. She felt it but hospitable to wait until her guest told her own story of tribulation.

But Mrs. Haworth sat smiling placidly.

"I've seen it in my day," she said; "an' it were heavy enough too, my dear, an' seemed heavier than it were, p'raps, through me bein' a young thing an' helpless, but I should be a ungrateful woman if I didn't try to forget now as it had ever been. A woman as has such a son as I have—one that's prospered an' lived a pure, good life an' never done a willful wrong, an' has won friends an' respect everywhere—has enough happiness to help her forget troubles that's past an' gone."

Mrs. Briarley stopped half-way to the ground in the act of picking up Granny Dixon's discarded head-gear. Her eyes were wide open, her jaw fell a little. But her visitor went on without noticing her.

"Though, for the matter of that," she said, "I dare say there's not one on you as doesn't know his ways, an' couldn't tell me of some of his goodness as I should never find out from him."

"Wheer art tha puttin' my cap?" shouted

Granny Dixon. "What art tha doin' wi' my cap? Does tha think because I've got a bit o' brass, I can hot th' bake-oven wi' head-dresses?"

Mrs. Briarley had picked up the cap, and was only rescued by this timely warning from the fatal imprudence of putting it in the fire and stirring it violently with the poker.

"Art tha dazed er than common?" shrieked the old woman. "Has tha gone daft? What art tha starin' at?"

"I am na starin' at nowt," said Mrs. Briarley, with a start. "I—I wur hearkenin' to the lady here, an' I did na think o' what I wur doin'."

She did not fully recover herself during the whole of her visitor's stay, and, in fact, several times lapsed into the same meditative condition. When Haworth's charitable intentions were made known to her, she stopped jolting the baby and sat in wild confusion.

"Did tha say as he wur goin' to gi' thee money?" she exclaimed,—"money to gi' away?"

"He said he'd give it without a grudge," said his mother, proudly. "Without a grudge, if it pleased me. That's his way, my dear. It were his way from the time he were a boy, an' worked so hard to give me a comfortable home. He give it, he said, without a grudge."

"Jane Ann," said Mrs. Briarley, standing at the door to watch her out of sight,—"Jane Ann, what dost tha think o' that theer?"

She said it helplessly, clutching at the child on her hip with a despairing grasp.

"Did tha hear her?" she demanded. "She wur talkin' o' Haworth, an' she wur pridin' hersen on th' son he'd been to her, an'—an' th' way he'd lived. Th' cold sweat broke out aw over me. No wonder I wur fur puttin' th' cap i' th' fire. Lord ha' mercy on us!"

But Janey regarded the matter from a more practical stand-point.

"He has na treated her ill," she said. "Happen he is na so bad after aw. Did tha hear what she said about th' money?"

CHAPTER XXII.

AGAIN.

"THEER'S a chap," it was said of Murdoch with some disdain among the malcontents,—“theer's a chap as coom here to work for his fifteen bob a week, an' now he's hand i' glove wi' th' mesters an's gotten a shop o' his own."

The "shop" in question had, however, been only a very simple result of circumstances. In times of emergency it had been discovered that "th' 'Merican chap" was an individual of resources. Floxham had discovered this early, and, afterward, the heads of other departments. If a machine or tool was out of order, "Tak' it to th' 'Merican chap an' he'll fettle it," said one or another. And the time had never been when the necessary "fettling" had not been accomplished. In his few leisure moments, Murdoch would go from room to room, asking questions or looking on in silence at the work being carried on. Often his apparently hap-hazard and desultory examinations finally resulted in some suggestion which simplified things astonishingly. He had a fancy for simplifying and improving the appliances he saw in use, and this, too, without any waste of words.

But gradually rough models of these trifles and hastily made drawings collected in the corner of the common work-room which had fallen to Murdoch, and Haworth's attention was drawn toward them.

"What wi' moddles o' this an' moddles o' that," Floxham remarked, "we'll ha' to mak' a flittin' afore long. Theer'll be no room fur us, nor th' engines neyther."

Haworth turned to the things and looked them over one by one, touching some of them dubiously, some carelessly, some without much comprehension.

"Look here," he said to Murdoch, "there's a room nigh mine that's not in use. I don't like to be at close quarters with every chap, but you can bring your traps up there. It'll be a place to stow 'em an' do your bits o' jobs when you're in the humor."

The same day the change was made, and before leaving the Works, Haworth came in to look around. Throwing himself into a chair, he glanced about him with a touch of curiosity.

"They're all your own notions, these?" he said.

Murdoch assented.

"They are of not much consequence," he answered. "They are only odds and ends that fell into my hands somehow when they needed attention. I like that kind of work, you know."

"Aye," responded Haworth, "I dare say. But most chaps would have had more to say about doin' 'em than you have."

Not long after Ffrench's advent a change was made.

"If you'll give up your old job, and take

to looking sharp after the machinery and keeping the chaps that run it up to their work," said Haworth, "you can do it. It'll be a better shop than the other and give you more time. And it'll be a saving to the place in the end."

So the small room containing his nondescript collection became his head-quarters, and Murdoch's position was a more responsible one. He found plenty of work, but he had more time, as Haworth had prophesied, and he had also more liberty.

"Yo're gotten on," said Janey Briarley. "Yo're gotten more wage an' less work, an' yo're one o' th' mesters, i' a way. Yo' go wi' th' gentlefolk a good bit, too. Feyther says Ffrench mak's hissen as thick wi' yo' as if yo' wur a gentleman yorsen. Yo' had yore supper up their last neet. Did she set i' th' room an' talk wi' yo'?"

"Yes," he answered. It was not necessary to explain who "she" was.

"Well," said Janey, "she would na do that if she did na think more o' yo' nor if yo' were a common chap. She's pretty grand i' her ways. What did yo' talk about?"

"It would be hard to tell now," he replied. "We talked of several things."

"Aye, but what I wanted to know wur whether she talked to thee loike she'd talk to a gentleman,—whether she made free wi' thee or not."

"I have never seen her talk to a gentleman," he said.

"How does she talk to Haworth?"

"I have never seen her talk to him either. We have never been there at the same time."

This was true. It had somehow chanced that they had never met at the house. Perhaps Rachel Ffrench knew why. She had found Broxton dull enough to give her an interest in any novelty of emotion or experience. She disliked the ugly town, with its population of hard-worked and unpicturesque people. She hated the quiet, well-regulated, well-bred county families with candor and vivacity. She had no hesitation in announcing her distaste and weariness.

"I detest them all," she once said calmly to Murdoch. "I detest them."

She made the best of the opportunities for enlivenment which lay within her grasp. She was not averse to Haworth's presenting himself again and again, sitting in restless misery in the room with her, watching her every movement, drinking in her voice,

struggling to hold himself in check, and failing and growing sullen and silent, and going away, carrying his wretchedness with him. She never encouraged him to advance by any word or look, but he always returned again, to go through the same self-torture and humiliation, and she always knew he would. She even derived some unexciting entertainment from her father's plans for the future. He had already new methods and processes to discuss. He had a fancy for establishing a bank in the town, and argued the advisability of the scheme with much fervor and brilliancy. Without a bank in which the "hands" could deposit their earnings, and which should make the town a sort of center, and add importance to its business ventures, Broxton was nothing.

The place was growing, and the people of the surrounding villages were drawn toward it when they had business to transact. They were beginning to buy and sell in its market, and to look to its increasing population for support. The farmers would deposit their funds, the shop-keepers theirs, the "hands" would follow their example, and in all likelihood it would prove, in the end, a gigantic success.

Haworth met his enthusiasms with stolid indifference. Sometimes he did not listen at all, sometimes he laughed a short, heavy laugh, sometimes he flung him off with a rough speech. But in spite of this, there were changes gradually made in the Works,—trifling changes, of which Haworth was either not conscious, or which he disdained to notice. He lost something of his old masterful thoroughness; he was less regular in his business habits; he was prone to be tyrannical by fits and starts.

"Go to Ffrench," he said, roughly, to one of the "hands," on one occasion: and though before he had reached the door he was called back, the man did not easily forget the incident.

Miss Ffrench looked on at all of this with a great deal of interest.

"He does not care for the place as he did," she said to Murdoch. "He does not like to share his power with another man. It is a nightmare to him."

By this time, she had seen Murdoch the oftener of the two. Mr. Ffrench's fancy for him was more enthusiastic than his fancy for the young man from Manchester or the Cumberland mechanic. He also found him useful, and was not chary of utilizing him. In time, the servants of the

house ceased to regard him as an outsider, and were surprised when he was absent for a few days.

"We have a fellow at our place whom you will hear of some of these days," Ffrench said to his friends. "He spends his evenings with me often."

"Ffrench has taken a great fancy to thee, lad," Haworth said, drily. "He says you're goin' to astonish us some of these days."

"Does he?" Murdoch answered.

"Aye. He's got a notion that you're holding on to summat on the quiet, and that it'll come out when we're not expecting it."

They were in the little work-room together, and Murdoch, leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, looked before him without replying, except by a slight knitting of his brows.

Haworth laughed harshly.

"Confound him for a fool!" he said. "I'm sick of the chap, with his talk. He'll stir me up some o' these days."

Then he looked up at his companion.

"He has you up there every night or so," he said. "What does he want of you?"

"Never the same thing twice," said Murdoch.

"Do you—always see her?"

"Yes."

The man moved in his seat, a sullen red rising to his forehead.

"What—has she to say?" he asked.

Murdoch turned about to confront him. He spoke in a low voice, and slowly.

"Do you want to know," he said, "whether she treats me as she would treat another man? Is that it?"

"Aye," was the grim answer, "summât o' that sort, lad."

Murdoch left his chair. He uttered half a dozen words hoarsely.

"Come up to the house some night and judge for yourself," he said.

He went out of the room without looking backward. It was Saturday noon, and he had the half-day of leisure before him, but he did not turn homeward. He made his way to the high road and struck out upon it. He had no definite end in view, at first, except the working off of his passionate excitement, but when, after twenty minutes' walk he came within sight of Broxton Chapel and its grave-yard his steps slackened, and when he reached the gate, he stopped a moment and pushed it open and turned in.

It was a quiet little place, with an almost

rustic air, of which even the small, ugly chapel could not rob it. The grass grew long upon the mounds of earth and swayed softly in the warm wind. Only common folk lay there, and there were no monuments and even few slabs. Murdoch glanced across the sun-lit space to the grass-covered mound of which he had thought when he stopped at the gate-way.

He had not thought of meeting any one, and at the first moment the sight of a figure standing at the grave-side in the sunshine was something of a shock to him. He went forward more slowly, even with some reluctance, though he had recognized at once that the figure was that of Christian Murdoch.

She stood quite still, looking down, not hearing him until he was close upon her. She seemed startled when she saw him.

"Why did you come here?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "I needed quiet, I suppose, and the place has a quiet look. Why did you come?"

"It is not the first time I have been," she said. "I come here often."

"You!" he said. "Why?"

She pointed to the mound at her feet with a singular gesture.

"Because *he* is here," she said, "and I have learned to care for him."

She knelt down and laid her hand upon the grass, and he remembered again her emotion in the strange scene which had occurred before.

"I know him very well," she said. "I know him."

"You told me that I would not understand," he said. "It is true that I don't yet—"

Suddenly there were tears in her eyes and in her voice.

"He does not seem a dead man to me," she said. "He never will."

"I do not think," he answered, heavily, "that his life seems at an end to any of us."

"Not to me," she repeated. "I have thought of him until I have seemed to grow near to him, and to know what his burden was, and how patiently he bore it. I have never been patient. I have rebelled always, and so it has gone to my heart all the more."

Murdoch looked down upon the covering sod with a pang.

"He did bear it patiently," he said, "at the bitterest and worst."

"I know that," she replied. "I have been sure of it."

"I found some papers in my room when I first came," she went on. "Some of them were plans he had drawn thirty years ago. He had been very patient and constant with them. He had drawn the same thing again and again. Often he had written a few words upon them, and they helped me to understand. After I had looked them over I could not forget. They haunted me and came back to me. I began to care for him and put things together until all was real."

Then she added, slowly and in a lowered voice:

"I have even thought that if he had lived he would have been fond of me. I don't know why, but I have thought that perhaps he would."

For the first time in his knowledge of her, Murdoch saw in her the youth he had always missed. Her dark and bitter young face was softened; for the moment she seemed almost a child,—even though a child whose life had been clouded by the shadow of sin and wrong.

"I think—he would," he said, slowly.

"And I have got into the habit of coming here when I was lonely or—at my worst."

"You are lonely often, I dare say," he returned, wearily. "I wish it could be helped."

"It is nothing new," she replied, with something of her old manner, "and there is no help for it."

But her touch upon the grass was a caress. She smoothed it softly, and moved with singular gentleness a few dead leaves which had dropped upon it.

"When I come here I am—better," she said, "and—less hard. Things do not seem to matter so much—or to look so shameful."

A pause followed, which she herself broke in upon.

"I have thought a great deal of—what he left unfinished," she said. "I have wished that I might see it. It would be almost as if I had seen himself."

"I can show it to you," Murdoch answered. "It is a little thing to have caused so great pain."

They said but little else until they rose to go. As he sat watching the long grass wave under the warm wind, Murdoch felt that his excitement had calmed down. He was in a cooler mood when they got up at last. But before they turned away the girl lingered for a moment, as if she wished to speak.

"Sometimes," she faltered,—“sometimes I have thought you had half forgotten.”

"Nay," he answered, "never that, God knows!"

"I could not bear to believe it," she said, passionately. "It would make me hate you!"

When they reached home he took her upstairs to his room. He had locked the door when he left it in the morning. He unlocked it, and they went in. A cloth covered something standing upon the table. He drew it aside with an unsteady hand.

"Look at it," he said. "It has been

there since last night. You see it haunts me too."

"What!" she said, "you brought it out yourself—again!"

"Yes," he answered, "again."

She drew nearer, and sat down in the chair before the table.

"He used to sit here?" she said.

"Yes."

"If it had been finished," she said, almost as if speaking to herself, "Death would have seemed a little thing to him. Even if it should be finished now, I think he would forget the rest."

(To be continued.)

THE DEAD MASTER.

It is appointed unto man to die,
Where Life is Death is, dominating Life,
Wresting the scepter from its feeble grasp,
And trampling on its dust. From the first hour
When the first child upon its mother's breast
Lay heavily, with no breath on its cold lips,
To the last hour when the last man shall die,
And the race be extinct—Death never came,
Nor ever will come, without apprehension.
The dying may be ready to depart,
For sleep and death are one to them; but we
Who love them, and survive them—unto whom
The places they once filled are filled no more,
For whom a light has gone out of the sun,
A shadow fallen on noonday,—unto us,
Who love our dead, Death always comes too soon,
A consternation, and a lamentation,
The sorrow of all sorrows, till in turn
We follow them, and others mourn for us.

This tragic lesson of mortality
The Master who hath left us learned in youth,
When the Muse found him wandering by the stream
That sparkled, singing, at his father's door—
The first Muse whom the New World, loving long,
Wooed in the depths of her old solitude.
The green, untrodden, world-wide wilderness
Surrendered to the soul of this young man
The secret of its silence. Centuries passed;
The red man chased the deer, and tracked the bear
To his high mountain den—but he came not.
The white man followed; the great woods were felled,
And in the clearings cottage smokes arose,
And fields were white with harvests: he came not.
The New World waited for him, and the words
Which should disburden the dumb mystery

That darkened its strange life when summer days
Steeped the green boughs with light, and winter nights
Looked down like Death upon the dead, old world;
For what was Earth but the great tomb of man,
And suns and planets but sepulchral urns
Filled with the awful ashes of the Past?

Such was the first sad message to mankind
Of this young poet, who was never young,
So heavily the old burden of the Earth
Weighed on his soul from boyhood. Yet not less,
Not less, but more, he loved her; for if she
Was somber with her secret she was still
Beautiful as a goddess; and if he
Should one day look upon her face no more,
He would not cease to look till that day came:
For he for life was dedicate to her,
The inspiration of his earliest song,
The happy memory of his sterner years,
The consolation of his ripe, old age.
What she was to the eyes of lesser men,
Which only glance at the rough husk of things,
She never was to him;—but day and night
A loveliness, a might, a mystery,
A Presence never wholly understood,
The broken shadow of some unknown Power,
Which overflows all forms, but is not Form—
The inscrutable Spirit of the Universe!
High-priest whose temple was the woods, he felt
Their melancholy grandeur, and the awe
That ancientness and solitude beget,
Strange intimations of invisible things,
Which, while they seem to sadden, give delight,
And hurt not, but persuade the soul to prayer:
For, silent in the barren ways of men,
Under green roofs of overhanging boughs,
Where the Creator's hands are never stayed,
The soul recovers her forgotten speech,
The lost religion of her infancy.

Nature hath sacred seasons of her own,
And reverent poets to interpret them.
But she hath other singers, unto whom
The twinkle of a dew-drop in the grass,
The sudden singing of an unseen bird,
The pensive brightness of the evening star,
Are revelations of a loveliness
For which there is no language known to man,
Except the eloquent language of the eye,
Hushed with the fullness of her happiness!
What may be known of these recondite things
Our grave, sweet poet knew: for unto him
The Goddess of the Earth revealed herself
As to no other poet of the time,
Save only him who slumbers at Grasmere,
His Brother,—not his Master. From the hour
When first he wandered by his native stream
To crop the violets growing on its banks,

And list to the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
 To the last hour of his long, honored life,
 He never faltered in his love of Nature.
 Recluse with men, her dear society,
 Welcome at all times, savored of content,
 Brightened his happy moments, and consoled
 His hours of gloom. A student of the woods
 And of the fields, he was their calendar,—
 Knew when the first pale wind-flower would appear,
 And when the last wild-fowl would take its flight;
 Where the cunning squirrel had his granary,
 And where the industrious bee had stored her sweets.
 Go where he would, he was not solitary,
 Flowers nodded gayly to him—wayside brooks
 Slipped by him laughingly, while the emulous birds
 Showered lyric raptures that provoked his own.
 The winds were his companions on the hills—
 The clouds, and thunders—and the glorious Sun,
 Whose bright beneficence sustains the world,
 A visible symbol of the Omnipotent,
 Whom not to worship were to be more blind
 Than those of old who worshiped stocks and stones.

Who loves and lives with Nature tolerates
 Baseness in nothing; high and solemn thoughts
 Are his,—clean deeds and honorable life.
 If he be poet, as our Master was,
 His song will be a mighty argument,
 Heroic in its structure to support
 The weight of the world forever! All great things
 Are native to it, as the Sun to Heaven.
 Such was thy song, O Master! and such fame
 As only the kings of thought receive, is thine;—
 Be happy with it in thy larger life
 Where Time is not, and the sad word—Farewell!

SONNET.

"THEN are they glad because they are at rest: and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."—PSALTER.

THERE loomed a great shape lately scarce in sight
 Of Scituate cliffs—a mountain 'mid the mist;
 Perchance an Indian, we said; but hie!
 Heard you that gun-stroke, out by yonder light?
 Then the fog thickened in the gathering night;
 No further signal heard (save that dread one
 Which brings back terror even as I write),
 Of the mysterious wanderer—nor is known
 Aught else of her—but that she comes no more.
 Oh, unknown mourners! watchers of the sea
 By many a lonely fireside on the shore,
 One thing is sure: He brought them to the breast
 Of that calm haven where you fain would be,
 And they are glad—because they are at rest.

THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF CO. "C."

To begin at the beginning and speaking according to the letter, Company "C" was not so designated until some time after its organization. In the early months of its service, the familiar initials of the medical staff constituted the device borne upon its cap-fronts. This legend—destined to prove ephemeral in duration, albeit inscribed in brass—was variously interpreted by the wearers. "More Sheep" and "Mint Sling" had their respective partisans, and the company's performances at this period fairly entitled either pseudonym to precedence of the real name—"Middlesex Southrons"—which held no meaning apart from the purely accidental one conferred by the local habitation of the corps as defined by county lines as well as by that of Mason and Dixon. For in truth the slaughter of mutton was terrific and whisky flowed like water in the cantonment where our heroes in prospective practiced squad drill and such like arts of war during the summer days of the good year '61. Another faction still, modestly ignoring their doughty deeds, and following a time-honored usage, borrowed a suggestion from their uniform of white kersey "nigger-cloth," and dubbed themselves "Middlesex Southdowns."

But such nominal differences over elements and vestments could not affect the homogeneity of the company in essentials; and in conceding themselves to be a "crack" organization the M. S. were strictly of one mind. No new-fledged concern were they, hastily recruited from any "rag-tag and bob-tail" to serve as mere food for powder; they could and *did* point with a pride, not only pardonable but commendable, to a long record of *ante bellum* service throughout which they had kept their caste inviolate, and even now they reserved the right of voting upon all applications for membership. For years their presence as a body had lent *éclat* to all public gatherings within a circuit of twenty miles; their periodic drills, with attendants of gay trappings, prancing steeds and jingling sabers, had long superseded in the popular interest the homelier array of "old field-musters" by the county militia. The fair sex from far and near had graced these occasions—their admiration deepening into awe when a gallant charge by squadron front concluded the martial spectacle. Thus, when the call to arms

resounded through the land, and our heroes came into the field, Minerva-like, fully equipped, and in a sense veteran soldiers, it was but natural that they should regard less highly favored organizations with a feeling nearly akin to compassion.

Their pride was destined to have a fall at the very outset of their career. Hardly had the tender of their services been made to the new Confederacy than it was found that they were not singular in their preference for going on horseback where glory waited them, and that no more cavalry would be received just then. It would imply that they were something else than mortal to say that the M. S. received this blow without chagrin; sons of cavaliers, who had for so long "kept the lamp of chivalry alight," it was too monstrous a proposition that they should do battle in a manner different from their sires, and much bitterness characterized their discussion of the situation. But when Johnny made up his mind to "go for a soger," it was not in his nature to stand unduly upon the order or the manner of his going, and since it is but good philosophy to consider the most favorable aspect of any turn of affairs, there were not wanting sound reasons in favor of reorganization on a new footing, nor is it to be mentioned to the reproach of our M. S. that the following considerations impelled to a descent from their high horse. Some time having been consumed under the restrictions of "red tape" before the fate of their application could be learned, they were now the only force left in their county—a narrow peninsula almost begirt by navigable water, and thus peculiarly open to an enemy strong in naval resource. In view of these facts, the cooler heads argued that for them had been fortuitously reserved the sacred office of guarding their household Lares: the abstract patriotism which ignored the home claims was but an empty name; theirs was of a more practical sort, and upon its altar they laid their swords and spurs, their stately plumes and gold-embroidered standard, voted themselves a foot company, and were mustered in accordingly.

As if to confirm them in this conclusion, the new organization was ordered, a few days after its enlistment, to assemble at the county-seat for instant and perilous service. The nature of this was not specified in the order,



MUSTER OF CO. "C."

and speculation was rife among our ex-dragoons, as they congregated at the time and place appointed; the popular theory wavered between the storming of Fortress Monroe and the boarding of the ubiquitous *Prince* in open boats, and an inspection of the company's armament would have fully attested its readiness for either enterprise. There were guns, all the way from a long ducking swivel, which was the exact measure of the height of the tallest man, and chambered four buck-shot, through the various grades of double and single barrel fowling-pieces; pistols of as many sizes and patterns; bowie-knives and dirks, and here and there, a wicked-looking two-edged cut-lass, forged by some rustic Vulcan from a farrier's rasp. A corresponding variety was exhibited in the company's *impedimenta*: blankets of all colors and quilts of gorgeous design bulged behind the vehicles which conveyed our volunteers to the rendezvous; buggies had been despoiled of their lap-ropes, pianos of their oil-cloth coverings, to meet moving accidents by flood and field. In deference to the rain, which was pouring in torrents, many of the men wore pea-jackets and overalls of rubber or oiled duck, which gave them an air more nautical than military—as if, in virtue of their *ci-devant* character, they represented that anomalous corps, the

"horse marines." The commissariat had not been neglected; bags of biscuit and capacious baskets and boxes of other comestibles had been brought along, in quantities sufficient for the provisioning of the post for a siege. In the midst of the bustle and stir of this marshaling of valor in arms came the first vague news of the victory of Manassas. All existing notions were at once cast to the winds, and new surmises got promptly afoot, connecting the mustering of the company with the greater historic event. The *Prince* was a prize scarcely worth the taking now; the army of invasion had been routed, and doubtless there was a steamer even now on the way to land our heroes in Baltimore upon its flying traces; for that matter, they might run alongside the blockader at the mouth of the river in canoes, capture her, and use her for the same purpose! The writer, then but lately arrived in Dixie, remembers well the derision with which certain objections offered by him to this plan were received by the valorous Southrons, each of whom felt himself a match for ten full-grown Yankees. If the authorities at Richmond had but known what strategic talent and prowess were lying idle in the ranks of the M. S. at this juncture of affairs! But regrets are vain, and besides, this is a record of what was, not what might

have been. As a matter of dry fact, then, an admission must be made which, reflecting in no degree upon the company's devotion, is nevertheless somewhat damaging to its claims as a veteran body. Their past service, however magnificent of its kind, was still not war; but the same criticism equally applies to other feats of arms, the glory of which is unquestioned. When, therefore, a certain mysterious "colonel" from the seat of government arrived in their midst and gave the order for all this warlike preparation, not only was it not theirs "to make reply," but they did not even deem it necessary to examine the credentials under which this new-found leader claimed to be acting. It was discovered only after this personage was beyond the reach of their resentment, that his lawful functions were limited to the erection of signals on the coast, and that his personal vanity alone had instigated the call to arms to which their ardor responded but too willingly.

With this wet feather in their caps the M. S. settled down to the routine of camp duty, and the usually quiet little village daily resounded with fife and drumming, which, with other martial indications, betokened its sudden elevation to the dignity of a military post. The garrison found commodious quarters in a church, while the messing was conducted by private arrangement with families residing in the place, and our heroes fared "like fighting cocks." The duty was not arduous; there was no enemy to menace the camp on the land side, and hence the defensive precautions were limited to the establishment of an outpost upon the summit of a bold bluff commanding a view of the river for miles. Here the sentries, lounging on the grass in the shade of the fragrant cedars, whiled away the summer hours with games of draughts or backgammon, taking an occasional peep through a spy-glass out toward the bay for the smoke of the blockader; this was "standing guard" as conceived by our gentlemen soldiers. Drilling was carried on at first to an excessive degree, certainly; the M. S. had not contracted to become "military machines," and no little protest was made against this useless hardship, as they esteemed it—notably on the part of a certain fat member who was constitutionally opposed to the innovation of double-quick. Not all the fatigues of drill and camp-guard, however, could quite subdue the mettle of such pasture as was theirs, nor could the destructiveness of the company find adequate

vent, in the demolition of chicken-fixings and deviled crabs. Thus, while the more active minds betook themselves to the study of projectiles, through the medium of "ring taw," others of a more meditative turn, yet chafing still—

"for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack"—

contrived by the diligent use of their pocket-knives, to whittle up a formidable post-and-rail fence which inclosed the church-yard—not a vestige of which was left standing. As an offset to these more warlike pastimes, their savage breasts found soothing in the charms of music as rendered by certain of their numbers who were accomplished fiddlers, and many a "stag dance," under the noble sycamores, served to beguile the evening hours between retreat and tattoo. For a while indeed the condition of a house divided against itself, threatened to be theirs, for the more serious minded made strong opposition to the invasion of the sacred edifice by such worldly elements as cards and catgut. The truth must be admitted, however, that human nature prevailed; the minority of the faithful seceded peaceably to an upper room in the building, where their pious praises often outvied the more secular strains below. And, while we are at our confessions, it may be just as well to make a clean breast of it, and acknowledge what was too often the case—that while

"The spirit *above* was the spirit divine;
The spirit *below* was the spirit of wine."

Ah, me!—those were pleasant days ere the novelty of soldier life had worn off in the hard rubs that were yet to come. Many a time afterward did their memory rise up as if to mock our destitution; many a time did the retrospect of some especially jolly oyster supper serve us in lieu of no supper at all, as we sat around the bivouac fire, often a hard day's march with only such sweet and bitter fancies—and tobacco—for comfort! But we anticipate: we may linger yet a little while over joys which were all too fleeting—which once past never came back to us.

Let it not be supposed that this season was wholly devoted to inglorious ease, remote from war's alarms. At first the occasional appearance of a blockading cruiser would suffice to throw the garrison into a state of excitement, but as these naval demonstrations seemed directed only against the few fishing-boats which still ventured

out, they came in time to be looked upon as things of course, having barely sufficient interest to vary the monotony of every-day routine. But the turn of the luck came at last. One fine afternoon a long black

later in the season; others found in the enemy's metal the means of extending their researches in marine conchology—heretofore restricted to the native specimens afforded by creek oysters. Marbles lost their charm and



OUTPOST DUTY.

steamer, escorted by a vicious-looking little tug, steamed up the river, and when opposite the post, stopped and opened fire upon the quarters of the garrison. The opportunity had come at length for Company "C" to vindicate its claim to soldierly qualities of a high order. No veteran troops could have acted with better judgment or with greater alacrity in taking up a position of immense natural strength for defensive purposes—in the nearest deep gully. The wisdom of this selection has never been disputed; for the storm of shot and shell which ensued, though lasting for several hours, failed utterly to dislodge them, and though their quarters as well as other houses in the village were several times struck, when the casualty report came to be made up it was found that one incautious old hare, killed, comprised the list! The trophies of this gallant affair, in the shape of some unexploded shell and numerous fragments, were carefully collected and treasured by the command as proof of its prowess. Indirectly the enemy did great execution—for with the contents of the big shells the sportsmen of the company slew countless ducks

even whittling palled upon the sense; all hands betook themselves to excavating for buried treasures. One man particularly became so expert that his hunting was rarely unrewarded by a find; he would start from the furrow scooped out by the projectile in its *ricochet*, and "line" it accurately to the spot of its final plunge into the earth. This enthusiast kept, among other specimens, two sixty-four-pound shells in his bed, and on rainy days would pass the time in polishing the brass fuse-plugs with rotten-stone; he was only induced to part company with his pets upon the plea of his bunk-mate that the contact of so much cold iron gave him the rheumatism!

And now the chilly rains of November set in, bringing in their train ubiquitous mud out-of-doors, which put an end to drilling and well-nigh cut off the little post from communication with the outside world. The advices which reached them stimulated rather than satisfied the inquiries of the garrison, which resolved itself into a species of military commission on the conduct of the war, and argued long and learnedly the several questions of public interest at that

period. The chimera of foreign intervention had not yet been abandoned, nor had "King Cotton" been proven "a king of shreds and patches," as he was; our M. S. were as unflinching in their allegiance to his majesty as their fathers before them had been to the dethroned and exiled Charles. The arrival of the little one-horse mail was the focal point to which their daily interest tended. At this time the complications growing out of the capture of Mason and Slidell, while under the protection of a neutral flag, was a source of speculation throughout the country, North and South, and the press opinions relating to this knotty question in diplomacy were closely studied and windily ventilated by the M. S. each night as they gathered around the red-hot stove in their quarters. It was generally conceded that the Federal government was committed beyond the chance of *amende*, and the main point discussed was whether England would invade the northern states from Canada, or simply operate as a naval power against the commercial marine of the enemy and raise the blockade of the southern ports. And sometimes upon clear evenings, when the wind set from that quarter, they would assemble on the parade ground to listen to the far-off reverberations from the Evansport batteries disputing the passage of the Potomac by the enemy's transports, and to discuss the efficacy of that blockade and its

strategic import in the military situation. Now and then, too, the advent in their midst of some furloughed soldier from the front would afford a glimpse of the great events which had been occurring elsewhere—more vivid and life-like than could be obtained through the dry newspaper reports, yet vague and shadowy still. These were for the most part former members of the company, whose predilection for the mounted service had led them, upon its reorganization, to join a cavalry command which had participated in the disastrous campaign of that year in Western Virginia. But their experience of hardship and defeat seemed as remote and unreal to their old comrades as does the war news which we read at our breakfast-tables to us, while the weather-beaten visages and stained and dingy uniforms which attested their tales served also to point a moral for the instigators of the infantry movement.

So the winter wore on. With the first opening of spring came the news of the driving in, one after another, of the Confederate advanced posts. The Burnside flotilla, which had created no small consternation on its passage down the Chesapeake, as conveying an attack possibly directed against this coast, had effected its object elsewhere. From Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee reverse followed close upon the heels of reverse; the border states in that quarter



A STAG DANCE.



A POINT OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

were already overrun, and the "anaconda" was daily drawing in his folds to embrace the vitals of the Confederacy. Donelson had fallen and Nashville capitulated; Jackson was doggedly retreating up the Virginia valley; the Manassas army had fallen back to the line of the Rappahannock, thence to be hurried to confront the new advance upon Richmond organizing at Fortress Monroe; the gun-boats had run the gauntlet of the batteries at Island No. Ten, on the Mississippi; Shiloh and New Orleans were yet to be added to the long list of disasters, and despondency and gloom overspread the land as the bulletins of defeat came in.

Revenons à nos moutons! Let us come back to our Southdowns, anxiously but undauntedly awaiting their turn in the general squeeze. The descent upon their post, so long expected and deferred, threatened to be made now, and in overwhelming force; for it is a matter of record that McClellan's original plan contemplated the establishment of his base at this very point. Whether or not the substitution of another, which was in turn so disastrously abandoned, be referable to the moral influence exerted by Company "C"'s occupation, must lie within the margin of doubt which environs all speculative theories, but within this debatable land, at least, the claim of knight's service may be fairly set up in behalf of our heroes. The sole public recognition evoked was an order, which reached them soon after, to join their regiment and brigade,—an honorable

discharge would have been more proper, perhaps; but republics were ever ungrateful.

It were useless and tedious to follow the company through all its varied fortunes from this date; its history is that of the Army of Northern Virginia, and brigades, not companies, are the units of the record. Suffice it to say that our heroes bore a creditable part in the struggle of the "Seven Days," and marched with Stonewall Jackson against Pope and across the Potomac; that they fought at Fredericksburg under the same tried leader, and accompanied him in the brilliant and daring move on Hooker's flank which closed his career as a soldier; that they charged in vain at Cemetery Ridge, and stood opposed to Grant in that long and bloody grapple of the two armies from the Rapidan to the James. What changes this experience had wrought in their body will be best understood if the reader will consent to bear me company while we look upon them once more, in the last act of the great drama in which they were performers.

It is toward the close of a bleak winter day in the beginning of the year 1865. We step ashore at Chaffin's Farm from the wheezy little tug which plies between that point on the James and the beleaguered capital of the Confederacy. A cheerless landscape, barren of timber and cut up by wagon tracks, borders the muddy river, over which the grim guns, peering from their embrasures on Drury's Bluff, look frowningly; the few human figures and slow,

crawling wagons which dot the dun waste are as dingy as itself, and barely distinguishable from it, except by their motion; the steely gray sky affords no relief from the desolation of the prospect, but rather serves to intensify its dull uniformity of local color. Starting from the river and stretching thence far away over the barren plateau, the eye makes out an irregular line of sordid hovels and tents, chiefly by the smoke which obscures their form while it reveals their position. Upon an eminence beyond, where a few straggling pines stand up like black skirmishers against the sky, is the silhouette of a large earth-work; a tall flag-staff rises, clean and tapering, from the truncated mass, and hanging straight down from the truck is a flag, in whose limp folds may be distinguished, nevertheless, the alternate red and white stripes of the Yankee "gridiron." "Fort Harrison," is the answer to our query; "our new line is just this side, where you see the troops yonder."

We plod heavily across a tract of corn-stubble in the direction indicated, and are soon in the midst of the camps which hug the breast-work closely. There is no semblance of order in the arrangement of the quarters, which are nondescript structures of pine-logs roofed over with clapboards of the same material, or with shelter-tents, blankets, or gum-cloths, according to the constructive ability of their occupants or the resources at their command. Here and there a tent, mildewed and smoke-begrimed, and betraying in its stains and rents the hard service which it has yet survived, leans against its chinked and daubed chimney as if for support. There are few signs of life apart from the smoke, which barely rises ere it hangs suspended in the still air, for the scant supply of fuel no longer permits the generous fires which impart to the poorest camp an air of comfort. At a wood-pile consisting of a few small sticks, a scare-crow negro boy is hacking with a dull ax, crooning a hymn tune to the measure of his blows, and in reply to our question, vouchsafes the information that Company "C" is "right da up de line, nowhar fun here." Upon this apparently contradictory testimony, we proceed a few steps in the direction indicated, when our progress is arrested by the tones of a familiar voice inside one of the tents. We push aside the flap, and, stooping, enter.

The occupants are two men, both in the prime of life, and one of them not more than a year or two past his majority; yet in

their pinched and withered faces, which wrinkle all over in the smile of recognition with which they greet their old comrade, there is something indescribable which does not belong to youth or old age, but resembles some miserable travesty of the latter. It is the look which, once seen, is not easily forgotten;—which characterizes a strong man in whose experience the aging influences properly belonging to a life-time have been compressed within the compass of a few years. Their hair and beards are dry and harsh; their skins of the peculiar reddish-gray tint which comes of the combined effects of exposure and insufficient nutrition, and a feverish light in their sunken eyes tells more eloquently still of daily hunger which is never quite appeased. Their welcome has no trace of enthusiasm in it; hard, griping, ever-present want has killed out that feeling long ago, and the momentary gleam of pleasure which our coming has shed is already overcast by grave doubts as to whether we have been to dinner. Theirs is about to be served, and they will not neglect the offices of hospitality, for they are Virginians of the tide-water, in whom the cardinal virtue is not yet extinct, but it is a virtue now of the sternest sort, not a mere social grace. A battered tin plate, supported by a wooden box turned up on end, contains two small rashers of bacon, and a "pone" of corn-bread is cooking by a fire of a few "chunks" and twigs heaped around and upon the "skillet," which has just been vacated by the other element of the homely repast,—for the narrow fire-place will accommodate but one utensil at a time, and the expenditure of fuel must be calculated to a nicety. Of the adjuncts of coffee or "small rations" of any description there are none; the daily allowance now is one-third of a pound of meat and a pound of corn-meal to officers and men alike—"only this and nothing more." Some distinction yet prevails in favor of the holders of commission, as our friends explain while disposing of their meal, for this is an officers' mess and the tent the regimental head-quarters. The box, now on "extra duty" as a table, is the adjutant's desk, and contains his official papers. One servant cooks for the mess, besides having the care of the mounted officer's horse, but the captain of Company "C," his commensal, prefers to contribute the ration to which he is entitled for his servant, to the common table, by dispensing with the special offices of his

"boy," and this is an exceptionally luxurious arrangement, for most of the line officers have yielded to the stringency of the situation and are saving the extra ration by messing with the men of their companies. It is "hard times and worse coming," says the captain, as he sops the last smear of grease from the plate and proceeds to fill his pipe. "Come, let's go see some of the boys. I reckon they must be done dinner by this time,—for we don't consider it good manners to visit about meal-times nowadays," he adds, as we quit the tent.

Hard times, indeed! nor is it easy to conceive of the nature of any "worse" that may be "coming." In each case a separate effort is required before we recognize in the gaunt and ragged forms and haggard faces around us the trim and jaunty soldiers of '61. The once-derided Southdown coats have long since disappeared, worn out in the service, but they were as purple and fine linen to the motley habiliments which have succeeded, while the dandy *kepi* has given place to shapeless flap-down hats of felt. A few old uniform jackets, once gray but now stained by dust and faded by sun and rain to a dingy yellow, still hold out against the vicissitudes of war, but the garb is uniform no longer: garments of civic cut and color prevail, interspersed with others, the dye of which proclaims them the spoil of the battle-field, stripped, under the prompting of hard necessity, from those who would never again need them save as shrouds. One element of uniformity indeed pervades the *personnel* of the old company in the destitution and misery which are omnipresent. There are many beardless faces but no young ones, and the buoyant gayety of other times has yielded to a gravity of mien becoming their character as veterans.

The low huts are gloomy and filled with the smoke of green-pine wood, and a proposal to walk along the parapet while we discuss our pipes is not unwelcome: it is the only ground which is not shoe-deep in mud, and besides we can better see from its elevation the position and its defenses. Beyond the moat, filled to the brim with muddy rain-water, an open tract bristles with small flags planted at intervals of a yard, each of which denotes the position of a torpedo; *chevaux de frise* separate these from a waste of felled timber extending to the base of the hill crowned by the captured redoubt, where the pickets of the enemy show in the deepening twilight like black crows. On a slight eminence further

up our line to the left, is a mortar battery, with a long interval of vacant breastwork dividing it from the infantry camps.

A boy of sixteen, who has just returned from carrying rations to some of his mess at the outpost, points out these features. Knowing him from his birth until now, he has always seemed a child, and his puny figure and delicate, almost girlish, face are mournfully out of keeping with these grim surroundings.

"Our old works are there to the right, but it is too dark to see them now; our picket line is just there where you see those little fires"—indicating some ruddy gleams which just begin to show in the gloaming along the further edge of the dusky gray *abattis*. "About all the dry wood we have now is what we bring in from the picket posts, and when that is gone, 'Corporal Dick'* can come whenever he gets ready"—he adds gloomily between whiffs of his pipe.

"The place seems very strong: I should think one line of battle ought to hold it against anything they could bring."

"The *place* is strong enough, and the artillery and torpedoes would stop them for a while; but the line of battle—we haven't any."

"But a good skirmish line would do——"

"Humph! Don't we wish we had it?"

"You might even deploy at ten paces," I venture to suggest dubiously.

"If we had the men; but since they got the Weldon Railroad, this line has been skinned out until we have only a man for every thirty yards. Come, it's getting chilly out here, and there's tattoo—let's go back."

And this doughty defender of a company's front toddles off down the breastwork to answer to his name.

A single fife and drum—the whole regimental field music—are squealing and thumping the last notes of an old-time melody which has clung to the command through all its fortunes; it is "Run, nigger, run! de paterol ketch you!" often heard in the days when the war was young. In a space between the tents, serving in lieu of more pretentious parade, about a dozen men are ranged in an irregular line facing the orderly-sergeant, and my little soldier falls into his place just as the roll-call begins. It is short work now, but memory intersperses

* "Corporal Dick"—the generic *sobriquet* given by the troops on this line to the negro soldiers in their front.

the list with many names in the order in which they were committed to its keeping in the old days—names to which no man will ever answer again until the reveillé of the eternal morning shall sound. The sergeant hesitates more than once, as his thought corrects his tongue, which was wont to run over the longer array so glibly; and at each

"Break ranks!" The roll-call is over, and the shivering group disperses, and melts away among the blind alleys of the camp; one by one the voices are hushed as the weary men sink into slumber, to escape for a while their misery in oblivion, or in visions of home and kindred, which some of them shall nevermore revisit, save in dreaming.



"HERE!"

such pause there rises up before us the apparition of some familiar face as it used to beam upon us in life, or perhaps as we last looked upon it, ghastly and grim beneath the stains of battle, ere we folded our comrade in his bloody blanket shroud, and laid him in his shallow grave. From dank Chickahominy marsh and fertile Pennsylvania valley, from the tangled thickets of the Wilderness, the sterile slopes of Manassas, the dreary pine levels of the Southside, the ghosts of the old company come back to outface the living witnesses of its valor, and challenge their sturdy "Here!" with an answer prouder still.

Suddenly from the investing lines the blare of a band breaks upon the still night air, and a mighty shout goes up and mingles with the swelling strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Once and again the thrilling anthem peals forth and dies away in falling cadences, and then all is still again,—only now and then, afar off in the darkness, Corporal Dick, upon the outpost, beguiles the hours of his vigil with a rude chant:

"Look out da now! we's gwine to shoot!
Look out da—don't you onderstan'?
Babylon's a-fallin'! Babylon's a-fallin'!
We's gwine to occupy de lan'!"

A WINTER MORNING.

THE snow-drifts pile the window-ledge,
 The frost is keen, the air is still;
 The lane that lies below the hill
 Is drifted even with the hedge;
 Gray skies, and dark trees shaken bare,
 Blue smoke that rises straight in air;—
 And down the west a yellow glare
 Is driven like a wedge.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

I STOLE so gently on their dance,
 Their pygmy dance in red sunrise,
 I caught the warm and tender glance
 Each gallant gave his dear one's eyes.

Wee ladies, clad in fine bat's-wing,
 With plumèd lordlings stamp the heel;
 Behind them swords and fans they fling
 And foot it blithely down the reel.

They sighed and ogled, whispered, kissed
 In meetings of the swaying dance—
 Then fled not, but were swiftly missed,
 Like love from out a well-known glance.

I sprang: the flashing swords were grown
 Mere blossom-stalks from tulips tossed;
 The fans that sparkled on the stone
 Were turned to sprays of glittering frost.

FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

As SHE saw the young girl approaching, she put down the pail on the grass, wiped her right hand on the back of her apron (a habit which her husband had not been able to break her of), and quietly advanced to greet her visitor.

"A rare guest, to be sure," she said, as Helga laid her white hand in hers. "We haven't seen you for a great while, child. What have you been doing?"

The sweet matronly comeliness of Mrs. Norderud's face, with its cheerfully uncritical eyes, was ever a rest and a comfort to

every one who was privileged to gaze upon it. As Helga stood looking into those calm, benignant features, she felt a strange rising sensation in her throat, and could with difficulty repress a sob.

"Oh, I have been very, very busy, Mrs. Norderud," she answered in a voice that was scarcely audible. "Old Magnus is very sick, you know, and I am taking care of him."

Mrs. Norderud was walking up the gravel path at the girl's side, listening with a serene, unperturbed countenance, in which sympathetic interest was yet plainly legible. Now and then she stooped down to knock

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off a caterpillar or a beetle from the tomato vines, or to break off the decaying leaves of a too luxuriant cabbage. But Helga knew too well her housewifely ways to take offense, especially as her attention never wandered, in spite of seeming digressions.

"But, dear child," she said as the girl had finished her account of Magnus's complicated ailments, "it will never do for you to wear yourself out in this way, sitting up nights and taking your meals by snatches, and wading down that street through the mud, and sitting with wet feet all day long, as I know you are doing. You know Nils, my husband, doesn't like to have me help folks with medicines,—not that he wants to deprive them of what little help I can give them. No; God knows there never was a kinder-hearted man living than Nils, my husband, is. But he has his crooked notions, too, as who has not, I should like to know? And I never knew a man, taking him all together, better at bottom and straighter every way than he is, God bless him. And now I have been married to him thirty-two years come next Michaelmas, so I am sure I ought to know him by this time. But, as I was saying, he doesn't like to have me give folks medicine, for he has a notion that I am kind of old-fashioned, and likely enough he is right about it. I don't know the American way of doing things, he says, and surely I do not, for I hold on to my old ways, as I learned them at home, and I was too old when we came over to this country to take up with new-fangled notions. But eleven years ago, when Thorarin was down so bad with the fever, and we both sat up night after night, hardly expecting him to live from hour to hour, and no doctor was to be had all the country round, then my remedies were not old-fashioned, and it was his belief at that time, as it is mine, that they saved the boy for us. And if you wish it, child, I will put on my bonnet right away, and go down with you to see old Magnus; and if I can do anything for him, I am sure God will forgive me for not telling Nils, as sure as Nils would forgive me, when he had scolded me a little, if he knew it. And I will go down and watch some night this week when I am done salting down the beans, and to-night I will send one of the girls."

"Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Norderud," exclaimed Helga, heartily. "I am sure you can do a great deal more for him than that doctor who talks such bad grammar, and spells 'spoon' with a 'u' and an 'e.'"

Mrs. Norderud smiled her simple Norse smile, showing that in spite of her advanced years, she was not impervious to flattery.

"Sit down and wait for me a moment, while I go and fetch the beans," she said, pointing to a rustic bench under a large, spreading apple-tree.

Her gentle, restful presence had soothed Helga's excitement, and pushed the memory of her own troubles into the background of her mind. But as she was once more alone, they returned to her with renewed vividness, and she felt an irresistible impulse to weep. The matron busied herself for several minutes among her vegetables, and when she came back, being struck with the haggard expression of the girl's face, she inquired anxiously:

"You are feeling ill, child, are you not? You certainly need looking after yourself, as much as the old man does. Wont you come in and let me make some strong coffee for you?—and perhaps some elder tea,—that might do you good. You go at things in such a headlong way, child, and when you have got something into your head, you don't heed the advice of your elders, as know better than you do."

She had seated herself on the bench, and taken Helga's hand in hers. Her tenderly reproachful tone, even more than the words themselves, which were scarcely heard, melted the chilly numbness which had gathered like an icy crust around the girl's heart. The tears burst forth. She buried her face in Mrs. Norderud's lap, and tried no more to restrain her convulsive sobs.

"Poor child! She is sick and tired," murmured the kind-hearted woman, as if Helga's helpless state made it inadvisable to address her directly. "Some one ought to look after her. If she was my child, I should never allow her to wear herself all out, never getting out of her clothes, and getting a good night's rest,—and going with wet feet, and all for the sake of an old man as hasn't got very long to live, anyway!"

And she sat long, stroking the young girl's hair caressingly, and continuing her soliloquy, enumerating all the things she would have done if Helga had been her own child.

Helga had never known the relief of a real confidence; and, while her existence had flowed on, forming merely a part of the general monotony which pervades the year, like a damp mist, in our Western villages, she had hardly felt the need of it. But since she had known the deeper sorrows and joys of an all-absorbing pas-

sion, her life had gathered a swifter impulse, and with a conscious, half-impatient dignity, held itself aloof from the cold commonplaceness which surrounded her—like a current of a purer liquid which refuses to mingle with water at its common temperature. But now, as she felt Mrs. Norderud's caressing touch on her head, and heard her tender and soothing words, a sense of her utter helplessness came over her, and she yearned to pour out to her all her hidden hopes, and yearnings, and regrets. But alas! she was Ingrid's mother—it could not be.

CHAPTER XV.

MAGNUS'S POSTHUMOUS CAREER.

OLD MAGNUS was dead; and for several reasons his death became an event of far greater significance in the annals of the settlement of Hardanger than his life had ever been. First it supplied the town with a *bon-mot*; not a very epigrammatic one I admit, but still rudely expressive as Norse *bon-mots* are apt to be. "I will never trouble you again," as Magnus said to the Almighty," is still a favorite saying among the Norsemen in Hardanger.

The origin of this saying was as follows, and I shall try to relate it as reverently as it was uttered by the suppliant himself and told by Helga to Norderud the morning after the old man's death:

Helga had long been endeavoring in vain to impress Magnus with a sense of his own sinfulness and his responsibility before God. He had always resented such insinuations as a reflection upon his good name and character which he could not allow to pass uncontradicted. At last, however, when suffering had subdued his spirit, she had prevailed upon him to pray, and with an earnestness, strangely out of keeping with the seeming flippancy of his words, his untutored soul addressed itself to its Maker with this singular supplication:

"O Lord," he said, in a hoarse whisper (for he had hardly breath enough left to speak), "I have never been in the habit of troubling you much with my affairs, and if you will help me safely through this straight I don't think I shall ever trouble you again."

The pastor found in this incident a text for a very impressive sermon regarding the incapacity of the worldly mind to comprehend the things that pertain to God and his kingdom. To Helga it always remained a source of distress that she had succeeded so poorly in preparing the old man for the life

to come, and she had no sympathy with those who were disposed to make the unhappy incident an occasion for mirth. I am sorry to add that Van Flint and she had quite a serious dispute as to how this "lingering Norse paganism," as he called it, ought properly to be viewed.

Old Magnus's death, however, led to even graver complications than these. Norderud, who had undertaken to defray the expenses of the funeral, had sent the usual notice to the parish clerk, who had again communicated it to the pastor. That gentleman, however, was disposed to view a communication which came indirectly from Norderud, even though it was a mere simple statement of the fact that an old man had died, in the light of a personal affront, and it was with a good deal of vindictive satisfaction that he sat down and wrote the following answer:

PARSONAGE OF THE CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOR, }
HARDANGER, September 20th, 186— }
S. T.

NILS AMUNDSON NORDERUD:

From your note of yesterday addressed to Mr. Halvorsen, the parish clerk, I infer that you expect me to officiate at the funeral of the late Magnus Thronson Haeggstad. It will hardly surprise you when I hereby inform you that I am under no obligation, either legal or moral, to comply with your request, as the deceased was not a member of my congregation.

Secondly, I beg leave to notify you that I shall give positive instructions to the sextons (and in this I am confident the trustees, as a body, will support me) under no circumstances to permit the body of the said Magnus Thronson Haeggstad to be deposited in the cemetery belonging to the Lutheran Church of Hardanger.

I therefore advise you to apply to a preacher of some one of the numerous sects which infest this place, as I have no doubt that among them you may find some one who is willing to accommodate you.

MARCUS T. FALCONBERG, Minister.

Mr. Falconberg thought this last thrust especially a dexterous one, and chuckled in anticipation of the effect it would have upon his antagonist. He was well aware that Norderud was at heart as staunch a Lutheran as himself, and that rather than have recourse to the "sects" he would bury the dead man himself. He was further aware that Norsemen do not yield to the ancient Athenians in their religious care for the dead, and that, in their opinion, the fate of the departed soul in the hereafter depends largely upon the kind of earth in which his perishable remains are awaiting the sounding of the last trump here below. A hundred harrowing tales had followed them from their old home, of uneasy ghosts, who returned with

the midnight hour to revisit their earthly haunts, being unable to enter the abode of the blest because their bones rested in unhallowed ground. This subtle texture of intolerance and superstition time is slow to unravel, and enlightened men like Norderud who in the high noonday of public life might be inclined to regard Death, from a Malthusian point of view, as rather a beneficent institution, still in the privacy of their own hearts saw him as the dread old skeleton with the scythe and shuddered at the thought of incurring his displeasure.

Mr. Falconberg had really for once succeeded in giving his enemy a painful shock of surprise. Norderud was utterly at a loss to know what to do. That the pastor was trying to give him a blow over the dead man's shoulder (supposing that a dead man could lend himself to that attitude) he never for a moment doubted, and this, even more than his own defeat, filled his generous soul with indignation. When his irritation had subsided sufficiently to enable him to weigh the question coolly, he dispatched a messenger to his sons, Knut and Thorarin, in whose good sense and sagacity he had unlimited confidence. In fact, he seldom decided any important issue without hearing their counsel. Amund, Van Flint and Einar were also summoned, and after a long consultation in "The Citizen" office the following plan was agreed upon. During the night the father and the three sons would themselves dig a grave on their own lot in the cemetery, and the next morning, which was a Sunday, they would bring the coffin from the house of the deceased and place it on the edge of the grave. The doctor was to speak to Mr. Falconberg when the service was at an end and lead him across the church-yard to the open grave. Then, in the presence of all the congregation and while the robes of his sacred office might be supposed to hide his small personal resentments, he would hardly have the heart to refuse to throw a handful of earth upon a poor departed sinner.

The mood of autumn had perceptibly deepened. The oaks and maples along the streets and in the neighboring glens began to show dashes of purple and crimson and yellow, a thin, faintly flushed haze hung motionless over the fields, and the heavens dozed in a warm, misty monotony, suffused here and there with tints of more passionate coloring. Although the day was very warm, the Reverend Marcus Falconberg at the appointed hour mounted the steps to

his pulpit with his usual firm, ponderous dignity, and Norderud, who sat in his front pew leaning on the head of his cane in his wonted attitude of sober meditation, will testify that his eloquence could not have been more lustily aggressive if the thermometer had been at zero. He pounded the velvet cushions, which lined the edge of the pulpit, with a certain pugnacious zest as if to give a palpable demonstration of how the enemies of God ought to be dealt with, clenched his fists threateningly and wiped his brow with an utter disregard for his fluted ruff and wristbands which, by the time his eloquence had exhausted itself, had collapsed into a state of disreputable limpness.

When the service was concluded, Van Flint, according to agreement, intercepted the pastor as he started on his homeward way and sauntered leisurely at his side across the cemetery, at the further end of which the parsonage was situated. For, according to Norse belief, the church spreads its peace and blessing over the abodes of the dead, and they therefore always place their burial-ground in its very shadow. Since the town had grown up repeated attempts had been made to induce them to remove it, but they had hitherto clung to the old tradition, and prayers and threats had proved equally unavailing.

"What does that mean?" exclaimed Mr. Falconberg in an irritated tone, as he caught sight of Norderud surrounded by a throng of people. "Is your friend, the demagogue, carrying his political agitations even into the house of God?"

"It is a dead man," responded the doctor, calmly, "waiting to be consigned to the earth."

"Ah!" snarled the pastor, as the crowd fell aside, revealing the black coffin standing at the edge of a grave. "So you think you have outwitted me, do you? You think I am afraid to defy your honorable partner here in the presence of half the congregation. But you do not know me, sir, you do not know me," and the pastor wheeled around on his heel and marched rapidly in the direction of his house.

"Mr. Falconberg," cried Van Flint in a tone of earnest remonstrance, "I adjure you not to allow your personal animosity to Mr. Norderud to bias your judgment in so important a matter. Listen to me: it is not to Mr. Norderud that you yield in this instance—it is to your own sense of duty, to your own conscience, to God."

"Who will presume to instruct me concerning my duties to God and to my own conscience?" answered the pastor, with a sudden explosion of wrath. "The man, I tell you, was *not* my parishioner, and I have nothing to do with him either living or dead."

Norderud had from his station at the grave followed Van Flint and the pastor with earnest watchfulness. As he became aware that the doctor's mission had failed, he made his way through the crowd and called out:

"Mr. Pastor!"

Mr. Falconberg faced abruptly about.

"What do you wish, sir?" he said, fiercely.

"One moment, with your permission," Norderud went on in his quiet, respectful way (for the pastor was still in his clerical robes). "I only wanted to beg you to forgive me for having done what may seem to you tricky and not quite the square thing to do. But you see, Mr. Pastor, I had the dead body on my hands, and the weather is hot, and the truth is, I didn't know what else to do."

The church people had now gathered in a dense ring about the three principal actors, and stood staring with that vague satisfaction which most of us are apt to feel when something unusual is going on, in which our own interests are not directly concerned.

"May I ask you," inquired the minister, with forced composure, "if you did not receive a note from me, in which I gave you my advice as to how you might dispose of the dead body?"

"I could hardly believe that the pastor was in earnest about that. Old Magnus—God have mercy on his soul!—whatever his failings may have been, was of the right faith, and it would be a great sin and shame if I were to dig a hole for him and throw him into it like a dog, away from his countrymen and without having the church-book read over him. It is criminals and folks that take their own lives that are treated in that way, and not Christians. And I may say this, Mr. Pastor, that if you have a grudge against me, as I know you have, it would be well if you would let it be all square only for to-day, and then to-morrow you may take it up again where you left it yesterday. But I should never have peace if I was to think that a dead man, who can't defend himself, had to suffer because of the disagreements that are between you and me."

The pastor made a movement of impatience, then thrust his hands into the side pockets of his black robe, and let his eyes wander over the multitude with an air of supreme indifference. He was wondering at his own composure, vaguely admiring it, and more determined than ever to stand his ground. Moreover, he was blind enough to interpret Norderud's respectfulness as humility, arising from the consciousness of having been vanquished. Little did he know how that sturdy, generous soul, with its deep sense of justice, was inwardly boiling with righteous indignation, and at that very moment visiting him with its severest condemnation.

For several minutes the silence was oppressive. Every one stood listening to his own heart-beats, and wondering what was to happen. Then the crowd suddenly fell apart, and two women advanced toward the pastor. The one was tall and stately, dressed in somber colors and with a dark veil over her face,—the other, small, plump, and pale, and her eyes were swollen with weeping. It was Helga and Annie Lisbeth, the daughter of the deceased. Mr. Falconberg was suddenly roused. He fell back several steps, and sent Helga a flaming glance, to which she responded with a fierce flash from under her veil.

"Pastor," faltered Annie Lisbeth, while the large tears trickled down her cheeks, "my father—he is dead—he can do no one any harm now. Would you not say a prayer over him—and—and—throw earth upon him?"

A strong movement of sympathy stirred the crowd. There were no more indifferent faces. The doctor, who was as tender-hearted as a woman, turned abruptly away. Several rough coat-sleeves were seen stealing up to the corners of moist blue eyes, and here and there a subdued sob was heard. The simple appeal had melted all hearts—except the pastor's.

"Child," he began in a hard, didactic tone, "you do not know what you ask. I have nothing against your dead father, and would prefer to see him properly buried. But here a principle is involved, and I cannot yield. Do not importune me any more. It is of no avail. And now," he added, turning from the young girl to the congregation, "I wish to say in conclusion, that this should be a warning to those who hang about the church, sharing in its privileges without contributing to its support."

Helga stood listening to these hard, un-

feeling words, and she burned with anger. She yearned to give vent to all the tumult which raged within her, but somehow she had a presentiment that she would break down and end, woman's fashion, with a tearful appeal, and this fear checked her eager tongue. So she was content to draw herself up to her full height, imagining that she was in this way giving expression to her mute scorn and defiance. Annie Lisbeth leaned upon her arm, weeping. Mr. Falconberg, noticing the challenging erectness of her attitude, and dreading another scene, moved away as hastily as the dignity of his robes would permit. The crowd broke up into smaller groups, and continued to discuss what had taken place with the ponderous, monosyllabic earnestness of excited Norsemen. Norderud and his sons lifted the coffin once more upon their wagon, and drove home.

During the afternoon, the intense feverish stillness, which was not rest, but rather the forced equilibrium of strong conflicting powers, was suddenly broken, and the world began to draw long, refreshing breaths. Fitful gusts of wind coursed aimlessly through the air, the red, misty bar which ran like a dusty path of flame along the western horizon darkened and grew broader; strange, vague cries, which seemed to come from nowhere, rose heavenward, impressing, as it were, some subtler organ than the outward ear, and a brilliant net-work of lightning illuminated the intervals between the heavy embankments of cloud. In the Norderud mansion, doors and window-shutters were closed, and the bell-handle was wound with black crape. In the sitting-room sat Norderud, tall and solemn, with the large, silver-clasped family Bible lying open on the table before him. He had been reading in the Gospel of Saint Matthew of how David and his men ate the show-bread, which only the priests were permitted to eat, and still, by the Savior, were accounted blameless. In the middle of the room stood the coffin, supported on six chairs, and around the walls the various members of the family were seated, listening in grave silence to the father's exposition of the Scriptural lesson. Einar, Helga, Van Flint, and Ingrid were all there, but somehow they only saw each other as through a haze. The solemn occasion had pushed all personal emotions, if not into oblivion, then at least into a dimmer, more remote region of consciousness.

There is no need of dwelling on the details of the discussion which followed. The moral of the lesson was plain enough. If David had, in a moment of extreme need, done that which was forbidden, and still been blameless, there would also be forgiveness for those here assembled, if in their distress they departed from the letter of the law, adhering the more reverently to its spirit.

Six hours later, when night had folded the world in her soft cloak of darkness, Norderud, with his tall sons, again emerged from the house, carrying between them the homeless corpse which the earth had refused to receive. They placed the coffin upon the wagon which stood ready at the door. Thorarin took the reins, and the horses slowly moved off. Then came Helga, leaning on Einar's arm (for in the darkness they had felt irresistibly drawn to each other), and the doctor, shyly supporting the sobbing Annie Lisbeth, who, in her helplessness, rested heavily upon him. The heavens were now girded with storm-driven clouds, leaving a broad path-way of blue from the zenith northward, through which some faint stars peeped forth with a timid, uncertain glimmer. Now and then the overcharged batteries of the skies sent forth their swift flashes of flame, and sullen mutterings in the distance indicated the approaching march of the thunder.

Einar and Helga, it is only just to say, had set out on this midnight expedition without any thought of themselves. They had both been prompted by a generous desire to stand by Norderud, and to share the burden of blame which would fall upon him, when his action should become known. Helga, moreover, had met all her mother's opposition by the argument that Annie Lisbeth needed her presence, that she might not be the only woman among so many men. But no sooner had the darkness closed around them, than she felt a wild tumult of happiness, against which both reason and conscience were helpless. It was the spontaneous reaction of healthy, full-blooded youth against the ascetic restraints which, in her self-subduing ardor, she had imposed upon herself. For a vigorous young soul, if the artificial pressure be but momentarily removed, will bound back into its natural attitude of joyous energy as readily as a bended branch recovers its wonted position. And Helga, with all her large capacity for happiness, had known so little of it. She had only felt it as some-

thing dimly divined, which appealed strongly to something kindred in herself, and stirred her with its vague promise. In the world of which she was a part and which was a part of her, and by whose laws, vital or petty, she had unconsciously been governed, every step toward the realization of her supreme wish had been checked by a complication of motives which it was beyond her power to unravel. But here, in this vast void of gloom, she seemed somehow withdrawn from it. Its voices could no longer reach her, and the strong needs and desires of her soul stood before her in their primal nudity. For this great solemnity of the night rouses the primitive man in all of us. The day too often cripples our most generous resolves by its multitude of motives and counter-motives. Surely large deeds are more easily wrought in the night,—both for good and for evil.

Very little was said as they walked on through the great stillness, clinging to each other with happy heedlessness, each glowing responsively with a supreme trust in the other's love. Had they been alone, it would have been almost easy to him to unlock to her the hidden chamber of his heart, and reveal the mute guilt and agony which had so long struggled for utterance; and to her, I believe, when the first shock was past, it would have been easy to forgive. In this moment all else seemed small and insignificant, except the great fact that she loved him. And even a grave error would only have changed her attitude toward him in so far as it would have called out a more abundant compassion.

They now paused at the entrance to the church-yard. Norderud unlocked the gate; Amund and Thorarin each lighted a torch which they had brought with them, and all the men took hold of the coffin and carried it to the edge of the grave. Amund had handed his torch to Helga, while Einar had seized a rope and assisted the others in lowering the dead down into the earth. But no sooner did Helga feel herself alone than the terror of the situation urged itself upon her. The presence of death, the darkness, and the dread desolation rushed upon her with overwhelming force; she saw the coffin sinking down—down, and she seemed herself to be sinking with it. It grew dark before her eyes, her hands trembled, and a sudden pallor spread over her countenance. Einar, seeing the wild terror of her face, let go the rope, leaped across the grave, and she fell helplessly into his arms. The torch dropped

from her hand; the coffin fell, with a hollow thump, down into the deep. Annie Lisbeth gave a shriek of horror. A broad sheet of flame darted across the sky, illumining the scene for an instant with its weird glare, and again the thick darkness closed about them. But out of the darkness Norderud's voice rose in loud, beseeching tones, calling upon Him who knoweth the heart of man to judge this deed according to the motive which prompted it, even if the deed itself were wrong in His sight; imploring Him, out of His great compassion, to give His peace which passeth all understanding unto this dead man, whom they had sunk into the earth stealthily at the midnight hour, without priest and without priestly blessing, as though he were a thief and a murderer. The wind broke with fierce whistling through the trees above, and large drops of rain were beginning to fall. Then the men all arose, filled the grave hastily with earth, and hurried homeward. Einar and the doctor had walked on in advance with Helga, whom the cold wind and the rain had restored to consciousness.

At the gate of the Norderud mansion they were met by Mrs. Norderud and Ingrid, who were anxiously awaiting their return. Hot coffee—the worthy matron's panacea for all ills, from toothache to an evil conscience—was promptly served; but gloom had settled on all, and the conversation refused to flow. Each longed for a moment of solitude, to bring clearness into the confused impressions of the night, and Ingrid, who had been making the round of the guest-chambers to see that everything was in order, caused something of a sensation when she announced that the company was at liberty to retire.

CHAPTER XVI.

"BANNER" versus "CITIZEN."

PURITANISM was too positive an element in the American civilization to be overcome by any later influences, however strong and enduring. It still pervades our whole continent as a silent force, quenching the glitter of every picturesque new-comer. The vivid colors of national costume are gradually toned down to a demure somberness, and soon utterly vanish. There were no silver brooches of elaborately fantastic design, no scarlet bodices, no red-peaked caps to be seen in Hardanger. The immigrant instinctively felt that these picturesque details of

dress alienated him from his fellow-men, and who, with all the pride of nationality, wishes forever to remain a stranger? Moreover, individuality in costume was one of those things which popular opinion in Hardanger least of all tolerated. That period was not very remote when a shirt-collar, even though it were of paper, was supposed to be indicative of aristocratic proclivities and consequent disloyalty to the republic, and when blacked boots and clean cuffs were regarded as a direct challenge to the community. Even in the style of beards, in manners, and in choice of idioms, this same tendency toward democratic uniformity was distinctly perceptible. A certain stoic composure, even in the most exciting situations, was held to be an indispensable attribute of civic dignity, and violent gestures and exclamations of wonder, unmingled with profanity, were the marks of a neophyte.

An outside observer, judging from this stoic disposition and apathetic demeanor of the community, might have been justified in the conclusion that Emerson was its favorite philosopher, Bryant its poet, and "The Nation" its political gospel. But I am forced to admit that such conclusions would have proved very unsafe—that, as regards its literary tastes, Hardanger, like the house in Scripture which is doomed to fall, was sadly at variance with itself. To the eyes of the Hardanger youth, the flaming show-bills of certain obscure New York weeklies, which covered walls and fences, possessed a baleful fascination, and in the public schools dime novels were often found hidden among the leaves of patriotic "Sixth Readers" and sober-minded text-books on mathematics. Among voting paterfamilias there were of course many, and perhaps a majority, who in public praised the stately dignity of "The Citizen"; but even among these there were some who privately gloated over the feverish rhetoric and scurrilous witticisms which filled the columns of "The Democratic Banner."

There was, however, at this particular time a legitimate reason why even worthy Norse fathers should not entirely ignore the existence of the obnoxious "Banner." The hostility between the two papers, which had of late been growing languid and intermittent, expending itself in veiled thrusts and contemptuous epithets, chiefly of a personal character, had all of a sudden gathered a dramatic force which had quite startled the community. As soon as the darkness had rolled away from the unconsecrated grave in

the church-yard, the story of Norderud's daring deed spread through the village like fire in withered grass. Some asserted that he had read the whole burial-service out of the liturgy, and that Finnson had assumed the rôle of parish clerk, singing the hymn and saying "amen" at the proper places; before long it was even suspected that he had invested himself with the clerical robes, which were kept in the sacristy of the church, and had, in the dead of night, been going through a sort of mock performance, only to gratify his hatred of the pastor. It is needless to say that among those who knew Norderud well, such rumors could find little credence; but among the far larger class of later immigrants, who knew him only as a man who had been more fortunate than they, and vaguely feared him as the representative of dangerous, un-Norwegian ideas, no report seemed too extravagant for belief. No one who does not know the deep-seated reverence of a Norseman's nature and the affection with which he clings even to the outward ceremonial of the established church, can imagine the horror with which these rumors were received. English conservatism is proverbially a hard and stubborn thing to deal with; but, after all, it is not absolutely fixed and unbending; it is like a dam which wisely regulates the expenditure of national strength, occasionally opening its flood-gates when the pressure is found to be too severe. But Norse conservatism is as rigid, unelastic, unyielding as the primeval granite which was the nation's cradle; wherefore progress in Norway is rarely the result of individual growth, but rather the inevitable widening of the gulf which separates each new generation from the old. People with national traditions like these are already by nature molded in sympathy with the Puritanic spirit of the New World, and in a land where radicalism of all shades flourishes and liberty is apt to run riot, the Norse immigration furnishes the sort of ballast which we are especially in need of.

To check the ever-spreading rumors, Norderud inserted in "The Citizen" a very sober paragraph, stating that on the 23d of September, 186— he himself and a few friends (whose names were given) had consigned the mortal remains of the late Magnus Thronson Haeggstad to the earth; that they had done this, forced by circumstances, without the knowledge and consent of the pastor, because the deceased, although not a regular member of Mr. Falconberg's congregation, nevertheless by faith and ances-

try belonged to the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Whatever blame there might be in the matter he took upon himself solely, as those who with him had participated in the affair had done so only at his request. Nothing could be more neutral in tone and less calculated to stir up bad feeling than this sober-minded announcement, and Norderud did flatter himself that the affair would here be at an end. What made him particularly anxious to bring about this result was the fact that the Republican State Committee had formally requested him to become their candidate for the vacant seat in the state senate, and when he hesitated to accept the nomination had given him many polite assurances that his popularity among his countrymen made him the most available candidate they could put into the field. In his heart of hearts he was quite inclined to coincide in their judgment, but if he was to accept, which he thought not unlikely, it would be disastrous to complicate the campaign by the introduction of side issues which might alienate a large class of voters. Hence, although he never for a moment regretted his course toward the pastor, the less said about the nocturnal funeral the better. For, from a political point of view, the pastor was a very formidable opponent whom it was well worth an effort to conciliate. And let it argue no blame to Norderud that under this new combined impulse of duty and ambition he began to busy himself with various benevolent schemes which he was confident would meet with the pastor's approval. His charities had always been extensive, but they had hitherto been of a half-clandestine and entirely unofficial character. He hated anything like display; and it made him positively unhappy if anybody came to thank him. Now, however, he was less averse to dispensing his benevolence through the legitimate ecclesiastical channels. But I regret to state that in the present case he was reckoning without his host. The supposed conciliatory paragraph in "The Citizen" had had the very opposite effect upon Mr. Falconberg.

"He even dares to challenge me in the face of the whole community," said the irascible prelate, with that angry snarl in his voice which was far more dangerous than his usual tone of loud denunciation. "First, he wantonly profanes the sanctity of my office, and then publicly avows that he did it, flaunting my own powerlessness in my face because in this barbarous coun-

try I have no legal means of punishing him."

Nils Nyhus, to whom these words were addressed, had come to sound the pastor's mind in regard to Norderud's participation in the church charities, but his preliminary survey of the field convinced him that the mention of his friend's benevolent intentions was for the moment unadvisable. It would only give his antagonist an advantage which he would not scruple to make use of. Mr. Nyhus therefore retired with the mournful reflection that the world was fast coming to pieces. Between the general government at Washington which tolerated a turn-coat in the presidential chair and allowed roads and bridges to go to ruin (Mr. Nyhus was still slightly mixed up on the subject of governmental functions), and a church organization ruled by a man who persisted in quarreling with his best parishioners, there was very little which an honest man could contemplate with any degree of satisfaction.

Of course Norderud knew Mr. Falconberg's combative temperament too well to suppose that he would quietly pocket an insult, even though it were an imaginary one. His only wonder was as to what shape his resentment would take. It was therefore something of a relief when the next issue of "The Banner" brought out an article with the expected signature, abundantly sprinkled with Biblical quotations, comparing him to Samson because he had had the seven locks of his strength shorn off by the Philistine harlot of ambition. The article was written in an amusingly supercilious tone and from a strictly pastoral point of view. The writer's only care seemed to be to save Norderud's soul, which he felt convinced was on the broad way to destruction. The burial of Magnus was represented as a shrewd bid for popularity, a demagogic effort, on Norderud's part, to identify himself with the interests of the poor whose only wealth was their vote. He wound up with a devout prayer that God might change the unregenerate heart, forgive the sinner his misdoings, and not visit them, according to His menace, upon the third and fourth generations.

It may seem incredible that any man in the present century could write in this tone, but let any one who believes the above report exaggerated refer to the printed controversies between the two Scandinavian synods of the West and he will find abundant parallels. And Norderud was too

well accustomed to that style of literature to be greatly surprised; although, to be sure, the blood did mount in a fuller current to his head when he saw the interpretation that was put upon the most unselfish act he had performed in all his life. As for submitting meekly to this kind of treatment it never for a moment occurred to him. While, after his fashion, he sat ruminating over the insulting phrases, they seemed to eat like a corrosive acid ever more deeply into his mind. At the end of an hour he was thoroughly roused, determined to vindicate his dignity and to return blow for blow. His wife, who had watched him in sympathetic silence from her seat at the loom, now advanced half timidly to the middle of the room where she paused, waiting for some look of encouragement to permit her to share his trouble.

"You do not look quite like yourself, Nils," she said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No; thank you, Karen," he answered, with grave kindness, "you can do nothing."

Norderud was not usually subject to caprices; in his house he was the kindest, most even-tempered man that could well be imagined. This look of brooding solemnity which had so suddenly come over him, therefore filled his wife with apprehension. She had the profoundest respect for the powers of his mind, and was inclined to believe that there never was a man who was so overburdened with important duties as he. It seemed almost like presumption on her part to attempt to fathom or even to understand them. Once, to be sure, in the early days of their marriage, while they were both plain Norse peasants, it had been different. Then he had of his own accord confided to her all his plans and his ever benevolent ambitions, and she had differed from him or assented as her inborn sagacity and practical sense might prompt her. But it is one of the tragic phases of immigration that it invariably offers ampler conditions for intellectual growth to man than it does to woman. If Nils and Karen Norderud had never left their native land they would have remained in their early bond of equal ignorance; the wife would then have had no sense of an intellectual distance between herself and her husband, no consciousness of some loftier region in his mind which it would be vain for her to attempt to explore. In their case, however, this distance was not really great enough to exclude mutual

sympathy, and to open the way for tragic incidents. Their early love was still as vital as ever, and their mutual trust none the less for the tacit admission of a difference in intellectual reach.

Mrs. Norderud's standing remedy for troubles which were too intricate for her own comprehension was to send for Doctor Van Flint, whose wisdom she believed to be second only to that of her husband. So in the present instance she dispatched a messenger to the doctor with the request that "if he would drop in, as it were by accident, she would be greatly obliged to him." The doctor well understood what this injunction meant and with a little genial hypocrisy managed the "accident" to perfection. Norderud's countenance immediately brightened as he entered; he returned his greeting with a familiar nod, and without a word handed him "The Banner."

"That is exactly what I came to talk with you about," said the doctor, throwing himself into an arm-chair and rubbing his spectacles meditatively while he spoke. "It is just what might be expected from that quarter. All that about your soul, however, I think is rather good. Only the snarl of personal anger hisses rather too audibly through his trumpet tones of sacred indignation."

"And what do you think we ought to do?"

"What ought we to do? In the first place we ought no longer shoot with blank cartridges. The pastor handles things in a shockingly ungloved manner; he has himself set the example, and we ought in return to roll up our sleeves and on our side show at least an equal amount of rhetorical energy."

Mrs. Norderud had again resumed her seat at the loom, and occasionally sent the shuttle flying with a feigned air of pre-occupation while at the same time she leaned forward and listened with anxious interest to the conversation.

"There is one thing which troubles me in this matter," began Norderud, after a pause. "I have been requested to accept the Republican nomination for the state senate——"

"Good!" interrupted Van Flint. "That will give a capital start to the paper."

"And you don't think that this controversy will hurt my prospects as a candidate?"

"Not in the least. It will rather infuse fresh life into an otherwise dull campaign."

"You have often told me, Doctor," said Norderud, with a futile effort to suppress a smile (for the doctor's cheerfulness was strangely contagious), "that your policy is to vote for the worst man, as the best means to bring about that crisis which only can regenerate our political system. It is very flattering to me to know that it is probably on the same principle that you are advocating my candidacy."

"My principles are made of very flexible stuff, Mr. Norderud," responded Van Flint, chuckling. "And, moreover, if a man should not have the privilege of entertaining a few inconsistencies in himself, life would be rather a dull affair. Your *toga candida*, to be sure, is quite a virgin garment as yet—has no invisible stains, that I know of, because it has never been worn. But, to be serious, since our Republican statesmen have had an attack of virtue—which is by no means a frequent occurrence—you have really no right to defeat their good intentions by refusing the nomination. Even if you are defeated you will be none the worse for it."

It was true, the doctor had on several occasions, when Congress had committed an act of more than the average stupidity, pledged himself to the policy of supporting the worst candidate, in order that he might have the satisfaction of seeing "the whole thing going to the devil—the sooner, the

better." He was one of those men who, because they refuse to take a superficially optimistic view of public affairs, get the reputation of being rather unpatriotic; and, curiously enough, he never took the pains in conversation to correct this impression. Nevertheless, he followed public events with the keenest watchfulness, and felt anything which compromised the nation's honor as if it had been a personal misfortune. He had very decided opinions on the subject of the currency question and civil service reform (in which he anticipated statesmen of a later day), and—what was a continual puzzle to his nearest surroundings—these opinions kept cropping out often, in the doctor's identical phraseology, in leading newspapers, in the state legislatures, and even in the halls of Congress. The fact was, the doctor kept a very firm hold upon his friends, many of whom occupied important positions in politics and journalism, and through his extensive correspondence he was unweariedly asserting his influence in order to prepare the way for the two measures of reform which he had most closely at heart. Norderud, however, had long ago discovered the key to the enigmas in Van Flint's character, and listened to the contradictions of his alternating moods with unwondering composure, as if the logical link had never for a moment been broken.

(To be continued.)

THE DOOM OF CLAUDIUS AND CYNTHIA.

"*Moi, je veux régner par l'effroi.*"—CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

IT SEEMS impossible to reach the apex of tragedy without at last calling on Death to aid in the work. This is to be explained, presumably, by the fact that death is the catastrophe of Nature, and Nature is at best a tragedy.

But how can we realize this catastrophe? Who shall ever answer the awful question? Possibly, at supreme points, when the soul, in some ineffable exigency, hovers a moment over the abyss of infinite terror, the human mind may catch a mere twinkle, so to speak, of the vast flame of death; but the descriptive power of our language seems worthless when it is required to compass the horrible height and breadth and depth of the mystery of the final change.

One frequently sees the phrase—"idea of

Death;" but it is only now and then that suddenly, like a besom from some vast charnel-land, with a voice never before heard, and a sound of destroying wings, rushes upon one the dim, bewildering, appalling phantom of that idea. The skeleton man with the scythe is not the true figure of Death. No artist ever dared attempt to limn the monster. No eye has ever studied his outlines or proportions. So-called philosophers and moralists, it is true, from the remotest times have felt it their duty to speak pleasantly, even gayly, of this last great step into the dark. Men have schooled themselves to meet with a visible joy the most revolting forms of death, stepping with quick feet and a clever show of cheerfulness through the dark gate into the strange

Beyond. But it has never been demonstrated with certainty that such joy and willingness is more than apparent or deeper than the face, or that the soul of the victim is not, in every case, frozen with terror. It is clear that death has two forms of frightfulness for the human—the form of ultimate physical agony and the form of doubt in its awfulest shape. The latter form is never considered in emergency. It is the specter of reflective moments. The former comes involuntarily, at moments of infinite peril, and around it swarm all the regrets, the loves, the aspirations and the glories of this world. Death is, in that case, a suddenly risen monster with power to excite with a storm of fear the fountains of life into a white foam of horror.

No doubt the natural way for death to come is by the slow process of old age—a gradual wasting of the body and the life together, until finally, in the mere flickering of the last breath, and the closing flutter of the pulse, there remains no power, no capacity of suffering.

Some pretend to believe that, after all, death is more to be dreaded as an idea than as a reality. With this idea we have to do at present. We will regard it as a great ghost of all horrors. Let us view it as coming to the young and vigorous—coming slowly at first, creeping on before their eyes, irrevocably, then with a great rush plunging upon them. In the highest lift of mathematical reasoning, where the calculus of differentiation takes the mind so far that it hovers on the very point of infinite expression, where, quick as thought, after a strong wrestle with the vanishing theory, one grasps the ultimate change and passes to the limit, is found the best idea of death if one could only clothe it in horror as concentrated and condensed as its logic. But this would only be natural death. Death by force has no parallel; it cannot be idealized. We desire to understand the effect of death coming upon the sane and happy with notice, but without time for preparation. It will be recollected that De Quincey has pictured a "Vision of Sudden Death." Let our picture be one where Death hovers over or stands before his victim a while, with hideous art adding delay to all his terrors. There must be the element of utter certainty of doom—no possibility of escape, not even a chance for resistance. Death must come like ages of torture condensed into a few lingering moments of supreme suspense, with some

feints and horrible dallyings with the catastrophe. In De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death" the monster swoops down upon two lovers without warning. It is a moment of ecstatic fright—a sudden whirlwind of utter horror. But this does not serve our turn. Our lovers, younger and more beautiful than those of the opium-eater's vision, really lived, breathed and suffered. Death came stalking up to them slowly, mercilessly, irrevocably. They had time to comprehend him fully, if such a thing is ever possible. They were snatched up, too, betwixt the marriage altar and the nuptial bed and placed confronting Death, with all the certainty of fate in the awful circumstances, and with not a remote hope of escape to soften the exigency.

We shall have to go back a few hundreds of years to a time in the world's life when tyranny had nothing to fear, and when death was often as picturesque as it was revolting and terrible.

It was in the mid-splendor of the reign of the Emperor Commodus. The rumor was abroad in Rome that on a certain night a most startling scene would be enacted in the Circus. No one could say where this rumor had originated, nor could the precise nature of the approaching spectacle be ascertained. That it would be blood-curdling in the last degree was taken by every one for granted. Emissaries of Commodus had industriously sown about the streets hints too vague to take definite form, calculated to arouse great interest. The result was that on the night in question, the vast building was crowded at an early hour.

The Roman Circus was founded and in great part built by Tarquinius Priscus; but after his time it was added to and decorated until it became a wonder of architectural art. It took its name from the elliptical form of its inclosing wall, and stood between the Aventine and Palatine hills, its greatest length being 2,187½ feet, and its greatest width a little more than a third of its length. *Fori*, or seats of stone and wood ran all round the vast wall, rising one above another, sufficient to seat 380,000 persons. Here Commodus and many tyrants before him had often called the Romans to witness exciting scenes, varying in their nature from gladiatorial contests to naval engagements on artificial seas, from horse-races to tiger-fights, and spectacles too hideously revolting to be mentioned in these enlightened days. Along the middle of the floor of the Circus ran a low brick wall called the *spina*,

which reached almost from end to end of the arena.

All the seats were filled with people eager to witness some harrowing scene of death. Commodus himself, surrounded by a great number of his favorites, sat on a high, richly cushioned throne prepared for him about midway one side of the vast inclosure. All was still, as if the multitude were breathless with expectancy. Presently, out from one of the openings a young man and a young woman—a mere girl—their hands bound behind them, were led forth upon the sand of the arena and forced to walk around the entire circumference of the place.

The youth was tall and nobly beautiful, a very Hercules in form, an Apollo in grace and charm of movement. The girl was *petite* and lovely beyond compare. His hair was blue-black and crisp, and a young soft beard curled over his cheek and lips. Her hair was pure gold, falling to her feet and trailing behind her as she walked. His eyes were dark and proud, hers gray and deep as those of a goddess. Both were nude, excepting a short kirtle reaching to near the knee. They seemed to move half unconscious of their surroundings, all bewildered and dazzled by the situation.

At length the great circuit was completed and the two were left standing on the sand, distant about one hundred and twenty feet from the emperor, who now arose and in a loud voice said:

"Behold the condemned Claudius, and Cynthia, whom he lately took for his wife. This youth and this girl have not yet pressed the nuptial couch. They never will. They are condemned to death for the great folly of Claudius, that the Roman people may know that Commodus reigns supreme. The crime for which they are to die is a great one. Claudius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the emperor and the incomparable archer of Rome. Whoever disputes it dies and his wife dies with him. It is decreed!"

This strange speech was repeated, sentence after sentence, by criers placed at intervals around the wall, so that every person in that vast crowd heard every word. No one, however, was astonished at the infamous deed in contemplation. Too often had Commodus, for the most trivial offense or for no offense at all, hurried Roman citizens to bloody death. And, indeed, why should a multitude schooled to take keen delight in gladiatorial combats ever shudder at anything?

But it was enough to touch the heart of even a Roman to see the tender innocence

of that fair girl's face as she turned it up in speechless, tearless, appealing grief and anguish to her husband's. Her pure bosom heaved and quivered with the awful terror suddenly generated within. The youth, erect and powerful, set his thin lips firmly and kept his eyes looking straight out before him. Among the on-lookers many knew him as a trained athlete, and especially as an almost unerring archer. They knew him, too, as a brave soldier, a true friend, an honorable citizen. Little time remained for such reflections as naturally might have arisen, for immediately a large cage, containing two fiery-eyed and famished tigers, was brought into the Circus and placed before the victims. The hungry beasts were excited to madness by the smell of fresh blood smeared on the bars of the cage for that purpose. They growled and howled, lapping their fiery tongues and plunging against the door.

The poor girl leaned her head against the naked breast of her lover and uttered a thin, short wail. His eyes did not change their firm stare, but the mighty muscles of his arms rolled up and quivered as he strained at the thongs in an effort to burst them, and his lips writhed into each other. He was beginning to realize that death was near him—and ah, near her! If only his hands were free and his good sword within reach, how joyfully he would battle for her against all the tigers in the world! But this certain death, how could he bear it? These beasts to munch her tender body and delicate limbs!—her true heart to quiver in their fangs! How supremely bitter a thing to helplessly contemplate! And she,—the trembling lily by his side,—she thought only of him, as the man who kept the beasts began from his safe place on the high cage, to unfasten the door and thus to let loose Death. Four long bounds of those agile monsters would bear them to the victims. Slowly the iron bolts were withdrawn and the door swung round. Nothing but thin air lay between the hungry red mouths and the nude defenseless bodies. For some moments the tigers did not move, excepting that they seemed rather to writhe crouchingly backward instead of advancing, as if shrinking from the devilish deed they were appointed to accomplish. There was no shrinking in their blood-shot eyes, however, and their slight recoil was but to gather themselves for the rush to the feast.

A murmur ran all round that vast ellipse—a murmur of remonstrance and disgust; for

now every one saw that the spectacle was to be a foul murder without even the show of a struggle. The alert eyes of Commodus were bent upon the crouching beasts. At the same time he noted well the restlessness and disappointment of the people. He understood his subjects and knew how to excite them. He was preparing to do a deed by which he hoped to elicit great applause. His triumph came like a thunder-bolt and in a twinkling all was changed.

The limbs of the poor girl had begun to give way under her and she was slowly sinking to the ground. This seemed greatly to affect the man, who, without lowering his fixed eyes, tried to support her with his body. Despite his efforts she slid down and lay in a helpless heap at his feet. The lines on his manly face deepened and a slight ashy pallor flickered on brow and eyelids. But he did not tremble. He stood like a statue of Hercules.

Then a sound came from the cage which no words can ever describe—the hungry howl, the clashing teeth, the hissing breath of the tigers along with a sharp clang of the iron bars spurned by their rushing feet. The Circus fairly shook with the plunge of Death toward its victims.

Suddenly, in this last moment, the maiden, by a great effort, writhed to her feet and covered the youth's body with her own. Such love! It should have sweetened death for that young man. How white his face grows! How his eyes flame, immovably fixed upon the coming demons! Those who have often turned up their thumbs in this place for men to die, now hold their breath in utter disgust and sympathy.

Look for a brief time upon the picture: fifty thousand faces or more thrust forward gazing;—the helpless couple, lost to everything but the black horrors of death, quivering from foot to crown. Note the spotless beauty and the unselfish love of the girl. Mark well the stern power of the young man's face. Think of the marriage vows just taken—of the golden bowl of bliss a moment ago at their young lips. Think how sweet life must be to them on the threshold of their honeymoon. And now, oh! now, look at the bounding, flaming-eyed tigers! See how one leads the other in the awful race to the feast! The girl is nearer than the man. She will feel the claws and fangs first. How wide those red, frothy mouths gape! How the red tongues lol! The sand flies up in a cloud from the armed feet of the leaping brutes.

There came from the place where Commodus stood, a clear musical note such as might have come from the gravest cord of a lyre if powerfully stricken, closely followed by a keen, far-reaching hiss, like the whisper of fate, ending in a heavy blow. The multitude caught breath and stared. The foremost tiger, while yet in mid-air, curled itself up with a gurgling cry of utter pain, and with the blood gushing from its eyes, ears and mouth, fell heavily down dying. Again the sweet, insinuating twang, the hiss and the stroke. The second beast fell dead or dying upon the first. This explained all. The emperor had demonstrated his right to be called the Royal Bowman of the world.

Had the tyrant been content to rest here, all would have been well. While yet the beasts were faintly struggling with death, he gave orders for a shifting of the scene. He was insatiable.

For the first time during the ordeal the youth's eyes moved. The girl, whose back was turned toward the beasts, was still waiting for the crushing horror of their assault.

A soldier, as directed, now approached the twain, and, seizing an arm of each, led them some paces farther away from the emperor, where he stationed them facing each other and with their sides to Commodus, who was preparing to shoot again. Before drawing his bow, however, he cried aloud:

"Behold! Commodus will pierce the center of the ear of each!"

As before, the cry was caught up by other voices and echoed around the vast place.

The lovers were gazing into each other's eyes, still as statues, as if frozen by the cold fascination of death. In the few next following moments they must have lived a long life of horror. Some of the most observant onlookers saw a pink flush tinge the small, delicately turned ear of the maiden, as if the blood were gathering there to be ready to gush from the hideous wound of the arrow. The youth saw this, too, and his eyes glittered with an agony fiercer than any death-throe. No doubt he was waiting to see her die, knowing full well that Commodus would not be likely to forego the refined pleasure of killing her first.

The excitement of the spectators reached the last degree when the great horn bow was again raised.

A very halo of beauty seemed to quiver and shine around the girl's head. A nameless, frigid fear was at last mastering the noble youth. His eyes were beginning to waver, his lips to twitch convulsively.

O Death! here is thy victory! Thou canst make cowards of us all by attacking our loved ones! It is all well enough for men to court thee in the roar and rushing of the floods of battle, and call it heroism,—it is well enough for a Socrates to meet thee grimly as he did,—for a Nero, even, to accept thee in his own way,—but love, love only, can flash into thine awful eyes the immitigable torment, the unbearable terror!

What a consummate mastery of the subject of revenge was evinced by Commodus through the whole of this spectacle! Is it possible to imagine a more subtle diabolism? I think not. Let us dissect the plan of procedure. It begins, very naturally, in a most trivial matter. The emperor was quite easily flattered, and more easily insulted. Especially desirous of being accounted the best swordsman and the most fearless gladiator in Rome, he still better enjoyed the reputation of being the incomparable archer. With a view to this, he had assiduously trained himself so as to be able, in various public places, to give startling exhibitions of his skill with the bow and arrows. Often in the Circus he had shot off an ostrich's head while the bird was running at full speed across the arena in view of the astonished multitudes, and the historians say that sometimes, so sheerly and evenly was the head severed from the neck, that the decapitated trunk would continue running for several paces, all headless and spouting blood. Sometimes he chose to plant his shafts in the eyes of his victims or above their ears, where they remained sticking like tufted horns, and, so accurate was his aim, his execution seemed perfect. No archer had ever been able to compete with him. This success had rendered him a monomaniac on the subject of archery, affecting him so deeply, indeed, that he cared more for his fame as a consummate bowman than for the dignity and honor of his name and responsibility as emperor of Rome. This being true, it can well be understood how Claudius, by publicly boasting that he was a better archer than Commodus, had brought upon himself the calamity of a public execution. But not even Nero would have thought of bringing the girl to death for the fault of her lover. Commodus was the master tyrant and fiend. Claudius and his bride had been arrested together at their nuptial feast and dragged to separate dungeons to await the emperor's will. Of course they expected to be devoured by the beasts when they were loosed in the Circus;

but Commodus chose to exhibit his superior skill to the young man by striking down the rushing tigers as they were on the point of doing their fiendish work. He well knew how doubly terrible Death becomes when, baffled for a while, he renews his soul-chilling attack upon the victim. A little suspense, an artful shifting of the time and the means of death would seem to be of the essence of a perfectly thrilling catastrophe.

And now the end was near. All around that vast space, tier above tier, the pallid faces of the spectators rose to a dizzy height, seeming by their ghastly glow to blend a strange light with the fierce glare of the flambeaux, so intense was their excitement. Every soul in that multitude was for the time suspended above the abyss of destruction, realizing the feebleness of Life, the potency of Death.

Commodus drew his bow with tremendous power, fetching the cord back to his breast, where for a moment it was held without the faintest quiver of a muscle. His eyes were fixed, and cold as steel. The polished broad head of the arrow shone like a diamond. One would have thought that the breathing of a breath could have been heard across the Circus.

While yet the pink flush burned on the delicate ear of the girl, and while the hush of the Circus deepened infinitely, out rang the low note of the great weapon's recoil. The arrow fairly shrieked through the air, so swift was its flight.

What words can ever suggest an idea of the torture crowded into that point of time betwixt the ringing of the bow-cord and the striking of the arrow?

The youth, particularly, was shaken with a sudden wild ecstasy of horror. As when a whirlwind, leaping from a balmy summer calm, stirs a sleeping pool into a white-foamed spiral flood, so Death had at last torn up the fountain of his soul. It was more than death when the arrow had done its work with her.

The girl, thrilled with ineffable pain, flung up her white arms above her head, the rent thongs flying away in the paroxysm of her final struggle. Hers was a slight body, and the arrow, not perceptibly impeded by the mark, struck in the sand beyond, and glancing thence whirled far away and rang on the bricks of the spina. Something like a divine smile flashed across her face along with a startling pallor.

Again the bow-string rang, and the arrow

leaped away to its thrilling work. What a surge the youth made! It was as if Death had charged him with omnipotence for the second. The cord leaped from his wrists—he clasped the falling girl in his embrace. All eyes saw the arrow hurtling along the sand, after its mission was done. A suppressed moan from a multitude of lips filled the calm air of the Circus.

Locked for one brief moment in each other's arms, the quivering victims wavered on their feet, then sank down upon the ground. Commodus stood like Fate, leaning forward to note the perfectness of his execution. His eyes blazed with the eager, heartless fire of triumph.

Now, here is the *dénouement*. Even the most exacting modern critic could find nothing further to desire in the catastrophe of a tragedy. The fated lovers lay in awful agony, locked in the strong embrace of a deathless passion. No hand dared separate them; no lip dared whisper them a last farewell. The place might have been a vast tomb, for all the sign of life it contained. The circles of countless faces were like those of the dead.

The two tigers lay in their blood where they had fallen, each with a broad-headed arrow through the spinal cord, at the point of its juncture with the brain. The emperor's aim had been absolutely accurate.

Instant paralysis and quick death had followed his shots.

But the crowning event of the occasion was revealed at the last.

Pale and wild-eyed, their faces pinched and shriveled, the youth and the maid started, with painful totterings and weak clutchings at the air, and writhed to their feet, where they stood staring at each other in a way to chill the blood of any observer. Then, as if attracted by some irresistible fascination, they turned their mute, sunken faces toward Commodus. What a look! Why did it not freeze him dead where he stood?

"Lead them out and set them free!" cried the emperor, in a loud, heartless voice. "Lead them out, and tell it everywhere that Commodus is the Incomparable Bowman!"

And then, when all at once it was discovered that he had not hurt the lovers, but had merely cut in two with his arrows the cords that bound their wrists, a great stir began, and out from a myriad overjoyed and admiring hearts leaped a storm of thanks, while with clash and bray of musical instruments, and with voices like the voices of winds and seas, and with a clapping of hands like the rending roar of tempests, the vast audience arose as one person and applauded the emperor!

OPPORTUNITY. *

How brightly on the morn it lies!—
Purple monarch in disguise—
Hail him, crown him: if you wait
'T will forever be too late.

Youth, by May's enchantment led,
Dreams of rosier days ahead;
But only he who fronts the hour
Carves the spiral path to power.

Maiden with the pretty face!
All the world admires your grace,
Form, and sweetness. Bright Blue-Eyes!
Put no trust in "by and by."

When the silver summons calls,
Stoutly speak—'t is Fate befalls;
One moment turns each golden door,
And then it shuts forevermore!

JOHN LEECH.



NO. 1.—HO-PI CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

THIRTY-SEVEN and a half years ago, in London, there appeared a prospectus of a proposed new journal. The newsmen handed it to their customers; it was headed by a fairly clever picture in the fashion of the day, a wood-cut of just such character as were Hablot Browne's contributions to another journal then in its second year,—“Master Humphrey's Clock,” edited by Charles Dickens and published by Chapman and Hall. This head-piece represented the well-known puppet of London street shows—that very “Punch” whose

VOL. XVII.—45.

most famous gentlemen-ushers were Messrs. Codlin and Short—standing between two masked personages, his “author” and his “artist”; and the first line declares that it is a “refuge for destitute wit” which is here established, thereby asserting a connection between the new journal and the recognized fashion of comic publication for the previous century or two. On the seventeenth of July, 1841, came out the first number of “Punch”; it seems not very funny to a reader of to-day; its manner of jesting is ponderous and, except for its

freedom from offense, reminds one of that eighteenth century "wit" now only known to book-collectors as to be found in the comic publications alluded to. The illustrations, besides one full-page "cartoon," were wretched little cuts an inch high, scattered through the text; the cartoon itself is better, but is not a design at all, only five heads of "Candidates under different Phases,"—five separate pictures irregularly distributed over the page. The Parliamentary elections of that summer were just concluded. The Whigs had been beaten pretty badly. Lord Melbourne's ministry was evidently endangered; the Tories were on the alert and ready to build up their own government on the ruins of the old one, and by means of the popular majorities they had won. "Punch" is chiefly occupied with politics at first, and very blue reading it is. Except for the preservation in these pages of some of those old stories and local allusions which help the reader of history wonderfully, even Miss Martineau's record of those times is more amusing than that of our joker.

But in the fourth number of "Punch," "for the week ending August 7, 1841," the cartoon was by a different hand. John Leech had signed his name in full in the left hand lower corner; a scroll in the very center of the page bore the inscription "Foreign Affairs," and, as author's name, the mark so well known afterward, a bottle with inverted glass over the stopper and a wriggling "leech" within. Below the scroll, a London sidewalk is seen thronged with the denizens of Leicester Square, eight men and two women, walking and staring, or conversing in a group. The lowest type of escaped fraudulent debtor, the most truculent style of gambler in fairly prosperous condition, the female chorus singer growing old and stout; all are here as easy to recognize as if described in words. Above are detached studies. In one portly figure, whose back only is seen, but who has an inscription, "The Great Singer," we recognize Lablache. In a pianist with a cataract of coarse hair, a better informed reader of English journals, or one who had the patience to wade through this very number of "Punch," might recognize some celebrity of the day—can it be Liszt? But the important thing to our inquiry is the easy strength seen in the drawing of these twenty grotesque figures. They are hardly caricature. Take any one of them and it will be evident that we have before us a

portrait. The original of that portrait was "padding with thin soles" the pavement of Regent street in August, 1841. His son is there to-day, in a somewhat different hat and coat and without straps to his trowsers.

No one head of these twenty heads is quite so good as the very wonderful design reproduced in our cut No. 4. This must have been made within a few weeks after the appearance of "Foreign Affairs," for it is in Hood's "Comic Annual" for 1842, and this was printed before the close of the previous year. Miss Kilmansegg "and her precious leg" are wooed of a count,—of

"A foreign Count,—who came incog,
Not under a cloud, but under a fog,
In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,
To charm some lady British born,
With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,
And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
Like a half-converted Rabbín."

But the physical charms of the *prétendant* and his half-military dress, and the "retail order" in his button-hole, are nothing; any book-illustrating artist could grapple with those; what John Leech did to complete Tom Hood's record of the Count's inward gifts and graces is the wonder.

"He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance—" says Hood, and

"Savage at heart and false of tongue,
Subtle with age and smooth with the young,
Like a snake in his coiling and curling—
Such was the Count—to give him a niche—
Who came to court that heiress rich,
And knelt at her foot,—one needn't say which,—
Besieging her castle of Sterling."

This cut has been copied by Mr. Carson in so perfect a fashion that no reader need long for the original; a difference in the fineness of the lines in the coat is the only one perceptible. And the very remarkable physiological picture, with falsehood and cruelty equally plain in it, while the head remains that of a false and cruel man and not a mere abstraction, is just the same thing in our page as in that of the last volume of the "Comic Annual."

This picture is given instead of a head from "Punch," as better. Still the "Punch" cartoon is admirable work as we see it now, but how far was it seen, in 1840, to be unusually good? Did the dissatisfied subscribers of "Punch" (who must have been many, for the paper was sold to new owners not many weeks after this "week ending August 7, 1841," and was bought by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans very cheaply

—some say for a hundred pounds!)—did they welcome the new hand? Was his name already known well enough to carry with it assurance of better work than that done by A. S. H. and W. N.? It must have been familiar already to amateurs and students of wood-engraving and of book-illustration. For Leech, though only a twenty-four-year-old man, in 1841, was a three-year-old designer for wood-cuts. "Bell's Life" had had the first-fruits of his genius, for that paper was an "illustrated" one then. A student of medicine, with a strong love of sporting and horses, and a habit which dated from his school-boy days of drawing everything he saw, he came quite naturally to work for a journal which did not ask matured skill, but only what he could give it. Mr. Shirley Brooks's interesting biography of Leech states that he was first brought into notice by a design for an envelope—a take-off of the one designed by Mulready for the post-office authorities; this the writer has never seen. "Bentley's Miscellany," which had been filled for six years with our dear old friend George Cruikshank's designs for "Oliver Twist" and "Jack Sheppard" and the rest, made room, in 1840, for an etching by Leech, the earliest etching of his of which we find record—"The Black Mousquetaire." It is hardly worth while reproducing this, as the "Ingoldsby Legends" are so well known, and the different illustrated editions of it so accessible. The first appearance of the etching was in "Bentley," Vol. VIII. It is not very good; its artistic value is very slight, but then Leech never cared for that, but stuck to his simple line-work to the end just as Cruikshank did; and without reaching even such simple excellence as Cruikshank's best or second-best work with the needle. What is more strange is that his fun is badly mixed with earnest, caricature with tragedy, in this, and in other etchings of the same series. The etchings in the same volume, in illustration of "Stanley Thorn," by the author of "Valentine Vox," are greatly better in character because dealing with English people and because frankly studied from life, with no more effort at caricature than one finds in later work.

There was some broad farce in Leech, though, at least in those early days. The first of our illustrations in chronological order, is No. 2, "The Sun and Moon," from Percival Leigh's "Comic English Grammar." The

author wishes to fix in the youthful mind the fact that "Sun" is masculine and "Moon" is feminine, and so goes into the analogies,—how the "golden rays" of the Sun are turned into "silvery light" by the Moon, who, of course, is fond of "change," and who, moreover, shines at night, like other feminine elegancies. The original cut is very exactly copied by Mr. Sugden. The rather "sat upon" and disciplined look of Sol, and Lady Luna's elate enjoyment of the jewelry, as she sits in her habit and hat, are admirably rendered. Our cut No. 1 is a *fac-simile* of an etching to be found in Vol. IX.



NO. 2.—THE SUN AFFORDS THE MOON THE MEANS OF SHINING.

of "Bentley's Miscellany," where it illustrates a farcical sort of story, called "Ho-Fi of the Yellow Girdle." Ho-Fi had proposed to his bride, So-Sli, to drink certain tea which he didn't wish to share with her, and she had seemed to pour the same out of window, to put an end to a loving contest. But three days afterward she offered him tea which, as he thought, tasted strangely; and then it appeared that he was "caught in his own trap," for the lady had poured the decoction into a pan outside the sill, and had now warmed it up for him. Certainly, of these two pictures, the most comical is the simplest,—the wood-cut, with its child-like di-

rectness and *naïveté*. In the Chinese picture the long clay pipes and the three-cornered sand-boxes, as if in a British tavern, are well imagined, as in contrast with the more Oriental accessories of costume and furniture. This very costume, too, is pleasantly travestied; but still the value of the picture is rather in the pretty girlishness of the little bride, So-Sli, maintained through all the theatrical-Chinese features and dress. It was, indeed, not fun that Leech cared for, but character; not a loud laugh, but an amused smile. If his humor may be thought

give, in a few words, of Leech's way of looking at life. "The Children of the Mobility" is a publication of 1841, seven lithographs in a wrapper. It has become scarce, like too many good things. After Leech's death, the committee which undertook to raise a fund for the purchase from his sister of those of his drawings which remained in her possession, published a thin folio, containing photographic copies of the original outline studies for six of these; but the one we have chosen for reproduction in our cut No. 3 has never been copied in any form. Our

picture is on less than half the scale of the original, of which the India paper measures eight by ten inches. The photographic process by which it is reduced gives the character of the original lithograph better, perhaps, than it could have been done otherwise; but it has exaggerated in an ugly way the strength of the paler parts,—the distant figure of the charity-boy about to "over" a post, the signature below, the sky and the distant haze,—so that the effect of the original, as a delicate bit of light and shade, is pretty much lost. But the expression of character is preserved. The three boys are types—all children of the mobile classes; there is the mufin-man's boy, and the apothecary's errand-boy, or "lawyer's clerk" in his first year; there is the liveried page of a



NO. 3.—CHILDREN OF THE MOBILITY.

to resemble that of Dickens, at least it is without that side of it which, in Dickens's work, appears to the world as Dick Swiveller. Hablot Browne's development, again, of that very character in the original "Master Humphrey's Clock," is as superior to anything Leech could have done, at least in his ordinary mood, in the way of mere laughableness, as Leech's varied insight and affectionate sympathy are to Browne's thin and flimsy art,—a mere seizing of outsides. Pathos, hidden beneath a very momentary, though pleasant and natural, fun, is the best account we can

family—the "boy in buttons." Some quizzing of the uniformed messenger by the rough boys, who rather despise him for his good clothes, seems to be in order; he wants a direction, and they, proud of their knowledge of London and of their freedom and general wide-awakeness, mean to make him pay for it. This is the least tragical subject of the whole seven; the others have more to do with the misery and squalor of the poor than this rather jovial study. One of them contains some charming bits of child-life among the very poor: a tall girl, of fourteen, with the

sweetest and most sympathizing smile, looks down upon a little boy who has been to get a tea-kettleful of water,—for that fluid has to be brought from far for the very poor in London,—and who seems to have found a herring, with which he and all the bystanders are delighted. Two of the pictures are wholly sad, and the third, while it has a foreground incident not unlike the one before us,—a jocose controversy between two boys,—shows, beyond, a child's parish funeral, where the little coffin is borne on the shoulders of an undertaker's assistant, preceded by another as mute; where one poor woman follows as the only mourner, and where the poor little procession of three has to make its way along a London foot-way, with a Punch-and-Judy show in full operation. It was to observe these incidents of every-day life, and to record them, that Leech lived. He must have seen and remembered as many sad incidents as amusing ones; as many even agonizing events and pitiful appeals as comic situations or jocose conversations,—in short, as much sadness as fun. But it was his business, throughout the greater part of his life, to furnish amusement to the most amusement-seeking class of people in this world,—the wealthier English. There was too steady a demand for what he had that was entertaining to let him neglect long to supply it. It is not "Punch" alone nor "Punch" chiefly to which allusion is made; the greater number of the books he illustrated gave him more purely comic work to do than "Punch." In that weekly he found the best opportunity ever afforded to him to give voice to his more serious thoughts.

Chronologically, we have now reached "Miss Kilmansegg," and our illustration No. 4, already described. The pathetic and humanitarian tone of the poem fitted it exactly to Leech's humor. It is a pity that he had not free choice of subject and treatment. But that could hardly be, for the previous volumes of the "Comic Annual" had contained few pictures other than the coarse, ill-drawn, and purely farcical little cuts from Hood's own hand,—designs so inartistic in every sense, so ugly, and so common, that it is a wonder "a genius so shrinking and rare" as Tom Hood's could have consented to them even as mere sport, or as sport turned to bread-winning. There are thirty-two pictures to "Miss Kilmansegg," of which two or three have the artist's full power in them. Especially vigorous is the Countess tearing her will, while the blackguard Count



NO. 4.—"SUCH WAS THE COUNT—TO GIVE HIM A NICHE."

looks on with a sneer, pockets turned inside out, hair disheveled, fresh from a rowdy debauch, while broken bottles and a dice-box strew the floor. Especially charming is "Love for Dinner,"—too subtle a design to describe,—in illustration of some lines which are known, it is to be hoped, to most readers.

During the year 1842, Leech worked steadily for "Punch," though the more commonplace sketches of Hine, and the stilted and "hifalutin" designs of Kenny Meadows, are more frequent in those pages. There are also a lot of smug and drawing-room-like pictures which seem to be by Harvey. It is odd enough to see one of Leech's firm and simple designs in the adjoining column to one of those others, with their lady-like grace and pretty turns of the head, and smoothness and smirk. Leech, for his part, gets into full career toward the close of the third volume; the big picture illustrating the pleasures of folding doors, and "of hearing the 'Battle of Prague' played with a running accompaniment of one, and two, and three,—and one, and two, and three,—and"—is a good landmark; it shows the future style of the artist, his way of treating feature and expression, his touch, his ingenuity in handling accessories, and that neatness of his legends and inscriptions which never forsook him. In the fifth volume, toward the close of 1843, there is a picture (perhaps not the first, indeed) and a legend, about the organ-grinding nuisance, which, in after

life, at least, was a real distress and burden to the sensitive artist: "Wanted," it says, "by an aged lady, of a very nervous temperament, a professor who will undertake to mesmerize all the organs in her street.—Salary,



NO. 5.—BOB CRATCHIT AND SCROOGE "OVER A CHRISTMAS BOWL OF SMOKING BISHOP."

so much per organ." For "aged lady," read, delicately organized man of twenty-six!

"Punch" was bravely "liberal" in those early days; full of sympathy with advanced ideas, and with the opponents of privilege and stately establishments; even to the extent of making immense fun of royalty and the royal family, and the rapidly lengthening list of royal children. It is an odd contrast between the touchingly loyal tone of only ten years later, and the quite ferocious fun made of Prince Albert, of the Duke of Cambridge and his daughter's marriage, of the expense of the royal establishment as contrasted with the wretchedness of the poor; a theme constantly urged. A change came over the public mind in England, not long after the events of 1848 and 1849, and this is as visible elsewhere as in the pages of "Punch." Prince Albert was indeed a favorite mark for ridicule, at least on certain occasions, till a much later time, but the queen and her children and her household, and royalty as an institution, were all treated as things very sacred and very precious, from about the year 1850. Concerning Ireland, too, and Irish government, there was in the early volumes a certain feeling of regret

and apology not to be found later; in the sixth volume, the Queen and the Czar Nicholas are seen sitting at the two ends of a table, while above their heads hang the map of Ireland and the map of Poland, and the Queen, pointing to her own dependency, says, "Brother, brother, we're both in the wrong!" In the same volume a really admirable cartoon is entitled "The Game Laws, or the Sacrifice of the Peasant to the Hare;" and a more uncompromising bit of anti-privilege thought no one need ask for. All these are by Leech. There is a marked change in the artist's temper in after life. It is not probable that he ever forgot to be charitable, or to be pitiful, or to be indignant at gross abuses; but assuredly his mind was fixed upon other things.

In this year, 1844, appeared "The Christmas Carol,"—the first of Dickens's Christmas stories, and the only one illustrated exclusively by Leech. There are, in this original edition, four colored etchings, of the kind so common in Cruikshank's early books, and common to Leech until his latest years, the etching being naturally only line-work, and not carried very far; the coloring always in full blue, and red, and yellow, with white paper left for the white waistcoats and aprons. There are also a number of uncolored wood-cuts, of which we give one in cut No. 5, a faithful reproduction by Mr. Zeltner of the final picture, "Scrooge and Bob Cratchit." It is very interesting, in these designs, to see Leech *aux prises* with the supernatural. He is not particularly clever at it; fresh thoughts do not seem to arise in his mind; he follows his author about, trying to set down what the text suggests, but with no especial success. It is the transmogrification of Scrooge, from the hardest to the jolliest business man in London, which is admirably managed! It is the same face and yet not the same, in the picture of "Marley's Ghost" at the beginning and in the one before us. As for Bob Cratchit,—to any other artist this characterization would be set down as a great success; to Leech it is only every-day work. In "Punch" for this year, 1844, are several fanciful designs which are remarkable enough. "Old Port introducing Gout to the Fine Young English Gentleman," contains a portrait of "Gout," which it is a pity we cannot find room for. But these fantasies are not his best work. The holiday-

schoolboy at the pastry-cook's counter, who tells the saleswoman that he has had—"two jellies, seven of them, and eleven of them, and six of those, and four bath-buns, a sausage-roll, ten almond-cakes, and a bottle of ginger beer;"—the capital heads of the two swimmers at a watering-place, of which the lips of one say almost in the horror-stricken ear of the other, "I beg your parding, Captain, but could you oblige me with my little account?" the old gentleman and the ragged little boy who meet, in front of a sweet-shop, in "A Lumping Penn'orth," between whom passes this dialogue: "Now, my man, what would you say, if I gave you a penny?" "Vy, that you vos a jolly old Brick!"—these portraits of the people of London are what our kindly and observant artist was sent to London to make. Here (No. 6) is his own portrait, as he was in July, 1846, when the maid said to him, "If you please, sir, here's the printer's boy called again!" And here is his portrait in January, 1847, "first (and only) fiddle" to the orchestra in "Mr. Punch's Fancy Ball." This picture is a huge double-page cartoon; on the floor are the celebrities of the day dancing and conversing.—Lord Brougham with the "Standard," Mr. Punch (of course) with Britannia, and O'Connell, Lord Derby, Wellington and the rest; but the orchestra is made up of the editors and contributors to "Punch." Let Dr. John Brown describe them; for he claims to know them all (see his essay on Leech, reprinted in "Spare Hours"): "On the left is Mayhew playing the cornet, then Percival Leigh the double-bass, Gilbert A'Becket the violin, Doyle the clarionet, Leech next playing the same,—tall, handsome and nervous,—Mark Lemon the editor, as conductor, appealing to the fell Jerrold to moderate his bitter transports on the drum. Mooning over all is Thackeray,—big, vague, child-like,—playing on the piccolo; and Tom Taylor earnestly pegging away on the piano." Clearly there is error in one clause of this passage; for it is Leech's head and a violin, not a clarionet, which the reader has before

him.* "The fell Jerrold" gave Leech some work about this time. Writing constantly in "Punch," his papers had been illustrated by



NO. 6.—ONE OF "PUNCH'S" FULL ORCHESTRA. (LEECH PLAYING THE FIDDLE.)

Leech and by other artists; but when in 1845, the "Shilling Magazine" was begun, and the novel of "St. Giles and St. James" in its first number, full-page etchings were made to illustrate that story. They are in



NO. 7.—OUR ARTIST IN HOT WEATHER—"OH, BOTHER! SAY I'M BUSY."

some respects more elaborate than most of

*In "Punch," seven years later, a different hand has portrayed all these and other contributors as boys at play; Leech himself is decorated with a hobby horse and armed with a porte-crayon, and is about to leap an easel set sideways to serve as a hurdle; Jerrold is playing skittles; Thackeray has the bat in a small game of cricket; Lemon is playing rackets.



NO. 8.—THE HOLIDAYS HAVE BEGUN.

Leech's works,—with more black and white, more pretense at chiaro-oscuro; but whether he could not sympathize with his author's unquestioning convictions and savage animosities, or from what other reason it may have been, it is clear that the designs were not done with his whole energy. But his whole energy is put into some festive little publications of his own about the same time (for "St. Giles and St. James" was not finished until 1847); and we name especially the Christmas *brochure* from which picture No. 8 is taken—"Master Jacky's Holidays, or the History of Young Troublesome." It is all

pictures, with no text beyond the legends at the foot of the page, and one page of *dramatis personæ*. Master Jacky keeps his father's London house amused and occupied during the holidays, by various escapades more ingenious than common in well-regulated families. The pursuits of the first morning after his arrival are depicted in our cut, closely fac-similed from the etching, by Mr. Brinkerhoff; Master Brown from next door and Master Green from over the way come to help Jacky's younger brothers and sisters welcome his return, while the nursery maids above, Ruggles below, and



NO. 9.—THE PARSON IN THE DITCH.

Mr. Phoenix at his library door "assist," in the original and French sense, and Mr. Phoenix's bust on the landing-place wears an expression of amazement at the break in its tranquil existence.

In 1848 appeared another set of lithographs—"The Rising Generation." These are, perhaps, inferior to the similar publication of seven years before, from which we give an illustration, less refined in drawing, less elevated in character, as works of art. Still, they add to the regret one feels that Leech so seldom resorted to the art of lithography to embody his more elaborate conceptions. There was constant complaint that his drawings were spoiled by the wood-engravers, not necessarily that these last were unskillful, but that the more subtle flavor of the swiftly drawn designs was hard to preserve in hastily cut blocks. Leech is quoted as saying to a friend, who was admiring a study in pencil: "Wait till Saturday, and see how the engraver will have spoiled it." Under these circumstances, it does seem strange that the example of the French humoristic designers, and especially of Gavarni, should not have been more frequently followed. Gavarni's most important work was in large lithographs, and certainly Leech must have been familiar with it. The concentrated intensity and power of caricature without exaggeration of the great Frenchman was not in place in "Punch," nor in the illustration of the trifling novels and books of sporting sketches

which were brought for Leech to work at; but this, again, seems a reason for regretting that the Englishman did not more frequently issue independent designs, or sets of designs, of the fashion of "The Children of the Mobility," and the few others. But there was etching, with the processes of which art Leech had made himself familiar in his boyhood; if he had thoughts in him which his own hand only could rightly embody in visible form, why did he not carry farther that art of boundless capacities? Why was he satisfied to make hundreds of etchings for "Bentley's Miscellany" and a score of novels besides, without giving or seriously attempting to give them any artistic character at all? It is a question that no one can answer, except by the unsatisfactory reflection that, up to the time of Leech's death, there had been no recognition in modern England of etching as an independent and respectable fine art, and that, with the insignificant exception of the publications of the Etching Club,—themselves almost all valueless in an artistic point of view,—etchings were known only as "comic illustrations to novels, ordered for their comic, and not their artistic, qualities," as Mr. Hamerton says, because they "could be done rapidly, and because the facility of the point was a convenience to the designers for giving expression to their Harry Lorrequers and Charles O'Malleys." Leech seems to have been a man who would do what was given him to

do with perfect satisfaction and in his best manner, but without longing for greater scope or larger opportunities. That temperament is indicated in the subjects of his work, as well as in their character: among early works, "The Fiddle-Fiddle Fashion Book," Percival's Comic English and Latin Grammars, and the trifling designs to Bon Gaultier's ballads and "Puck on Pegasus"; then, in "Bentley's Miscellany," from 1840 to 1844, a host of large etchings to a romantic sort of biography of Savage, the poet, Albert Smith's "Jack Ledbury," to "Stanley Thorn," and stories and sketches innumerable beside; in other periodicals or in sepa-

—as showing noble talents never rightly employed, rare gifts unsuspected by his contemporaries, and a tragic force which he hardly suspected himself.

It does not appear from any record of Leech's life within reach at what time he had his experience of the hunting-field. That he always loved horses is evident, and that he owned them and enjoyed riding; it must have been his custom from an early day to take a two-days' winter run into the country, visiting some friend in the hunting districts. By the time he was thirty-five, the long series of his hunting-field pictures begins, not to cease



NO. 10.—FOX-HUNTERS IN THE DAYS OF SQUIRE WESTERN.

rately published volumes, illustrations to some of the most purely farcical of English publications,—“Christopher Tadpole” and Theodore Hook’s “Jack Bragg,”—and, finally, the hundreds of pictures, large and small, in the “Handley Cross Series” of sporting novels. These and such as these are almost the only books he illustrated; this and such as this was the only work given him to do. “Punch” was almost the only field for his graver thoughts, and in “Punch” the graver thoughts could not be too often made prominent. It is not customary to consider Leech as an unfortunate man, an artist who never had a chance; but an essay could be written treating of his art from that point of view,

till his death. In “Punch” for 1855, we find “The Parson in the Ditch,” which, reduced only slightly in scale, gives us our cut No. 9, the work of Mr. Tynan. “I say, Jack! who’s that come to grief in the ditch?” “Only the parson.” “Oh! leave him there, then! He wont be wanted until next Sunday!” Such are the gracious remarks of the young Nimrods. The picture is selected on account of its landscape background. Leech’s professed admirers, writing soon after his death in 1864, have much to say about his love of, and power over, landscape, but a plenty of designs could be brought to show how carelessly he could draw out-of-door nature, and how seldom,

in his earlier life, he seems to have cared to give it especial thought. Still, this one must be accepted at full! This is really a capital distance,—flat and leading far away,—a December country-side in England, as



NO. XI.—GIRL'S HEAD.

if of April with us; and this is only the first of a great many landscape bits equally good and suggestive, which accompany the hunting-scenes and go far to reconcile one to their constant recurrence.

For, indeed, to any one who respects the history and believes in the continued manliness and virtue of English national character, the modern abandonment of the whole nation to sport seems a wretched thing; and it is pitiful to see the unquestioning way in which so able and amiable a man gives up his time to representing the incidents of the hunting-field. The ways and manners of the young patricians are not a whit more amusing than those of London omnibus drivers and cabbies—as Leech represents them. They say things not nearly so witty; there is no room for pathos; there is actually nothing delightful about it but the horses and the landscape, and, to the young swells themselves and their families, the constant contemplation of themselves engaged in their

favorite pursuit. Our good-natured moralist enters into the spirit of many classes of men, and gives us with equal hand scenes of life on sea and on shore, in the streets and in the fields; and it is all life, tragedy and comedy, business and rest, mingled in due proportion. But these scores of pictures, all devoted to one of the many sports which have for their very nature the cruel destruction of animals,—this amusement of chasing and tearing to pieces a beast who is cared for and made much of in his native haunts, for the very purpose of this chase, is a hard thing to an outsider. It is pleasanter to turn back over a few pages of "Punch" to the famous cartoon, "Général Février turned Traitor." The Czar Nicholas, then at war with France and Great Britain, was reported to have said that his two best generals had not yet come—"Général Janvier et Général Février." But he died, self-slain, as it almost seemed, at the close of the following February, and Leech's picture shows a uniformed skeleton entering the tent amid a whirling snow-storm, which follows and surrounds him, and laying his hand on the heart of the emperor, whose dead face in profile is admirably designed. This is a bit of that perfervid patriotism which in war time is good and true, and which, in memory of war time, seems true still. Leech was busily at work at this time, nearly forty years of age, prosperous, established, and famous, and the titles alone of the books he illustrated during the decade would fill a couple of these printed pages. He made a number of designs for other illustrated papers, and in 1856, for the "Illustrated London News," two of his very largest



NO. 12.—A FOLLOWING WIND.

and most elaborate pictures, celebrated ones, too, "Fox-hunters in the Good Old Times," and "Fox-hunters in these Degenerate Days." The former of these is given in cut No. 10, engraved on a scale



NO. 13.—A SWELL.

of less than one-half that of the original, but admirably well done—the work of Mr. Carson. It needs no description. The other picture represents decorous, dress-coated men, young and old, mingling with ladies in the drawing-room after dinner.

In 1859 was started "Once A Week," by the same house which had owned and issued "Punch" from a few weeks after its first appearance. During the first year Leech contributed thirty-one drawings to that weekly, besides about one hundred and fifty to "Punch," and whatever work other publications may have called for. The only thing we can give from "Once a Week" is the little head of the young lady swimming,—part of a decorated initial letter T (No. 11). But that volume and its earliest successors are crowded with good things, by Charles Keene, Millais and other men, and, as we have seen, by Leech. In the second volume, 1860, he is in prodigious force, and if one ever feels like denying an especially comic gift to Leech, he will feel doubtful on the point when he examines the illustrations to "Divorce a Vinculo," or the Terrors of Sir Creswell Creswell."

About this time he traveled on the Continent in search of renewed health, and thence was sent to "Punch" that great piece of work, "A Bull-Fight at Bayonne, with a little of the tinsel off, dedicated with every feeling of disgust to the nobility, gentry and clergy, especially of Spain and France." Wretched, worn-out horses with blindfolded eyes, held up, a defenseless and unconscious mark for the attack of bulls purposely infuriated, while "matadors" and "picadors" easily escape,

—this is the subject of the large cut whose details we will not describe. Cut No. 12 is also from "Punch," and gives another nice bit of suggested landscape. There's another member of the hunt behind the wind-buffed rider whom we see, not yet in sight except as to his hat, which precedes him in the gale. Cut No. 13 is also from "Punch," and appears to be meant for a swell of the Dundreary sort, reading a savage attack on the Times and on England in an Irish paper, but as it is only used to ornament the initial letter of an article, its meaning is not to be asked after too closely. This head and whiskers remind one of the capital picture, too big to get into our brief space, of the two swells at Sothern's "American Cousin," between the acts: "No fellow ever saw such a fellow. Gwoss cawica-tawaw!" Cut No. 14 is from "Puck on Pegasus,"—a volume of very slight and temporary verse, by Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell,—and is taken chiefly for the landscape. The verse requires the "Primeval Forest" for "Piggy-wiggy" to emerge from; but this grassy bank and these small crowded stems are as little like it as may be.

The year 1864 came, and found our admirable artist still at work as vigorously as ever; not robust, not rugged, but in seeming good health and spirits, and fit to live and work for years. To "Punch" for that year he had contributed eighty pictures, when, on the fifth of November, appeared a very amusing cut: An Irishman, dreadfully maltreated in a street fight, is taken charge of by his wife, while a capably indicated group of the victor and his friends is seen in the distance, and two little Irish boys nearer. "Terence, ye great ummadawn," says the "wife of his bussum" to the vanquished hero, "what do yer git into this Thrubble fur?" Says the hero, in response: "D'ye call it Thrubble, now? Why, it's Engyement." It is as good a thing as ever Leech did—as good a cut as ever was in "Punch." When he laid his pencil down beside this drawing, it was never to take it up again; and six days before the appearance of the paper in which the cut was published, he had passed away. In his death there was taken from modern England her closest observer and most suggestive delineator of men and women. To the great Cruikshank, human character was rather a thing to draw inspiration from than simply to portray: Oliver Twist and Jack Falstaff, in Cruikshank's work, are conceptions as completely abstract as his fairies and witches. If the

reader will look back to the July number of this magazine, he will see how much more varied and how much more imaginative and powerful is Cruikshank's art. But he could never have done what Leech did, still less what Leech might have done. To represent every class of English life, and the peculiar types of form and character, developed in different parts of the kingdom, with sympathizing and loving touch, and to contrast with these pictures of his countrymen many studies of foreign life, almost as thorough and accurate, though often touched with that pleasant exaggeration, which

makes some portraiture more like than life; to do this was Leech's appointed task, and to a certain extent he fulfilled it. In one sense, his art is monotonous; its range is limited; a hundred pictures could be selected which would show all that Leech achieved during his too brief career of twenty-five years. But the pleasure this body of work is capable of giving is not limited by its narrowness of range; every fresh design is a fresh enjoyment, however like it is to the last. And there is not one which is not pure and refined in thought and purpose.



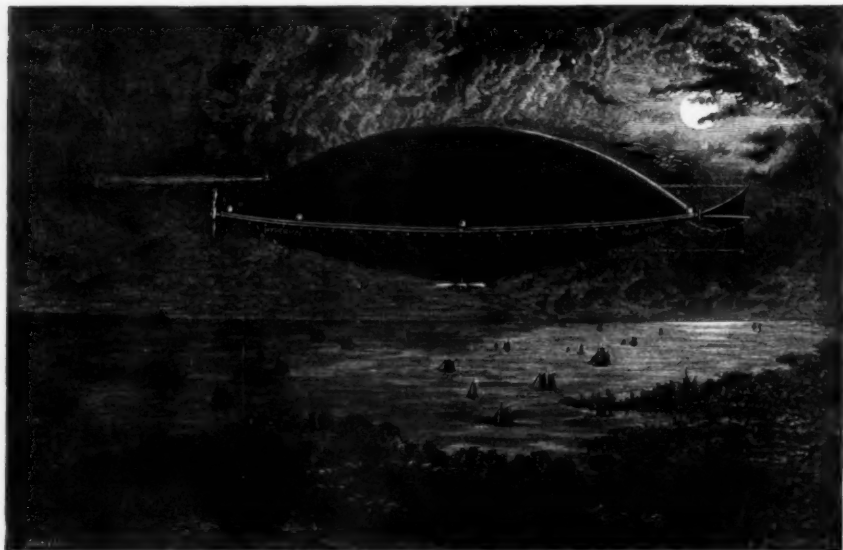
NO. 14.—ILLUSTRATION TO "PUCK ON PEGASUS."

GERTRUDE.

WHAT shall I say, my friend, my own heart healing,
 When for my love you cannot answer me?
 This earth would quake, alas, might I but see
 You smile, death's rigorous law repealing!
 Pale lips, your mystery so well concealing,
 May not the eloquent, varied minstrelsy
 Of my inspired ardor potent be,
 To touch your chords to music's uttered feeling?—
 Friend, here you cherished flowers. Send me now
 One ghostly bloom to prove that you are blessed.
 No?—If denial such as brands my brow,
 Be in your heavenly regions, too, confessed,
 Oh may it prove the truth that your still eyes
 Foresee the end of all futurities!

AÉRIAL NAVIGATION.

(A PRIORI.)



AN AÉROBAT OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

In the folly, no less than "in the adversity of our best friends, we often find something which does not displease us." Hence I piously believe, as Gil Blas would say, that some who begin to read this article will even read it through. Thus much, if only to gratify themselves with a fresh illustration of the vanity of human wishes and the weakness of occasionally sensible men.

Meanwhile, I can assure them that *if* their assent shall be gained to the chief and practical portion of what follows, the subsequent matter will not seem to them an overstatement of consequences. The "if" is a haunting specter now before me. "Why, then, evoke it? What imp of the perverse drives you upon your fate? Do you not instantly recognize the touch of an amateur or novice in your proper department?" Yes; but we all are amateurs of something. The taste of every expert is severe as to his own profession, "popular" with respect to others, and his half knowledge of the latter may be dearer to his simple heart than a tested mastery of the art which is his handicraft.

Frankly, then, the writer has a hobby; not hitherto a pestilent monomania, inter-

fering with every process of life and work; an innocent hobby, a pet conceit, cherished these twenty years; sometimes brought out and fondled for his own enjoyment and that of his contumacious friends. But often a hobby, after too much license, will assert itself and turn from jest to earnest as suddenly as the slave who was allowed to play at being king. It will fasten upon a man, and keep up a din at his ear, until he is forced to blazon it abroad,—as Mark Twain blazoned Bromley's horse-car poetry,—with the conviction that by no other means can he become rid of it.

So, if it must needs be that hobbies come, woe to that man by whom the hobby cometh! And whose hobby has seemed more pitiful than that of the man with the flying-machine,—the unread mechanic, or the unskilled doctrinaire, who believes himself to have solved the problem of aerial navigation? The writer, indeed, has one plea to offer in his own defense. He was reared in a down-east town, where every boy made his own boats, artillery, water-wheels and wind-mills. Mechanical work has for him an almost rhythmical charm, so that he would like to be an inventor, or even a

journeyman mechanic, had not a stronger tendency made him a professional word-wright. The Duc de l'Omelette, in Poe's story, assured his sable antagonist, after beating him at piquet—the stake being the usual one—*que s'il n'eût pas été De l'Omelette il n'aurait point d'objection d'être le Diable*. Moreover, through all these years, I have succeeded in bearing my hobby alone, except as concerns those few companions who, like Job's, have had to share the affliction, and who, again like Job's, have revenged themselves by irreverently chaffing me therefor. Not without reason. A real inventor may be pitied, consoled, or even aided. There is no certainty, after all, that his hobby may not turn up trumps. But a pseudo-inventor,—who undertakes to produce a mechanical work as Leverrier found Neptune, by the *a priori* method,—his is a case which may deserve sympathy but surely never will receive it.

The present outbreak of my complaint is partly due to a second visit, after twenty years absence, to Greenwood Lake,—a sylvan, strangely beautiful locality dear to those lovers of nature who also love to cast their flies for the abundant bass. There, in an unwary moment, a New York journalist, the victim of numberless theories, was admitted to my secret. Forthwith, in "The Graphic," which from the outset he had managed very originally and successfully, always skillfully concealing his pet delusions, he gave some account of my own. But in certain details his statement of the case is not confirmed by my own familiarity with it, and it may be worth while, in the interests of truth, that the precise symptoms should be given to the readers of this magazine.

My confession begins with an episode of twenty years ago. It was late in the summer of 1858 that a hard-worked young fellow passed at Greenwood Lake a vacation,—short indeed, but well remembered, because, like the coat, it was long enough before he got another. After all this lapse of time he still is working hard, and certainly has done few of the brave things whose purpose then kept him in heart under all privations; but I have no other reason for doubting that this hopeful, semi-serious young fellow was my former self.

One afternoon, when the air was still and the lake calm in the shadow of the western mountain, I sat in my boat, looking through the clear water above a sandy shoal. Perch and sunfish were moving below, up and down, back and forth, as is their wont. I

saw their easy and graceful wanderings, their complete adaptation to the element in which they lived, and called to mind the uselessness and lack of control, of a "balloon ascension" which had taken place near our town lodgings a few weeks before, and which thousands had assembled to witness. The thought occurred to me: "Why don't aeronauts take a hint from the fish, and contrive some means of rising and falling without loss of ballast or ascensive power?" Again: "Why can't they govern the horizontal motion of their floats somewhat after the fashion of these fishes?" This brought me to reflect upon the errors which thus far had made each effort to control the motion of a balloon a failure, and thus I returned to an idea which now took decisive shape—the fish is the true model.

From this belief I never since have varied. Jacob Little once said that "sure information and good bank facilities" would "ruin any speculator." If I had had any time to spare or money to lose, any means of experimenting, it is possible that my new fancy would have added one more to the pallid army of "inventors" who have sunk hope and fortune in the pursuit of some mechanical victory for which the genius was not theirs and the hour had not yet come. As things were, it only led me to make certain memoranda; first, of the reasons why aeronautics had been a failure; secondly, of the methods which, it seemed to me, should be followed to insure even a measurable success. These notes were accompanied by rude diagrams,—some of which I still possess,—illustrating my ideas with respect to the form and mechanical requirements of the air-ship of the future.

These notes and diagrams form the basis of the present article. As here given they are modified in detail by later ideas, partly my own, partly the conceptions of practical aeronauts. But all the modifications are in accordance with the original thought—"the fish is the true model."

For a long time subsequent to the preparation of my early notes, little was invented that stimulated me to active interest in their topic. Nine years ago I found an amused listener in Doctor Sanford B. Hunt, and one sufficiently concerned to make a statement of my views, idealized by his own persistent fancy, in the Newark "Advertiser," of which he is the accomplished leader-writer. I forget how long ago it was that the term "cigar-shaped" first was used in popular descriptions of Winans's and other

structures for submarine navigation. But when this phrase, ten years since, began to be applied to experiments in the making of *aërostats*, I felt that here was the first step toward the demonstration of my theory. Others have been taken, to which reference shall be made, and these so important that I believe a correct method will be adopted

afforded by the capricious air-currents which the balloon is made to seek by unphilosophical and temporary modes. The failure is due to certain causes:

1. The balloon only proved the fact that man, by its use, can float in the atmosphere. It is just what the French term it, an *aërostat*—a thing which can for a while



AERONON OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. (SEE PAGE 580.)

in our future attempts to navigate the atmosphere. Some little impetus or encouragement may be given to such attempts by the publication of even a purely theoretical article. At all events, I venture to print the notes and diagrams of which the origin now has been told, pointing out the ideas gained from the experiments of recent inventors whose designs have for me a significance in exact ratio with their approach to the theory herein set forth.

First, then, the preliminary memorandum of various

CAUSES OF OUR FAILURE TO NAVIGATE THE AIR.

A. D. 1858. For seventy-five years after De Rozier, at Paris in 1783, had made the first balloon ascension, no point was gained in the practice of *aëronautics* beyond the substitution of hydrogen for heated air as a means of buoyancy. This was done in that same year by two Americans, Rittenhouse and Hopkins. Hundreds of balloons, large and small, have since been constructed upon a single model. No success has followed any attempt to guide the horizontal motion of these colossal playthings, except that

sustain itself and its freight above the ground. The voyager prolongs his elevation only by losing ballast. He returns to earth at will, only by a loss of the gas which is the balloon's sustainer. Moreover, the covering of balloons is defective. In a brief time the gas escapes through its interstices, and it becomes unserviceable.

2. The globular shape of the balloon, and the method of attaching the voyager's "car," would balk his attempt to guide the whole, if a motive power were available and proper machinery had been devised.

A fish in the shape of an inflated bladder, with tiny fins suspended by a cord below, would be less helpless in the water than our balloon in the air. The motors thus far applied have been absurdly inadequate, and have worked at the extreme of disadvantage, attached to *aërostats* by long and flexible connections.

3. *Aëronauts* and theorists have been misled by the term "air-ship" and by other misnomers. A ship is partly in water, an inelastic fluid, and partly in the elastic air, and is propelled in the one by the other. The very elasticity of the air requires the perfect co-ordination of all portions of the vessel to be guided through it, and de-

mands a radical change in the traditional structure and material of the balloon.

4. Birds and winged insects have organisms which enable them to move through the air with a celerity proportionate to the tenuity of that element, and with a grace and freedom of which the secret is still open to investigation.* This has led the shrewdest theorists, and many inventors shrewd or silly,—having in mind the bird's greater weight than that of the volume of air which it displaces,—to claim that a proportional specific gravity is essential to the success of a "flying-machine," and to adopt the bird as a model. But Dædalus, thus far, has found no successful imitators, albeit many have tried to fly with artificial wings and have lost their limbs or lives in the attempt. All machines, similarly equipped, have been utter failures, in consequence: (1) of our inability to construct a machine combining sufficient strength and motive power for sustained or controllable flight (even the inventors' models of such structures quickly fly to pieces); (2) of the vibratory, irregular, eccentric quality inherent in a bird's flight.

Various hints, however, may be gained from the bird, one of which relates to the structure of the frame and machinery of a vessel that shall navigate the atmosphere. *The hollow bones of the bird furnish the natural model for the union of lightness and strength in aerial mechanics.*

5. What is the best motive power for the machinery to govern and propel an air-ship? and what is the best metal for the construction of such machinery? are still undetermined problems. Few experiments have been made for their solution. If sufficient power, compared with weight, could be obtained from a steam-engine, the peril of using fire as a motor for a vessel buoyed by inflammable gas is sufficiently obvious. What is the best material for the frame of an air-ship? How can the greatest lightness and strength be attained both in the machinery and in the vessel itself? Of what should the envelope of the aërostat be composed? These, and a score of important questions, await an answer.

6. In other words, there has been no

deliberate and scientific endeavor to navigate the air. The want of a philosophical method on the part of inventors has been a radical cause of failure. Modern engineering has applied its wonderful resources, its trained skill, in all other directions, contemptuously leaving the most important to unlearned "aëronauts,"—each of whom has profited little by the experiments of his predecessors. Their projects have been so irrational and pretentious, and their failures so ludicrous, that the public—of late ever ready to do justice to the possibilities of man's inventive faculty—looks with indifference or hopelessness upon any fresh announcement of a plan to navigate the air.

7. The few, therefore, who have given financial aid toward the solution of our problem, have done so in a faltering and strangely inadequate manner. They have spent hundreds of dollars, at most a few thousands, where tens or hundreds of thousands would seem to be required. The aëronauts themselves have had small means, just enough to construct their fragile aërostats, fill them with cheap gas, and experiment upon the currents of the atmosphere. Scientific excursions for meteorological study have been made in these ordinary balloons. How differently capitalists have worked in other matters, devoting fortunes to corporate mining explorations, or investing millions in new railways—of which so many must come to naught!

My notes under this head ended with a reference to Captain Ericsson's invention, then a recent one, of the caloric engine for marine propulsion. While its economical success was still an open question (since decided adversely) he was able to test it in a steamer built for him at great cost. That half a million dollars could be raised for a possible extension of man's domain upon the sea showed that when the conditions are understood, or even imagined, capital is never wanting. To achieve a true aëronautic victory, to solve the noblest of mechanical problems,—the conquest of the upper element,—paltry sums have been devoted, scarcely sufficient to pay for a year's preliminary investigation by a corps of professional engineers.

To offset the discouragement resulting from previous failures, due to these causes, remained the undeniable statement that there is nothing in nature against the solution of the aëronautic problem. It involves no *reductio ad absurdum*, requires no new and undiscovered principle. It is purely a

* 1878. Doctor Pettigrew's modern analysis of the action of the bird's wing and of the motions of flying creatures has been close and scientific, and his elastic artificial wings have demonstrated its accuracy. See his treatise, "Animal Locomotion," etc. (International Scientific Series, N. Y., 1874), pages 235—258.

mechanical problem—demanding new mechanical combinations, an advance in control of mechanical power, possibly an increase in the production of certain materials, certainly a novel constructive ingenuity. The problem can be solved, and at this stage of civilization should be treated no longer with cowardice or contempt.*

My analysis of the causes of failure resulted, as has been said, in an effort to make an *a priori* statement of the elements requisite for aeronautic success, and to prepare a few diagrams illustrating it.

The following points are based upon my early memorandum of

WHAT IS ESSENTIAL TO A SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM:

1. *Nature of the Structure.* Put out of mind the shape and uses of the old balloon, with its basket attachment, and its one quality of buoyant power. What is wanted is not a simple *aërostat*,—the name of which describes its fixed and helpless character,—but an *air-traveler*, a structure that can be guided upon a level, and can range the atmosphere† at the voyager's will. Forego attempts to construct a flying-machine, even though this may seem based upon a more obvious analogy with the processes by which art has imitated the motions of animals upon the land and in the sea.

2. *Best Model in Nature.* Take it from the fish. Exact imitation is not the method

of mechanics. But as some form of the screw propeller, for instance, is an improvement upon the fish's tail, for uniform and unbroken power, so the principle of any natural motor can be sought out, and applied with precision in engineering.‡

The *aërobat* must pursue its way, not as a bird flies, but as a fish moves through the water. Each is wholly immersed in its own element. The fish effects a less "displacement," but has a greater "resistance" to encounter. To offset this, its motive organs have an inelastic and denser medium upon which to work. The average of compensation to the natural motor probably is not far from the same in both elements. But we repeat that the bird, a body vastly heavier than the air it displaces, sustains itself by varied forces of which even its weight is one; and these cannot be solely depended upon by an artificial body, whose ratio of weight to displacement is the same.

The *aërobat*, like the fish, of a specific gravity slightly less than the displacement it effects, profits by its "buoyant equipoise," and is adapted to the limits of human invention, which can apply the principle by which a fish resists currents and moves with ease and speed.§

3. *Specific Gravity.* It must, then, resemble its model in being so delicately upheld that the slightest motive power will elevate or depress it. There must be no actual loss

* "That the tramway of the air may and will be traversed by man's ingenuity at some period or other, is, reasoning from analogy and the nature of things, equally certain. * * * The materials and forces employed in flight are literally the same as those employed in walking and swimming. * * * The same elements and forces employed in constructing locomotives and steamboats may, and probably will, at no distant period, be successfully employed in constructing flying-machines. Flight is purely a mechanical problem."—Pettigrew.

† 1878. The term *aërostat* (*aîp—lōravai*) cannot be applied to such a structure, as it describes a vessel which *stands*, or is upheld in the air: precisely this and nothing more. Feeling the need of a new word, properly formed, that shall describe a vessel capable of propulsion and guidance, I recently have sought the aid of various Greek scholars, and have received from them many noteworthy and curious suggestions. But nothing has been proposed which seems to me so terse, so apt for common use, and so logically correct in application, as the exact converse of "*aërostat*," namely, *aërobat* (*aîp—baîveiv*), meaning that which can *go*, as opposed to that which only can stand, in the air. For purposes of convenience and consistency, I shall venture to employ the new word in this article, and shall make use of "*aërostat*" to designate only the gas-reservoir of my structure.—P.S. See note on page 580.

‡ 1878. To quote again from Pettigrew: "It is the blending of natural and artificial progression in theory and practice which gives to the one and the other its chief charm. * * * The wheel of the locomotive and the screw of the steam-ship apparently greatly differ from the limb of the quadruped, the fin of the fish, and the wing of the bird; but the curves which go to form the wheel and the screw are found in the traveling surfaces of all animals, whether they be limbs (furnished with feet), or fins, or wings." Despite these words, Dr. Pettigrew, when he comes to the question of aerial navigation, would restrict our efforts to an imitation and adoption of the bird's wings; indorsing the rigid theory that "as no bird is lighter than the air, no machine constructed to navigate it should aim at being specifically lighter." He demands a flying machine, and nothing else. So far as entire dependence upon "weight" and "artificial wings" is concerned, the theory of my article is in opposition to this recent and eminent authority. I do not deny that "flying-machines" can be devised, but doubt their utility. Whether rendered possible, or not, by the discoveries of Pettigrew and others, I was not and am not seeking for the principles of their construction.

§ 1878. The latest torpedo-boats illustrate the ability of mechanics to utilize the shape and motive principle of the fish in his own element, and furnish the submarine analogue of what the *aërobat* should be in the atmosphere.

of buoyant quality, nor of weight. It must *swim*, so to speak, up or down, to change its level, or seek a new current of air.

4. *Unity of Design.* Above all, it must, like the fish, contain its machinery, power, freight, *within itself*; must be an integral structure, not two bodies joined by links, rigid or flexible; not an aërostat with an appendage.

5. *Form.* The resistance of air to a moving body is proportional to the square of the velocity. This is increased by the circumstance of its elasticity; it becomes condensed in front of a moving body, and the latter, therefore, should be so shaped as to effect the minimum of condensation. Hence the conical front of a minie-ball. Water is inelastic; but the elliptic shape of the fish, which enables it to cleave the water, chances to be that which also is adapted to a body constructed for rapid motion through the air. To be more exact, modifications of the parabolic conoid should furnish the outlines of the aërobat's prow.

No organism so well opposes a current as that of the fish. Swift and strong birds are beaten back before a storm; the wind gets under them and above them, doubles up their wings, whirls them sidewise and over and over. Few water-currents resist the fish, with its wedge-like shape and its freedom from outlying impediments. Sportsmen know the motive qualities of the trout, which lies with his head to the current, darts up the swiftest rapids, and even *lifts himself upon the sheet of a water-fall*, when the descent is not so great as to break the torrent into spray. The salmon has even greater strength compared with his size. Observe a pickerel, the clipper of our ponds and streams, lying motionless above a stagnant bottom. Suddenly he disappears, like a phantom; a tiny cloud of dust in the wave assures you that he was there, has moved, and is gone. Ten feet away you rediscover him, lying just as motionless. His change of base was so swift that the eye could not follow the movement. The great ocean fishes have proportional speed. The shark and porpoise play around the bows of the swiftest steamers. The whale can move like a railroad train; and even the clumsy sea-lions can swim at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

6. *Motive Power.* The fish, it is true, uses not only fin and tail, but a flexible body, to proceed by sinuous wavings, and is a motor in itself. But the pointed shape of the aërobat certainly renders it worth while to calculate the following problems: Given

side vans or a screw of a certain size, to find the number of strokes or revolutions required to overcome the resistance of the vessel's beak to an opposing current of a given velocity; and again: To find a motor of sufficient power, compared with its weight, to produce these revolutions. I believe that the most improved modern steam-engine, compact and economical of power, would suffice for this, under the conditions of the proposed vessel. But then there are the dangers of heat and fire. Progress is making in the construction of the electric engine, and as soon as its ratio of weight to power shall be as favorable as that of the steam-engine, the question of a motor will be solved.

7. *Buoyant Equipoise.* The aërial vessel to have a buoyancy scarcely lighter than the air which it displaces. Ballasted so as to *float* at a short distance above the earth. For change of elevation to depend upon its motor.

To produce this buoyancy, with the greatest economy of size, it must use no carburated hydrogen (coal-gas), but the purest hydrogen obtainable by chemical process. Pure hydrogen is fourteen and one-half times lighter than air. Aëronauts succeed, by clumsy appliances, in filling their balloons from retorts with an article six times lighter than air, having a lifting power of about one ounce to the cubic foot. With care, hydrogen gas can be made so free from admixture as to be nine times lighter than air, or even purer. Replenishment being seldom needed,* the increased expense of the purer article will be of small account. Possibly a non-explosive gas of equal lightness will be discovered. This, also, would of itself solve the atmospheric problem.†

8. *Structure and Material.* The aërobat to present the appearance of a prolonged curvilinear body, its length several times its height amidships, the latter exceeding its width of beam. The frame-work of this structure to converge above and below from a light, but unyielding, skeleton-deck, reaching from stem to stern, which also is the support of the machinery and cargo. The

* 1878. This year a covering has been invented so impervious to leakage of gas that it has been adopted by the British military authorities. It is stated, also, that after three months' use of the great captive balloon at the Paris Exposition, there has been no measurable loss of gas, and the varnish and white zinc upon the coats of linen, muslin, and gutta-percha are intact.

† The topics of motive power and buoyancy will be resumed elsewhere in this article.

aërostat thus will be divided into upper and lower chambers, the former being considerably the larger; these, however, to be connected by open passages, so that both will constitute a single reservoir of gas.

The materials used for the structure, its covering and appurtenances, to be as light and strong as possible. Framework of steel, brass, or bronze tubing, large and small. Covering of the *aërostat* to be very light, very rigid, impervious to gaseous filtration. Ultimately such structures will be made so large as to permit the use of a copper, or other metallic covering. Its greater surface, I repeat, to be rigid and inflexible; but at the lower vertex a portion must be of some flexible material, and even in folds, to allow for a certain amount of expansion and contraction, at different altitudes and temperatures. This amount will be reduced to a minimum by the use of a gas-condenser.

9. *Safety.* Thus made and buoyed, accidents should be rare. But a plan must be devised which, in case of a sudden loss of buoyant power, will convert the structure itself into a parachute, and enable it to reach the ground with safety.

10. *Center of Gravity.* Of course, under all circumstances, even in case of accident, the vessel must remain right side up. The location of the machinery, passenger-chambers, etc., at and below the deck-line, and the free passage of gas between the upper and lower portions of the *aërostat*, readily can be made to preserve the true center of gravity.

11. *Steering.* This may be effected in various ways: by a stern-rudder, with vane crossing at right angles; by vane at the sides, etc. Given the means of propulsion, and of ascent and descent, and the matter of guidance presents few difficulties.

12. *Field of Motion.* The *aërobat* naturally will avail itself of favoring currents, when practicable, and the science of meteorology will be utilized. When possible, the course of the structure to be comparatively near the ground,—just high enough to clear natural and artificial obstructions. It can be steered up and over the slopes of mountain ranges. A strong head-breeze would force it to seek a different elevation. As it rises, the condenser will come in play, and, on descent, the gas thus withdrawn may be restored to the *aërostat*. Officers and crew will know how to allow for lee-way with a wind on bow, beam, or quarter, how to make the most of a fair current, or to avoid

a foul one. Each man will have his allotted task and station, and everything will be managed in a skilled, professional way.

13. *Dimensions and Outlay.* A common-sense view must be taken of the outlay required. Capital builds immense ships at vast expense, equips them munificently, mans them with educated officers and adequate crews. Similar ventures must be made to initiate fairly the conquest of the air. From the nature of that element, a beginner cannot start with a toy *aërobat* as the first sailor pushed off on his raft. The thing must be done on a large scale. It will be, as soon as the first practical demonstration shall have been made on the smallest scale permitted by the nature of things. The vessel making such a demonstration will be considered nothing but a "working model," when *aërobats* shall be constructed with a liberality proportioned to the dimensions, materials, power, safety, and general qualities, indicated under the previous heads. The question, after all, is one of purpose and means. Just as I believe the North Pole could be reached, or the Isthmus of Darien cut through, if the first order of professional talent were commanded to undertake either job, and equipped with every resource, so I doubt not that many engineers are living now, who, if given *carte blanche*, and stimulated by governments or corporations to exert their highest energies, could solve the *aërial* problem upon the principles suggested in this memorandum, and would require no very long time either.

The diagrams, which I entertained myself with drawing, to illustrate the foregoing notes, represent an *aërial* vessel similar in general structure to the design in the frontispiece of this article. But, in 1858, the properties of the screw-propeller not being so well understood as now, one mode of propulsion then occurring to me was by side vane, revolving horizontally, and so arranged as not to oppose the air during the forward half of their revolution. Another device was the use of two valvular vane on each side, oscillating back and forth, the valves of each closing on the backward stroke and opening on the forward. This involved one principle common to both fin and wing. In order that there should be no cessation of the stroke, the two vane, on each side, were made to work with opposing movements, so that the valves of one or the other should always strike the air.

These and other means of applying the motive power seemed cumbrous and intricate. Some years afterward, Nadir, in Paris, taking up an old theory, proposed to guide the car of his *aërostat* by vans revolving on

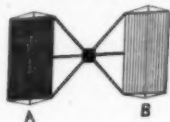


FIG. 1.

A, Retreating Van. B, Van moving forward, with open valves.

the principle of the screw. Nothing came of it, I believe, but, my attention thus being directed to the subject, I learned that no human invention so truly acts upon the principle of animal motion as the screw.

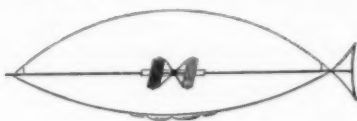


FIG. 2.

Fig. 2 represents the outline of a diagram with the foregoing arrangement.

(As Pettigrew has phrased it, "The tail of the fish, the wing of the bird, and the extremity of the biped and quadruped are screws structurally and functionally.") No other is so fitted to propel a vessel wholly

immersed in water or in air. After much discussion by David and other theorists, Dupuy de Lôme, in 1872, made an experiment, attaching to the car of his balloon a screw, which eight men worked with a capstan. Under the conditions, this resembled an attempt of "the tail to wag the dog." Some progress, however, was made, and the course of the balloon altered by 12° in a windy day. These and other events convinced me that the screw, or a combination of screws, revolving with a rapidity proportioned to the resisting surface of the *aërostat*, must be the true propeller. The elastic quality and tenuity of the air, permit an immensely swifter revolution on the part of the *aërial* screw than can be made effective in the water; and Pettigrew since has very clearly shown that by following the "waved-track," or "figure-of-8" principle, there is scarcely any limit to the "effective speed."

At first, also, I relied on the rudder and condenser for change of altitude, which, so far as the former was concerned, could be effective only in prolonged inclined planes. But from the date of Cayley's experiments, near the close of the last century, attention has been called to the use of the screw as a means of ascent and descent. Last summer, Ritchell's experiment, to which I shall again refer, gave visible proof that an *aërostat*, in a state of equipoise, can be raised and lowered with precision by a vertical screw, and with trifling outlay of power. In

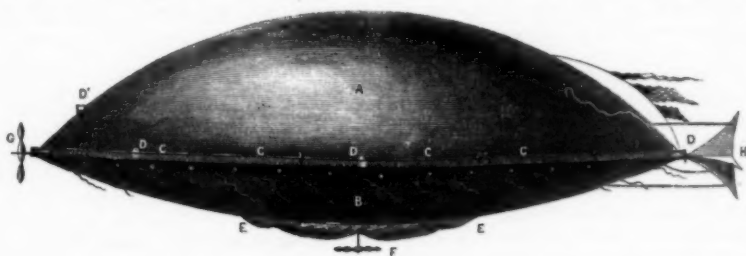


FIG. 3.

OUTLINE IN PERSPECTIVE.

A, Upper section of *aërostat*, the covering rigid and inelastic. B, Lower section of the same. C, C, C, C, Netted railing and passage-way around the vessel. This also indicates the line of the bow-shaped metallic tubes, united fore and aft, which form the "deck" of the structure, and are cross-braced for the support of the machinery, etc. From the deck, light and strong ties and braces converge above and below. Beneath the outer railing are the port-holes of a narrow chambered gallery for passengers, express freight, etc. D, Lookout station, reached by a cylindrical passage from shaft gallery. D, D, D, Lookout stations. These, as well as D, at night display the electric light. E, E, Flexible, elastic portion of the *aërostat*, in folds, adapted for expansion and contraction. F, Horizontal wave screw, attached to vertical shaft, for change of altitude and buoyant power. G, Main screw. H, Duplex rudder. Dimensions: length, exclusive of screw and rudder, 300 feet; height, amidships, 100 feet; width, 66.66 feet; total volume, 799.200 cubic feet; space allowance for machinery, galleries, etc., 39.200 feet; net capacity of *aërostat* or gas reservoir, 760,000 feet; lifting power of its contents, $\frac{1}{18}$ pure, 51,848 pounds.

the diagrams illustrating my amended designs, with various applications of motive power, this contrivance is adopted with due credit to those aéronauts who have given practical demonstration of its use.

In the selection from these diagrams, which is similar to the design in the frontispiece, the propelling-screw is at the prow, instead of the stern of the *aërobat*—an arrangement that some engineers prefer, and which, at least, gives freedom of action to the rudder. This is merely for example's sake, it being quite probable that screws fore and aft, or twin-screws, or a combination of such propellers at prow or

per will more readily be indicated by the last than by the third of these measurements.

Metallic tubing will combine the lightness and strength requisite for the framework of the *aërobat*. On each side, within the lower section of the *aërostat*, depending from the main elliptic frames, a long narrow gallery will accommodate passengers and freight. This, like all dependent portions of the structure, to be made of the lightest wickerwork, wood-work, rope-work consistent with the strength required. *Papier-maché* and kindred material will be liberally used. Narrow alleys for shafting and passage-way will run from stem to stern and

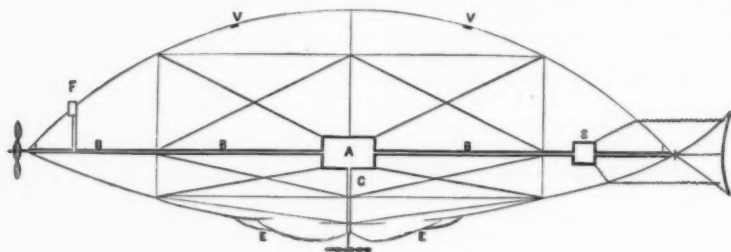


FIG. 4.
LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

A, Engine room. B, B, B, Longitudinal alley, for shafting, etc., etc. C, Well, inclosing vertical shaft. E, E, Flexible portion of covering. F, Lookout station. V, V, Valves. S, Steerage.

stern, will be required for the control and movement of our structure. But with the aid of this drawing my general views, already expressed, of the true principles of aerial navigation can, I think, be fairly understood.

Doubtless a vessel of this shape, after the earlier stages of navigation, will be considered a kind of "Dutch bottom," a very clumsy affair, its width being two-thirds of its height, and its height one-third of its length. These are the proportions of the slower and more stupid fishes. From the measurements of various individuals of the following species, an approximate statement of their dimensions* has been obtained: Sun-fish—Height: Length :: 1 : 2. Sheeps-head—H : L :: 1 : 2.33. Black bass—H : L :: 1 : 3. Striped bass—H : L :: 1 : 3.67. Yellow perch—H : L :: 1 : 3.75. Trout—H : L :: 1 : 4. Salmon—H : L :: 1 : 4.50. Spanish mackerel—H : L :: 1 : 5.50. Muscalonge—H : L :: 1 : 5.50. Great pickerel—H : L :: 1 : 6.

Ultimately, the shape of the *aërobat* clip-

per will more readily be indicated by the last than by the third of these measurements.

Figure 5 is a vertical section, amidships, showing the cross alley, the position of the

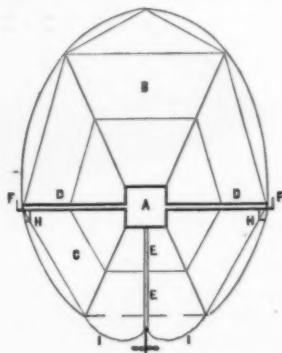


FIG. 5.

CROSS SECTION.

A, Engine room. B, Upper section of *aërostat*. C, Lower section. D, D, Transverse passage. E, E, Vertical well. F, F, External railing. H, H, Dependent interior galleries. I, I, Flexible portion of covering.

* Exclusive of the tail in each case.

external railing and of the slender galleries dependent from the elliptic frame.

For the covering, no less than in the machinery and frame-work, "lightness and strength" must be the constant watch-word. To successfully resist the wind, and preserve the integral nature of the whole structure, its envelope should be rigid and unyielding. For the smallest *aërostats* probably the new compound cloth-covering, zinc-varnished, would suffice, if made stiff and strong. For the larger, thin metallic sheathing would be required, the portion covering the structure forward of the beam to be made especially strong, like the armored head of a fish. All the internal stays, ties, braces to be made of strong but delicate metallic rods, wire and tubing.

Some years after I began to think of this subject, I fell into conversation with an intelligent machinist, the chance companion of a railway trip. He remarked that he thought the solution of our problem might depend upon the increased production of aluminium—then a comparatively new metal.

This, one of the most abundant of metals, is so difficult of extraction from the clay that the cost at that time was \$1.80 per ounce. By 1867 it was obtained through an improved process from *cryolite*, at a cost of \$0.90 per ounce. Recent authorities quote the cost of manufacture as low as \$4. a pound. Its specific gravity, when hammered and rolled till strong as iron or stronger, compares with that of iron and copper as 2.67 to 7.78 and 8.78 respectively. It is, therefore but one-third as heavy as the lighter of these metals, and even weighs less than glass. There are signs that it yet will be produced so cheaply as to be useful for much of the jointed frame-work of our structure, and for portions of the machinery not subject to excessive heat. But though it cost its weight in silver, it might well be afforded, if by its use a structure could be made to navigate the air.

Aluminium bronze, ten parts aluminium and ninety parts copper, has a specific gravity of only 7.69. It is three times more rigid than gun-metal, and forty-four times more so than brass; and, in consequence of its transverse, tensile and elastic strength, exceedingly strong tubing and rods could be made of it, at a vast economy of structural weight.

The lower extremity of the envelope to be of flexible material, in loose folds. Here an automatic safety-valve may be adjusted. Ordinary valves to be placed in the roof of the envelope, for use in emergencies.

The motive power to be applied by the

most compact and improved machinery. The electric engine will be required, and is now so well advanced that it should provide the necessary power. Electricity, in fact, will be as indispensable to the *aërostat* as to one of Jules Verne's imaginary structures. The electric light will flash from its lookout station, and illuminate the inner galleries; while the steering and propulsion will be governed by electric signals from the pilot and other officers at their various posts.

For the purpose of illustration, only one form of the *aërostat* has thus far been shown, to wit: that in which the screw is located at the prow. But experiment must determine, I repeat, the size, shape, and best position of the screw or screws. If placed at the stern, horizontal vans may be used at the sides for safety and steadiness, as applied to a recent submarine vessel. Or perpendicular vans could be used for steering, in this wise:

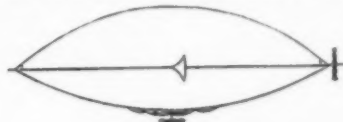


FIG. 6.

But my opinion is that the very best arrangement will be the use of *twin screws*, one under each quarter, the vessel being guided by a rudder at the stern, as in the following diagram:

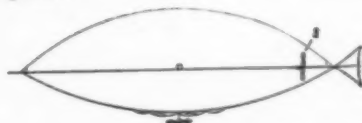


FIG. 7.

The greater proportion of resistant surface offered to a current by the *aërostat* would of itself prevent it from exhibiting the fish's ratio of speed to dimensions. Besides, motion is not at all proportionate to size in living or artificial organisms. If it were, the *aërostat* might go round the world in a day. Its propeller must be swift and strong.* As

* Pettigrew's compound arrangement of blades upon the principle of his "aërial twin screw," is claimed to make a powerful elastic propeller, both in water and in air. Whether it is not an attempt to imitate nature too directly, and whether its yielding quality can be utilized in violent currents and storms, must be determined by practice. On the whole, I think that a screw not very different from that proposed by this investigator will be found the best for aerial propulsion, and would refer the reader to the American edition of his treatise, pp. 256, 257.

I have said, the problems of its form and revolutions, and of the resistance to be overcome, will be scientifically calculated.

The blades of the propellers to be light and sturdy frames, rigged with prepared canvas, drum-head leather, or equally serviceable material.

Equipped with the vertical screw, an aërobat will not absolutely require any guide more complex than a simple fan-tailed rudder, to control its horizontal motion. But for sudden and slight deflections from either its horizontal or its vertical course, the rudder to which I give the name of "dart" or "duplex" is well adapted. It is an old and obvious contrivance which never has been effectively used, since no aërostat thus far has been supplied with adequate motive power.



FIG. 8.

A, Duplex rudder. B, C, upper and lower surfaces of aërostat. D, D, D, D, rudder chains. E, universal joint.

A final reference to the questions of size and buoyancy. Keeping to the principle of buoyant equipoise as essential, at least in the primary stages of aerial navigation, I judge that an aërobat of the dimensions proposed in Fig. 3 would be the smallest that could be made of rigid material and propelled by a vigorous motor. And a vessel so proportioned would require the minimum of aid from its vertical screw, and demand the maximum from its propeller. The line of improvement would be in the direction of a sufficient gain in mechanical power to enable the vertical screw or screws to play a more important part in upholding the structure. This would decrease the volume of the gas-reservoir, and make the work of the horizontal propeller less arduous. In fine, aërobats at first will depend largely upon their structural buoyancy, im-

proving through increase of lifting and propelling mechanical power, and through a corresponding decrease of resisting surface, as time goes by. This advance finally should be so great as to fully meet the views of theorists who claim that atmospheric navigation can be effected only by a machine far heavier than the air which it displaces.

So far as concerns the aërostat charged with hydrogen gas, the buoyancy increases as the product of the axes, and hence at a much greater rate than the resistance to progression. The former constantly gains on the latter. The dimensions given under Fig. 3 are not so large as they seem. The balloon constructed by the proprietors of the "Graphic" was able to contain 400,000 cubic feet of gas, with a lifting power of 14,000 pounds. Our aërobat (1), dimensions 66.66 x 100 x 300, with a net capacity of 760,000 cubic feet, the gas being one-sixth the weight of common air, will lift, including its own weight, 48,695 pounds=21.74 gross tons; or, as already given, the gas being $\frac{1}{6}$ pure, 51,848 pounds=23.10 gross tons. Increase the dimensions slightly, and the lifting power is greatly enlarged. For example: an aërobat (2), dimensions 80 x 120 x 360, will have a gross capacity of 1,382,400 cubic feet. Space allowance for chambers, alleys, etc., 62,400 feet. Net capacity, 1,320,000 feet. Lifting power—the gas being one-sixth the weight of air—84,578 pounds=37.76 gross tons; or, the gas being $\frac{1}{6}$ pure, 90,052 pounds=40.20 gross tons.*

These dimensions, I think, would make it possible to construct the primitive aërobats largely of metal, and to equip them with machinery sufficient for their propulsion, even at the present stage of applied mechanical power. Given, a speed of fifty miles an hour in calm weather, and against a headwind of thirty miles an hour a progress of twenty miles would be made. With a favorable wind of the same force, the aërobat would travel eighty miles an hour, and reach Europe in a day and a half. But good luck and bad luck, fair weather and foul, fortune and wreck, must come by turns to the best of man's artificial conveyances, guided by his highest skill and heroism, whether on the land or sea, and as surely in the navigable air.

There are no absolute reasons why an

* So long ago as 1864, M. David made the rapid increase of buoyant volume, compared with enlargement of resisting surface, the basis of a strong argument in favor of increasing the size of aërobats designed for artificial propulsion.

aërobat should not have a width much greater than its height. Such a structure would be an automatic parachute, and could be made safe beyond peradventure. But on most accounts the shape already illustrated is preferable, and aërobats thus modeled will be equipped with a light external covering, arranged for expansion in case of accident and able to break the force of a descent to the earth's surface.

But I am not an engineer ("No need to tell us that!" the reader who *is* an engineer will say) and more safely may leave specific details to the arithmeticians. To use the patent agent's phrase, "what I claim" as my invention rests upon the following basis:

1. Model in nature, with respect to shape, motion, power and buoyancy—the fish.
2. The unity, integral quality, freedom from external impediments, of the whole structure. And therefore,
3. Rigidity and compactness of its architecture.
4. Buoyant equipoise; with preservation of the contents of the aërostat.

Having so long unfulfilled a purpose to put these notions at some time into print, it has required, I say, not only the pen of my friendly journalist, but a series of events to prick the sides of my intent. Each practical advance that has been made in the art of aërobatics, or toward the creation of such an art, has been upon the line of my early theories. The suggestion of the cigar-shaped aërostat, in France, and its adoption in America by Dr. Andrews and others, however little came of it, was a step forward. The "parabolic-spindle," or some modification of it, is the true form.

Ritchell's experiments, in Connecticut and elsewhere, as illustrated in "The Graphic" and "Harper's Weekly," were in every sense noteworthy. They involved the ideas of buoyant equipoise, the use of vans upon the principle of the screw for ascent and descent, and for horizontal propulsion. His experiments at least proved these ideas to be sound. Allowing for the cumbrous shape of his aërostat,—a cylinder with blunted ends,—for the division between it and its motor, and for the diminutive scale of the whole structure, he made an important demonstration.

Shortly afterward "The Sun" and "The Tribune" published accounts of the aerial vessel designed by Mr. Schroeder. This is to be spindle-shaped, driven by a screw, and sufficiently large to carry an electric engine in its gondola or car. The pro-

jector, it is said, relies upon side-vans acting like wings for the power required to utilize the buoyant equipoise of his aërostat and cause it to ascend. I do not believe that these can compete with the vertical screws. But in a different respect he proposes to make a notable advance. His car is to be shaped like the aërostat, and so closely and firmly attached thereto as to make the structure almost an integral body. I have not learned what progress, if any, Mr. Schroeder is making in the construction of such a vessel, but do not hesitate to say that its design, though imperfect, is more philosophical than any other of which I have heard; and that if he really has the skill and means to carry it out there is no reason why he should not prove himself the Disraeli of aëronauts and treat the community to a genuine "surprise." At all events his project and the experiment of Mr. Ritchell are signs of the times, full of significance to one who, like myself, ventures to believe in aerial navigation, and that its coming is nigh at hand.

RESULTS OF A SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM.

In this belief, having ended the toilsome and venturesome portion of our treatise, I will make a brief excursion outside the liberties of mechanical suggestion. What follows may seem but a day-dream—one of those visions

"Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but pure fantasy."

Yet an inventor's, or a poet's, dream may be true, if not to what has been, at least to what may be,—and hence not utterly wanting in a sage's wisdom. If not within the bounds of nature, we may be sure it will not long illude.

Moreover, dreaming and castle-building are the inventor's sustenance, the poet's diet, the poor man's riches, the delight of childhood, the solace and respite of a weary and often-baffled middle-life. It is the noble discontent of eager souls which sighs for what is not; but even at life's meridian one should look before rather than after. Let us set our thoughts toward the future, and forget our own helplessness in the youth and promise of the race. Who has not lived to find some of his dreams coming to pass—earlier, it may be, than he had thought? For one, I have a hundred dreams; one of them the always unfulfilled design of work so often studied in my brain that it seems

already done; others in plenty of what may—of what will—distinguish the growth and destiny of the world to which we belong. And of all these last, none so broad in scope and alluring in promise as that of the results to follow the accomplishment of aerial navigation.

"Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and *subdue* it." Man never has lost sight of the task committed to him. The depths of the ocean and the breadth of the land are under his dominion, and there scarcely is

—"a waste unknown,
From the fierce tropic to the frozen zone."

But there is one element unsubdued, wholly beyond his control, though it lends itself to waft his ships and turn his wind-mills, and anon to wreck them both. Possibly we are beginning to catch some notion of its courses and conditions. But still the air is the archbishop's "chartered libertine," the one unmastered rover. And what an element it is! Everywhere abounding, covering one all over like a cloak, earth's garment, man's aureola, in which he moves, breathes, and has his being; the most delicate, the strongest of all; invisible, yet making all things plain; light, yet pressing everywhere; elusive, yet waiting to be overcome, and to confer gifts upon its sovereign beyond his most extravagant conjecture!

Suppose the conquest of the air to be achieved, its secret found; suppose that men were free to have their will of it.

Result—freedom, illimitable freedom; freedom of movement, government, thought, of life in its widest possibilities and boundless range. A race must attain majority to have the skill for such a conquest, and with majority comes the right to such freedom. Earlier, it would be a fatal gift.

"What," I often ask, "will be the first and obvious effect of aerial navigation?"

To many answers, apposite or otherwise, I have added my own:

"Decatur, Illinois, will become a sea-port town."

"How a sea-port town? And why Decatur?"

Why Decatur, to be sure, more than any other city, or, indeed, any desert oasis or mountain peak? I say Decatur, because that place will do for an example of the dependent inland towns, impossible before the building of railways, inaccessible except for their construction. The smallest, the most remote, of them all will at once become

sea-ports. The air will be the ocean; or, rather, let us say, that ethereal ocean, the atmosphere, at last having been utilized and made available for the commerce, the travel, the swift running to and fro of men, every spot of this globe will be a building-site, every acre a harbor, every open space, plain, hummock, the highest range, the humblest valley, an aerial port.

The Irishman then will not be called upon to admire the foresight of Providence in making great rivers flow by mighty towns. Air communications will be everywhere. The second effect, then, will be that our overgrown cities must relinquish their importance. Such "necessary evils" must even cease to exist, except for advantages gained by centralization here and there, for purposes of education, luxury, or governmental power. The instant these purposes shall be satisfied or abused, a growing city will cease to grow.

This, also, is in the direction of freedom. New York no longer will be the metropolis, St. Louis and Chicago no longer the West, Paris no longer France. The rural places—even the isles of the sea—will emancipate themselves from the centers by union with the whole. They will cast off the repressive influence of the former, and interchange their thought with the ideas and glory of the world at large.

Let us do justice to a man of honesty, genius, and enthusiasm. Charles Fourier, as a critic of the evils belonging to an immature social development, was truthful and discerning. The life-long servant of a commercial house, he was familiar with the systems of trade, and his generalizations were those of a philosopher. He was justified in his denouncement of the "Spoliation of the Social Body," by Bankruptcy, by Monopoly and Forestalling, by Agiotage, by Parasitism, by the corruption of Joint-stock Corporations. As a soothsayer he was more correct than many poets and prophets of olden times. Already some of his predictions of the good to result from legitimate Association have been fulfilled. In his effort to forecast the splendid civilization in store for mankind it is yet to be proved that he was a too visionary seer.

His mistake was twofold: 1. His imagination, allied with a severely logical temper, could not refrain from an *a priori* search for every detail of the future. 2. Having in view his own Utopia, and imperfectly comprehending the science of evolution, he conceived the idea of hastening the ultimate results of human

progress by a kind of forcing process. He failed to see that in the present stage of growth there is not the demand for a perfectly economic social system, nor is it a possibility. He urged his disciples to create this in advance of time, and before the spread of population and the progress of science and art had on the one hand established the absolute necessity, and on the other given mankind the power. We cannot place the world in a hot-house, to ripen like a peach. Nevertheless, in the unfinished and often unscientific productions of Fourier there are many things of which the world may well take heed.

Among these is the prediction that great cities—wherein palaces and hovels crowd one another and the poor cling upon the rich like the camp-followers of an army—are to become, because great evils, things of the past. They, no more than desert tracts, can exist beyond a given time. In their stead he proffered the Phalanstery, a combination of people in groups assorted by natural law, according to the requirements of utility, luxury, taste and education. The attempts to realize this substitution have failed, as arbitrary attempts of the sort must always fail. Material causes prevent their success. Cities are agglomerations of the dwellings, warehouses, and industries, of men, at those central and accessible points where transportation can reach the commercial and distributing reservoirs.

Their decay, or, at least, our emancipation from their foremost evils, will arrive only with our sovereignty of the aerial sea above us.

Civic life will continue, but cities then will thrive in proportion to their advantages of learning, their attractions of art and pleasure, or as centers of political organization. The people will distribute themselves throughout the land.

The change will be gradual. The art of aerial navigation will be slow of perfection. Our primitive vessels and motors will be rude and defective, as Stephenson's locomotive now would seem to us. Heavy freights must long continue to move by water and rail. Aërobats at first will be used for the transmission of the mails and light express packages, and especially for their swift conveyance over sea. Soon the inland companies will have each its own "aerial express." By and by aërobats displaying the insignia and pennons of the great newspapers will leave town at 3 A.M., and whirl over the country "as the crow

flies," and at their utmost speed, dropping their packages in the towns and villages along the routes in every direction of the compass. Soon the more adventurous and resolute, and finally all classes of travelers will avail themselves of the great passenger aërobats and enjoy the unsurpassable luxury of flight, experiencing thrills of wonder and ecstasy, and a sense of power, freedom, and safety to which all former delights of travel may well seem tame by comparison.

A vital and most beneficent result of the new achievement will be the serious check given to the cruelest, most defiant and grasping, of all monopolies—the grand transportation companies, and especially to the railroad corporations with their atrocious system of management. The adjective is well considered. For many years duty has placed me within close observation of matters at the financial center. There I constantly have been impressed by two things: first, by the unpretentious, almost unvarying honor and devotion of the brokers whose profession it is to buy and sell the shares into which the estates of these corporations are divided; secondly, by the boundless rascality of the average railway director—a knavery specious and vast beyond even his own powers of comprehension. For to a blunted moral sense he adds an intelligence so preternatural, when defrauding investors and gaining control of the public wealth, as to put on the guise of genius and attain satanic power. Even the more ignorant among them survey a wider material horizon than men highly educated in other pursuits. We can imagine that personages like——or——or——, if allowed the range of the stellar systems, would issue consolidation bonds on nebulae in process of contraction, "corner" the planets, make coupons payable in moons, and create panics alike among fixed and wandering stars.

By a curious paradox, those of them who have the most selfishly straightforward aims, who by chance own and develop the properties under their control, are the most obtrusive and dangerous. Of course I yield an intelligent assent to the doctrine that great capitalists are needed, in default of something better, to institute great enterprises. Great owners also are needed to run our vast industrial organizations.

There is not, however, a sufficient check upon them. By their monstrous faculty of accumulation they gradually manage our governments, oppress not only the poor but

the public at large, build up a new, feudalism, and in many ways increase the evils of the time. If the "reign of law" did not in the end break in upon this process, it could be demonstrated that a Vanderbilt would own not only all the properties conveyed on 'change, but all the wealth of the land. A long enjoyment of this kind of power breeds tyranny, and it is not surprising that our people begin to look right and left for a substantial foil to the arrogance of their railway kings.

Let them turn their faces upward and invoke the genii of the air—the trackless air! You may charter aërial companies, no doubt, but you cannot impede the right of way upon these higher than the "high seas." The teeth of the railway managers would soon be drawn, and the clipping of their claws would follow, should aërial navigation become an accomplished fact. At first the freight-carrying would remain with them, but even for that in time they would have to compete with a thousand, instead of half a dozen "trunk-lines," and, in short, come nearer to the level of their fellow-men.

Science will make instant and brilliant use of the new means at command, and economy, political and domestic, will adjust itself, with the aid of science, to the new conditions. Our standards will be revised, meteorology will receive intelligent and close attention; a class of astronomical observations will be made at will above the vapors of the lower atmosphere; the Pole, the desert, no longer can hide their secrets from the geographer; the geologist will explore formations hitherto inaccessible; the telegraph will be put to new uses; in numberless directions the sum of human learning will be advanced.

New processes of mechanical and manufacturing industry will arise, often utilizing material hitherto worthless. We shall have ceaseless invention of aërobatic appliances and improvements, and of the machinery to make the same. The impetus that will be given to the industry as to the commerce of the world cannot be overestimated. A *finesse* will characterize the new manufactures beyond anything previously known, and only suggested by the elegant adroitness of the races which people the Asiatic coast. Human skill will expend itself upon new combinations of grace, lightness and strength, in machinery and equipment.

Not only by these processes of construction, but also by the power and freedom gained through their success, a delightful

reflex influence will be exerted upon the æsthetics of life. Poetry and romance will have fresh material and a new *locale*, and imagination will take flights unknown before. Landscapes painted between earth and heaven must involve novel principles of drawing, color, light and shade. Music, like the songs of Lohengrin, will be showered from aërial galleys. In every way the resources of social life will be so enlarged that at last it truly may be said, "Existence is itself a joy." Sports and recreations will be strangely multiplied. Rich and poor alike will make of travel an every-day delight, the former in their private aëronons,* the latter in large and multiform structures, corresponding in use to the excursion-boats of our rivers and harbors, the "floating palaces" of the people, and far more numerous and splendid. The ends of the earth, its rarest places, will be visited by all. The sportsman can change at pleasure from the woods and waters of the North, the runways of the deer, the haunts of the salmon, to the pursuit of the tiger in the jungle or the emu in the Australian bush. An entirely new profession—that of airmanship—will be thoroughly organized, employing a countless army of trained officers and "airmen." The adventurous and well-to-do will have their pleasure yachts of the air, and take hazardous and delightful cruises. Their vessels will differ from the cumbrous aërobats intended for freight and emigrant business, will be christened with beautiful and suggestive names,—Iris, Aurora, Hebe, Ganymede, Hermes, Ariel, and the like,—and will vie with one another in grace, readiness, and speed.

Observe also the swift advance which, from the nature of things, aërial navigation will effect in the science of government, and especially in the co-relations of the nations and peoples of the world. Boundaries will be practically obliterated when mountain-chains, rivers, even seas, can be crossed as readily as a level border-line, and oppose no obstacle to the passage of travelers, merchants, or men-at-arms. Laws and customs speedily must assimilate when races and

* For this excellent and ingenious formation I am indebted to Mr. W. P. Prentice, who derives it from *aëro-viu*, hence *aëroviv*, to swim in air—aëronon, "a thing swimming in air. A word euphonious and dignified, and describing a structure fashioned upon my theory. I should substitute it for "aërobat" throughout this article, were it not that it has seemed desirable to present the latter word as the correlative of "aërostat," a term already in scientific use.

languages shall be mingled as never before. The fittest, of course, will survive and become the dominant types. The great peoples of Christendom soon will arrive at a common understanding; the Congress of Nations no longer will be an ideal scheme, but a necessity, maintaining order among its constituents and exercising supervision over the ruder, less civilized portions of the globe. Free-trade will become absolute, and everywhere reciprocal: no power on earth could enforce an import tariff. War between enlightened nations soon will be unknown. Men will see "the heavens fill with commerce," but after a few destructive experiments there will rain no

"—ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the
central blue."

Troops, aerial squadrons, death-dealing armaments will be maintained only for police surveillance over barbarous races, and for instantly enforcing the judicial decrees of the world's international court of appeal. Ultimately knowledge will be universally distributed, the purest and most advanced religion will shed an influence everywhere, and its gospel indeed be preached throughout the world and "to every creature."

The morning of a Saturnian age thus will dawn with the success of man's attempts to navigate the atmosphere. Sit down, separate yourself from the thought of things as they are,—speculate freely, but with sound imagination, upon what they may be,—and

by irrefragable processes of logic you will see that what I predict must result from the solution of our problem, indeed that the half has not been suggested. The law is well understood: material progress determines the intellectual and spiritual progress of the human race. Its true perfection must follow this ultimate conquest of nature, and can be reached in no other way.

Have any commensurate efforts yet been made to achieve this result? Has it been considered otherwise than as a fantastic dream? Have any, save a few enthusiasts, mostly poor and unlearned, attempted to realize it? Is it not left, even now, to the accidents of time? Still, there is nothing yet undone but man desires to do it. His unrest, his eager insatiate daring, penetrates the heart of Africa, the depths of the seas. Visionary speculators waste fortunes upon impossible motors, upon luckless wells and mining-shafts, while here is the most tempting of all material achievements demonstrably within the bounds of invention, within the capacities of forces and matter already under our control. The determined effort, the liberal expenditure of a single government, even of one of our thousand moneyed corporations, can solve the problem. It is strange that a score of such efforts, of such expenditures, are not making; that the princeliest appropriations, the deftest intellects, are not devoted to the attainment of this end. But with or without them, I repeat, the end is near at hand.

THE OVERFLOWING CUP.

INTO the crystal chalice of the soul

Is falling, drop by drop, Life's blending mead.

The pleasant waters of our childhood speed

And enter first; and Love pours in its whole

Deep flood of tenderness and gall. There roll

The drops of sweet and bitter that proceed

From wedded trustfulness, and hearts that bleed

For children that outrun us to the goal.

And later come the calmer joys of age—

The restful streams of quietude that flow

Around their fading lives, whose heritage

Is whitened locks and voice serene and low.

These added blessings round the vessel up—

Death is the overflowing of the cup.

THE RELATIONS OF INSANITY TO MODERN CIVILIZATION.*

For practical purposes insanity may be considered as incident only to civilization. Doubtless, cases of it have occurred in the ruder and uncivilized conditions of the race from injuries of various kinds to the nervous system, and possibly other causes, but for our present purpose these may be ignored. So far as I know we have no accounts which lead us to suppose the disease ever existed to any considerable extent either among the North American Indians or the natives of the Pacific isles.

On the other hand, as communities, states and nations advance in the so-called conditions of civilization, as society becomes more settled and its conditions more permanent and stable, insanity appears. Unfortunately, we have no statistics which show how high a ratio it sustained to the general population during the last few centuries in European countries, but there can be little doubt that at the present time it bears a higher ratio to the whole number of the population, both in Europe and this country, than at any former period of history.† This is indeed a remarkable commentary on, a serious charge to bring against, our modern civilization, and it may be well to examine for a little the relations of the two conditions. Shall we say that civilization and insanity stand in the relation of *cause and effect*? In other words, does the passing from a state of savage life to one of regularity and industry, from a state of ignorance to one of learning and refinement, from the conditions of uncertain and limited supply to one of fairly certain and abundant supply, have so unfavorable an effect upon the nervous system as to develop this

disease and cause its increase? This would appear to be impossible, and we are led to inquire what relation the one sustains to the other.

I think it may be stated in a general way that there are certain conditions incident to, and growing out of, a high state of civilization, which in some degree tend to explain both the development and increase of insanity. The first to which I will allude is a *vicious, imperfect and injudicious education*.

As society advances in the arts and conditions attending a higher state of civilization, property increases rapidly, and, during the last half century, it has been a very common occurrence that families, who have for generations been cradled and reared in poverty, and all their lives have been obliged to struggle for the ordinary necessities of life, have been suddenly lifted into affluence and the surroundings of wealth. Labor, which before had been a necessity and a blessing, is now looked upon as a curse. That family discipline, which before had been a necessity, and had secured a manual occupation, and which now should secure at least an occupation for the brain, is altogether gone; while, in consequence, the child is left—nay, too often encouraged—to assert his own preferences in all things, and the will to strengthen itself in idleness and general demoralization. That education for the brain which, alone, could properly fit it for the changed conditions which environ it, and strengthen it to contend against the illusive and dangerous conditions of wealth, and the disappointment of reverses sure to come, is altogether neglected. Serious results in the way of disease may possibly not come so long as property lasts, but when, as is too often the case, adversity comes, the unfortunate one is left with neither the means nor the ability to cope with the adversities of life. Disappointment, anxiety and consequent worry, producing irregularity of brain action; opposition to a will grown strong in having its own way, acting upon a brain weak from the lack of discipline, very often result in upsetting the mind.

Or, again, the education may be of very *imperfect character*. In this nineteenth century, everybody is in a hurry. The race seems to have suddenly awoke to the realization that life is short, and what is done,

* Read before the New England Psychological Society, March, 1878.

† "The London Medical Times and Gazette" for November, 1877, contains some statements from the last report of the commissioners of lunacy, to the following effect: Ever since the year 1859 there has been a steady increase of insanity in England and Wales, amounting to more than 1,000 annually. The largest number was in 1869, amounting to 2,177, the smallest in 1875, which was only 1,123. During other years the amount of increase ranged between these two numbers. From 1859 to 1876 the total of insane persons increased from 36,762 to 66,636. It is said the general population of England and Wales increases annually at the rate of one and a half per cent., while insanity and imbecility increase at the rate of three per cent. Probably statistics would show a similar rate of increase in the United States.

must be done quickly, and it cannot take time to become educated. It is a race from childhood to manhood, from the cradle to the spelling-book, from the spelling-book to the arithmetic, and from the arithmetic I had almost, and, perhaps, could truthfully have said, to the fully developed responsibilities of life. Fifty years ago, they did not do things so rapidly. The artisan or mechanic was regularly apprenticed to serve his three or his seven long years, in which thoroughly to master both the principles and details of the calling he had chosen, or which had been chosen for him for life. This was the period of his education, and when this was finished, he was expected to have made such acquisitions as would enable him intelligently to accomplish such tasks as should devolve upon him. The same was true in reference to all the trades and professions. We are all familiar with the changed conditions of to-day. How few in the various trades and employments go through any lengthened apprenticeship or educational process! A few months or a year or two, time enough to master the first steps is taken, and then the ambitious one starts for himself. The man who should have been a learner, aspires to become a master; the man fitted only to labor on a farm under the direction of others becomes himself a proprietor with little more knowledge of the character of the soils he tills, and of their needs of enrichment, than the oxen he drives. In other words, the mechanic, the farmer, artisans of almost all kinds, as well as the professional man, assume charge of, and undertake to manage, the details of callings in life they have never half learned. I need not say such men have not half a chance in the hurry, competition and struggle of this nineteenth century. The anxiety and worry of life are increased a hundred fold, and are sure to tell in time on the nervous system.

Or, once more, the education may be of an *injudicious character*, relative to the age of the person. I am fully persuaded of the evils resulting to the brain from the forcing process prevalent in many of our public schools at the present time, especially at that period of life when all the forces of the system are, or should be largely consumed in physical development. The muscular and alimentary systems are so liable to injury by overwork when they are in the formative period of childhood, that legislation may wisely interfere for their protection; much more so, in my view, is the

delicate nervous system. In childhood, secondary metamorphosis goes on much more rapidly in all the systems than in later years, and this is especially true of the nervous system. If then the brain be over-stimulated by tasks at this period this action will necessarily be much increased, and the brain function will be more likely to become impaired. The evils, however, may not manifest themselves so much in the form of insanity as in a system developed in improper proportions; the muscular and alimentary systems being left in a large degree to themselves, while the brain is unduly stimulated. In later years, it seeks revenge in inability or refusal to work, or in that general condition termed nervousness. The person is inharmoniously developed, and proves of precious little use to himself or to the community of which he may be a member. It seems to me that the true idea of education is the uniform development of all the systems of the body together,—a leading out, building up and strengthening of these several parts for whatever calling or profession may be chosen in life, in such a manner that the individual shall be qualified to adjust himself or herself to the general conditions and requirements of society, without friction to self or others. How far short of this ideal system are those in operation generally we all have abundant opportunity to observe, by the many mental waifs yearly cast upon society.

Another condition arising in connection with the surroundings of civilization, of a somewhat different character from the former, is the *increased facilities of gratifying physical passions and consequent excesses*.

There are thousands of persons who get on well enough while obliged to live in the simplicity and continence of a laborious life, and yet when possessed of the means will suddenly rush into wild excesses, and in a few years their nervous systems become poisoned and wrecked. In this nineteenth century there exists a tendency to herd together to an extent we fail to realize. Cities have been springing up all over England and America, with a rapidity and increasing in a ratio before unknown. "Where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together." Cities furnish the temptations to, and the means of, physical excesses. They enrich the city vicinage and serve to allure those who have never learned that the violation of physical law leads to death, or, what is often a thousand times worse than physical death, viz, a

poisoned and diseased life. If the effects ceased with those primarily concerned, the mischief would be less, but, unfortunately for society, they pass on to the next generation unless, as is frequently the case, through a merciful provision of law there does not come another generation. We learn that the intemperate and vicious will be shut out of the kingdom of heaven. They are shut out from the kingdom of health while here on earth, and the retribution of their works follows them with a surety, and often a severity, which can be fully realized only by physicians. As an example in point I may refer to a class of laborers in some parts of England. When living with the bare necessities of life and obliged to practice the habits of frugality and industry, general paralysis of the insane was almost unknown among them. But in consequence of physical excesses, made possible and easy by obtaining, through labor combinations, the means necessary, this disease, whose march is straight on to the grave, has appeared to an extent heretofore unknown among any other class of society.

The same process is silently proceeding, on a less marked scale, in all the great cities and their vicinage, among those poisoned by indulgences of their passions.

Another condition may be comprised in the *practices and daily habits of life*, more especially among the agricultural portion of the population of New England and possibly other sections of the country.

The stimulus which arises from the general increase and diffusion of wealth has acted upon no class of society more strongly than the one now under consideration. As a rule they are ambitious, and this ambition is stimulated by their surroundings and the changed conditions of society incident to the increased facilities for travel by railroads and steamships. Seeing others surrounded by the results of wealth they become profoundly impressed with its importance and desirability, and are willing to forego almost all other considerations, that they may have it and what is incident to its possession. Their children must have no ordinary education. A son must go to college and have a preparation for some form of professional life. Their daughters must attend seminaries and become proficient in music, whether they have any special taste for it or not. They must have a smattering of French, and German, and drawing; they must be dressed in some of the later fashions, and, in short, be able to make an

appearance as good as that of their city cousins or neighbors.

All this necessitates no inconsiderable expense, and, to bring it about, the parents, and indeed, the whole household, bend all their energies. In the summer the family is roused at dawn of day, and in the winter long before. Every hour is consumed in some form of productive labor if possible, and not more than seven or eight hours are permitted for sleep and relaxation. Recreations from games and holidays are considered as so much lost time. And while the system is taxed beyond its strength in labor, it is often nourished only with the plainest of food. Fresh meat is not seen on the table oftener than once a week; salt pork or beef or fish is used with potatoes, and bread made from flour robbed of its best nerve-sustaining constituents, and used while fresh and often while hot. Stale bread is deemed an abomination, while that made from the whole wheat is fit for the poor only.

It will readily be seen how fatal to mental health such habits of life are. The results may not be apparent at once or in years,—indeed, a strong and vigorous constitution may be able to stand the strain to three score years and ten,—but they will be sure to appear in the next generation. Nature punishes the infringement of her laws sooner or later with terrible severity. Those sour grapes which the fathers ate have sharpened the cuspids of their children. They are not so strong as their parents were; they are nervous, self-willed, irritable, delicate, and unable to endure prolonged muscular or mental effort. That vigor, strength and energy of character inherited by the parents has been expended too largely in the grand struggle to get on in the world, instead of being transmitted to their children, so that when the strain and wear and tear of disappointment in life comes on, too often the brain power miserably fails.

We need not, however, wait for the results to appear in the children, as they only too often come in the very meridian of life. The mind having been kept for months and years in one "rut," with little change or relaxation, finally becomes impoverished if not starved. Debarred from all those elevating and nourishing influences which come from intercourse with those in other walks of life, and from reading and a variety of duties and pursuits, by and by the nervous system becomes weakened, so that hundreds of cases appear in our hospitals whose history may be traced to

such causes and conditions, either direct or inherited, as referred to above.

Another cause growing out of the conditions of civilization, and intimately allied to the one just considered, is *too little sleep*.

When a young man, and while a student, the writer well remembers hearing some lectures from a person calling himself a physician, in which he took the ground that fifteen minutes was ample time in which to take a regular meal, and that all time spent in sleep in excess of four, or five hours at most was so much lost time; that if persons slept only five hours instead of eight, they would gain more than six years of time in the course of fifty; therefore, every person who was so much of a sluggard as to sleep eight hours instead of five, was responsible for wasting six years in fifty. That ambitious insect, the ant, was held up by the doctor as an example of industry and lofty enterprise, worthy the imitation of everybody who expects to do much in life—as if he knew how many hours that creature is in the habit of sleeping every year. He might about as well have put his case stronger and argued that it was everybody's duty to sleep only two of the twenty-four hours, because forsooth we could gain more than twelve years in the fifty by so doing. Unfortunately for society, this man was only one of several who have written and taught that persons generally sleep too much. It would have been better for those influenced by these teachings, if their authors had never been born. The truth is that most people, especially the laboring classes in our cities as well as in the country, sleep too little. This is true not only of adults but of children. How often do we see little children out in the streets, or at tasks, long after they should have been in bed! How often are they called in the morning long before they would have waked, and put to some task or other, and the delicate structure of the brain is kept in activity sixteen or seventeen hours of the twenty-four. This habit, being formed in childhood, extends into adult life, and becomes so fixed that it is difficult for the brain to change its custom. In fact the period of wakefulness rather tends to increase, so that it is limited to six or seven instead of eight or nine hours. The man who regularly and soundly sleeps his eight or nine hours, whatever may be his occupation in life, is the man who is capable of large physical or mental efforts. I do not mean that there may not be exceptions to this rule. There have been

those who could do with four or five hours, and work well; there are probably many such to day, but these are rather exceptions. The great mass of people require more for good mental health.

Sleep is to the brain what rest is to the body,—

"Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."¹⁷

No words could paint more beautifully and effectively the office of sleep than these of England's greatest poet. All nature teaches the importance of sleep. Every tree and shrub and vine has its period of sleep, and if stimulated into ceaseless activity would soon die. Every portion of the human system is subject to the same great law. The stomach must have its periods of rest; and there are times during every twenty-four hours when the kidneys secrete very little if any urine. It is often said that the heart is an exception to this rule; that its beat never ceases from more than six months before birth until nature's last great debt is paid in death. But in truth it is at entire rest nearly if not quite one-third of the whole time. Its action consists of a *first* and a *second* sound, covering the contraction of right and left auricles and ventricles, and then a rest,—so far as we know, a perfect one. Reckoning this at one-third the time taken in each full action of the heart, and we have more than twenty years of perfect quiet out of the three score and ten. The same is true to even a larger extent in the function of respiration. The muscles concerned in the operation are at entire rest more than one-third of the time. This is an absolute necessity for these organs. Nor is the brain any exception to the law. During every moment of consciousness the brain is in activity. The peculiar process of cerebration, whatever that may consist of, is taking place; thought after thought comes forth, nor can we help it. It is only when the peculiar connection or chain of connection of one brain cell with another is broken and consciousness fades away into the dreamless land of perfect sleep, that the brain is at rest. In this state it recuperates its exhausted energy and power, and stores them up for future need. The period of wakefulness is one of constant wear. Every thought is generated at the expense of brain cells, which can be fully replaced only by periods of properly regulated repose. If,

therefore, these are not secured by sleep, if the brain, through over-stimulation, is not left to recuperate, its energy becomes exhausted; debility, disease, and finally disintegration supervene. Hence the story is almost always the same; for weeks and months before the indications of active insanity appear, the patient has been anxious, worried and wakeful, not sleeping more than four or five hours out of the twenty-four. The poor brain, unable to do its constant work, begins to waver, to show signs of weakness or aberration; hallucinations or delusions hover around like floating shadows in the air, until finally disease comes and

"plants his siege
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and press to that last hold
Confound themselves.

Another condition incident to civilization which tends largely to develop and increase insanity, and the last to which I will refer, is *the unequal distribution of the means of living*, especially in large cities and manufacturing communities.

In the great contests of life the weaker go to the wall. That term "the survival of the fittest," in the struggle of life covers a large ground, and numberless are the tales of suffering, want and disease which never come to the light of day, but are none the less terrible as growing out of this struggle. The sanitary surroundings of those portions of our large cities and those of Europe which are occupied by the poorer classes of society are often of the worst character. Impure air, from overcrowding, the effect of which upon the delicate tissue of the nervous system, is deleterious in the highest degree; the lack of all facilities for bathing; the insufficient, irregular, and often unwholesome food-supply, and its improper preparation for use; the habit of drunkenness, from the use of alcohol in its worst forms, and the habit of daily tipping, which keeps the brain in a constant state of excitement; together with the immoral practices which grow out of such surroundings and practices, all tend strongly in one direction. By going through the hospitals for the insane in the vicinity of New York, or those which are the recipients of the mental wrecks which drift out of the lower grades of society in Boston, or, again, those located near the great manufacturing cities of England, we gain new conceptions of the terrible power of the struggle, implied in

the refining processes incident to a passage up to what are termed the higher grades of civilization.

We have seen in the spring season of the year the trees of an orchard white with unnumbered blossoms. Myriads on myriads feed every passing breeze with delicious odors for a day, and then drop to the ground forever. And when the fruit is formed on the tree only a very limited number of the whole ever attain to maturity and perfection, while the ground is strewn with the windfalls and the useless. Why one goes on to maturity and perfection while the other perishes so soon we may not say with certainty, but doubtless the one has some slight degree of advantage in the starting of the voyage; it may be a moment or an hour of time, or a particle of nourishment, but whatever it is the consequence is apparent.

So it is in the grand struggle of human life. Myriads perish at the very start, and as the process of life goes on, one by one, always the weaker by reason of some defect in organization, inherited or acquired, falls out by the way. Christianity has taught us to pick them up and try to nurse them to strength for further battle. She has built hospitals and asylums, and these weaker ones drift into these refuges from the storm. So it has been and so it will be in the future. The stronger in body and mind will rise above and triumph over the hardships and roughnesses of life, becoming stronger by the very effort. To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance of the possessions of life, but that abundance is drawn from him that hath not, and he falls out by the way as the fruit untimely falls from the tree. Many of them are the psychological windfalls of society.

If the views presented above are correct we cannot consider civilization as directly the cause of insanity. Indeed we believe that the educational and disciplinary processes involved in passing to a higher state of civilization tend in the main to strengthen the nervous system and prepare it to resist the encroachments of disease, and to maintain a larger degree of mental health than would be possible without them. And yet there are certain incidental conditions connected with, and growing out of its progress which do largely conspire to act as causes, and which may in a measure serve to explain its development and increase among communities, tending toward, or inheriting an older civilization.

POTTS'S PAINLESS CURE.

"Must you go up to that tiresome old college again to-night?"

Pouting lips and delicate brows fretted in pretty importunity over the troubled eyes enforced the pleading tones, and yet the young man to whom they were addressed found strength to reply.

"I'm afraid I can't get rid of it. I particularly promised Sturgis I would look in on him, and it won't do for me to cut my acquaintance with the class entirely just because I'm having such a jolly time down here."

"Oh no, you don't think it jolly at all, or you wouldn't be so eager to go away. I'm sure I must be very dull company."

The hurt tone and pretended pique with which she said this were assuredly all that was needed to make the *petite* teaser irresistible. But the young man replied, regarding her the while with an admiration in which there was a singular expression of uneasiness,

"Can't, Annie, 'pon honor. I'm engaged, and you know—"

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more!"

And transferring her hand to his lips he loosed its soft lingering clasp and was gone, stopping at the gate to throw back a kiss to her as she stood in the porch, by way of amends for his hasty parting.

"George Hunt, you're an infernal scamp!"

These were the opprobrious words he muttered to himself as he passed out of ear-shot. The beneficent common law does not condemn a man merely on his own confession unless circumstances in evidence lend probability to his self-accusation. Before we coincide in Mr. Hunt's opinion of himself, let us therefore inquire into the circumstances.

He was in the last term of senior year at ——— college. For the past year he had been boarding at the Giffords', and Annie and he had fallen in love. The fall on his part had been quite voluntary and deliberate. He had fallen in love because it was the correct thing for a young collegian, engaged in the study of the humanities, to be in love, and made him feel more like a man than smoking, drinking, or even sporting a stove-pipe hat and cane. Vanity aside, it was very jolly to have a fine nice

girl who thought no end of a fellow, to walk, talk, and sing with, and to have in mind when one sang the college songs about love and wine with the fellows. And it gave him also a very agreeable sense of superior experience as he mingled in their discussions of women and the tender passion.

But withal he was a conscientious, kind-hearted young fellow enough, and had suffered occasional qualms of conscience when little words or incidents had impressed him with the knowledge that Annie's love for him was a more serious matter than his for her. He felt that by insisting on exchanging the pure gold of her earnest affection for the pinchbeck of his passing fancy, she was making a rogue of him. He should be in no position to marry for years, nor did he want to; and if he had wanted to, though he felt terribly hard-hearted when he owned it to himself, his feeling toward Annie was not quite so deep as to be a real wish to marry her. As his last year in college approached its end he had thought more and more of these things, and had returned from his last vacation determined to begin to draw gradually away from her, and without any shock to bring their relations back to the footing of friendship. The idea seemed a very plausible one, but it is scarcely necessary to state that living in the same house, and frequently alone with her, it took about a week and a few dozen reproachful glances from grieving eyes to melt this artificial ice with a fresher of affection, and when a couple of months later he calmly reviewed the situation he found himself involved perceptibly deeper than ever, on account of the attempt at extrication.

Only two or three weeks of the term remained, and it was too late to repeat the unsuccessful experiment. He had tried his best and failed, and nothing remained but to be as happy as possible with her in the short time left. Then she must get over her disappointment as other girls did in like cases. No doubt some woman would hurt his feelings some day, and so make it square. He took much satisfaction in this reflection. But such cynical philosophy did not lull his conscience, which alternately inspired his manner with an unwonted demonstrativeness and tenderness, and again made him so uncomfortable in her presence

that he was fain to tear himself away and escape from her sight on any pretext. Her tender glances and confiding manner made him feel like a brute, and when he kissed her he felt that it was the kiss of a Judas. Such had been his feelings this evening, and such were the reflections tersely summed up in that ejaculation—

"George Hunt, you're an infernal scamp!"

On arriving at Sturgis's room, he found it full of tobacco smoke, and the usual crowd there, who hailed him vociferously. For he was one of the most popular men in college, although for a year or so he had been living outside the buildings. Several bottles stood on the tables, but the fellows had as yet arrived only at the argumentative stage of exhilaration, and it so happened that the subject under discussion at once took Hunt's close attention. Mathewson had been reading the first volume of Goethe's autobiography, and was indulging in some strictures on his course in jilting Frederica, and leaving the poor girl heart-broken.

"But, man," said Sturgis, "he didn't want to marry her, and seeing he didn't, nothing could have been crueler to her, to say nothing of himself, than to have done so."

"Well then," said Mathewson, "why did he go and get her in love with him?"

"Why, he took his risk and she hers, for the fun of the game. She happened to be the one who paid for it, but it might just as well have been he. Why, Mat., you must see yourself that for Goethe to have married then would have knocked his art-life into a cocked hat. Your artist has just two great foes,—laziness and matrimony. Each has slain its thousands. Hitch Pegasus to a family cart and he can't go off the thoroughfare. He must stick to the ruts. I admit that a bad husband may be a great artist; but for a good husband, an uxorious, contented husband, there's no chance at all."

"You are neither of you right, as usual," said little Potts in his oracular way.

When Potts first came to college the fellows used to make no end of fun of the air of superior and conclusive wisdom with which he assumed to lay down the law on every question, this being the more laughable because he was such a little chap. Potts did not pay the least attention to the jeers and finally the jeerers were constrained to admit that if he did have an absurdly pretentious way of talking, his talk was un-

usually well worth listening to, and the result was that they took him at his own valuation and for the sake of hearing what he had to say, quietly submitted to his assumption of authority as court of appeal. So when he coolly declared both disputants wrong they manifested no resentment, but only an interest as to what he was going to say, while the other fellows also looked up curiously.

"It would have been a big mistake for Goethe to have married her," pursued Potts in his deliberate monotone, "but he wasn't justified on that account in breaking her heart. It was his business, having got her in love with him, to get her out again and leave her where she was."

"Get her out again?" demanded Mathewson. "How was he to do that?"

"Humph!" grunted Potts. "If you haven't found it very much easier to lose a friend than to win one, you're luckier than most. If you asked me how he was to get her in love with him I should have to scratch my head, but the other thing is as easy as unraveling a stocking."

"Well, but, Potts," inquired Sturgis with interest, "how could Goethe have gone to work for instance to disgust Frederica with him?"

"Depends on the kind of girl. If she is one of your high steppers as to dignity and sense of honor, let him play mean and seem to do a few dirty tricks. If she's a stickler for manners and good taste, let him betray a few traits of boorishness or Philistinism, or if she has a keen sense of the ridiculous, let him make an ass of himself. I should say the last would be the surest cure and leave least of a sore place in her feelings, but it would be hardest on his vanity. Everybody knows that a man had rather seem a 'scamp than a fool.'"

"I don't believe there's a man in the world who would play the voluntary fool to save any woman's heart from breaking, though he might manage the scamp," remarked Mathewson. "And anyhow, Potts, I believe there's no girl who wouldn't choose to be jilted outright, rather than be juggled out of her affections that way."

"No doubt she would say so if you asked her," replied the imperturbable Potts. "A woman always prefers a nice sentimental sorrow to a fancy-free state. But it isn't best for her, and looking out for her good you must deprive her of it. Women are like children, you know, our natural wards."

This last sentiment impressed these beard-

less youths as a clincher, and there was a pause. But Mathewson, who was rather strong on the moralities, rallied with the objection that Potts's plan would be deceit.

"Well, now that's what I call cheeky," replied its author with a drawl of astonishment. "I suppose it wasn't deceit when you were prancing around in your best clothes both literally and figuratively, trying to bring your good points into such absurd prominence as to delude her into the idea that you had no bad ones. Oh no, its only deceit when you appear worse than you are, not when you try to appear better. Strikes me that when you've got a girl into a fix it wont do at that time of day to plead your conscience as a reason for not getting her out of it. Seeing that a man is generally ready to sacrifice his character in reality to his own interests, he ought to be willing to sacrifice it in appearance to another's."

Mathewson was squelched, but Sturgis came to his relief with the suggestion:

"Wouldn't a little genuine heartache, which I take it is healthy enough if it isn't pleasant, be better for her than the cynical feeling, the disgust with human nature which she would experience from finding her ideal of excellence a scamp or a fool?"

The others seemed somewhat impressed, but Potts merely ejaculated:

"Bosh!" Allowing a brief pause for this ejaculation to do its work in demoralizing the opposition he proceeded. "Sturgis, you remember 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and how Titania, on the application of Puck's clarifying lotion to her eyes, perceives that in Bottom she has loved an ass. Don't you suppose Titania suffered a good deal from the loss of her ideal?"

There was a general snicker at Sturgis's expense.

"Well, now," continued Potts, gravely, "a woman who should fall in love with one of us fellows and deem him a hero would be substantially in Titania's plight when she adored Bottom, and about as much an object of pity when her hero disclosed an asininity which would be at least as near to being his real character as the heroism she ascribed to him."

"That's all very well," said Merrill, dryly, "but it strikes me that it's middling cheeky for you fellows to be discussing how you'll jilt your sweethearts with least expense to their feelings, when the chances are that if you should ever get one you'll need all your wits to keep her from jilting you."

"You are, as usual, trivial and inconsequential this evening, Merrill," replied Potts, when the laughter had subsided. "Supposing, as you suggest, that we shall be the jilted and not the jilters, it will be certainly for our interest that the ladies should spare our feelings by disenchanting us,—saying, as it were, the charm backward that first charmed us. He who would teach the ladies the method and enlist their tender hearts in its behalf, would be, perhaps, the greatest benefactor his much-jilted and heart-sore sex ever had. Then, indeed, with the heart-breakers of both sexes pledged to so humane a practice, there would be no more any such thing as sorrow over unrequited affections, and the poets and novelists would beg their bread."

"That is a millennial dream, Potts," responded Merrill. "You may possibly persuade the men to make themselves disagreeable for pity's sake, but it is quite too much to expect that a woman would deliberately put herself in an unbecoming light, if it were to save a world from its sins."

"Perhaps it is," said Potts, pensively, "but considering what perfectly inexhaustible resources of disagreeableness there are in the best of us and the fairest of women, it seems a most gratuitous cruelty that any heart should suffer when a very slight revelation would heal its hurt. We can't help people suffering because we are so faulty and imperfect, but we might at least see that nobody ever had a pang from thinking us better than we are."

"Look at Hunt!" said Sturgis. "He doesn't open his mouth, but drinks in Potts's wisdom as eagerly as if he didn't know it was a pump that never stops."

There was a general laugh among those who glanced up in time to catch the expression of close attention on Hunt's face.

"Probably he's deliberating on the application of the Potts patent painless cure to some recent victim of that yellow mustache and goatee," suggested Merrill, with the envy of a smooth-faced youth for one more favored.

Hunt, whose face had sprung back like a steel-trap to its usual indifferent expression, smiled nonchalantly at Merrill's remark. One whose reticent habit makes his secrets so absolutely secure as Hunt's private affairs always were, is stirred to amusement rather than trepidation by random guesses which come near the truth.

"If I were situated as Merrill flatteringly suggests, I should enjoy nothing better than

such an experiment," he replied, deliberately. "It would be quite a novel sensation to revolutionize one's ordinary rule of conduct so as to make a point of seeming bad or stupid. There would be as much psychology in it as in an extra term at least. A man would find out, for instance, how much there was in him besides personal vanity and love of approbation. It would be a devilish small residue with most of us, I fancy."

The talk took a new turn, and the fun grew fast and furious around Hunt, who sat puffing his pipe, absorbed in contemplation. At about half-past nine, when things were getting hilarious, he beat a retreat, followed by the reproaches of the fellows. He was determined to administer the first dose of Potts's painless cure to his interesting patient that very evening, if she had not already retired. He was in high good humor. Potts was a brick; Potts was a genius. How lucky that he had happened to go up to college that night! He felt as if an incubus were lifted off his mind. No more pangs of conscience and uncomfortable sense of being a mean and cruel fellow, for him. Annie should be glad to be rid of him before he had ended with her. She should experience a heartfelt relief, instead of a broken heart, on his departure. He couldn't help chuckling. He had such confidence in his nerve and his reticent habit that his confidence and ability to carry out the scheme were undoubting, and at its first suggestion he had felt almost as much relief as if he had already executed it.

On arriving home, he found Annie sewing alone in the parlor, and a little offish in manner by way of indicating her sense of his offense in leaving her to spend the evening alone.

"Really, Annie," he said, as he sat down and unfolded the evening paper, "I try to give you all the time I can spare. If, instead of sulking, you had taken a piece of paper and calculated how many hours this week I have managed to give you my company, you would scarcely have felt like repining because you couldn't see me for an hour or two this evening."

That was the first gun of the campaign. She looked up in blank surprise, too much astonished, for the moment, to be indignant at such a vulgarly conceited remark from him. Without giving her time to speak, he proposed to read the newspaper aloud, and at once began, making a point of selecting the jullest editorials and the flattest items and

witticisms, enlivening them with occasional comments of studied insipidity, and one or two stories, of which he carefully left out the "nubs." He was apparently making an unusual effort all the while to be entertaining, and Annie, finding no opening for expressing her vexation, finally excused herself and went upstairs, with no very angelic expression of countenance.

"Pretty well for a beginning," was Hunt's muttered comment as he laid down the paper.

At breakfast Mr. Gifford asked him:

"Shall I give you some tongue?"

Looking around with the air of one saying a good thing, he replied:

"Thank you, I have enough of my own."

The silence was painful. Mr. Gifford looked as if he had lost a near friend. Mrs. Gifford at length, remembering that Hunt was a guest, forced a momentary, ghastly smile. Annie was looking melancholy enough before, but a slight compression of the lips indicated that she had received the full effect. Certain degrees of badness in jokes stamp the joker as a natural inferior in the eyes of even the most rabid of social levelers. Scarcely any possible exhibition of depravity gives quite the sickening sense of disappointment in the perpetrator, imparted by a genuinely bad or stale joke. Two or more similar sensations coming near together are multiplied by mutual reverberations so as to be much more impressive than if they occurred at considerable intervals. Hunt's tongue joke not only retroacted to deepen the impression of vulgarity which his last evening's performance had given Annie, but in turn was made to appear a far more significant indication of his character on account of its sequence to that display.

That evening he made her a little present, having selected as a gift a book of the day of which he had chanced to overhear her express to a third person a particularly cordial detestation. It was decidedly the best book of the year, he said; he had read it himself. She was obliged to thank him for it, and even to tell one or two polite fibs, which wrenched her terribly, and the memory of which lent a special spite to the vehemence with which she threw the book into a corner on reaching her room. Then she went remorsefully and picked it up again, and after holding it awhile irresolutely, proceeded to hide it away in a far corner of one of the least used drawers of her bureau.

Not sleeping very well that night, she came down-stairs next morning just as Hunt was leaving. He kissed his hand to her and called out "Aw revore." At first she was merely puzzled, and smiled, and then it occurred to her that it was doubtless the barbarous way he pronounced *au revoir*, and the smile gave place to an expression of slight nausea. As Hunt well knew, her pet aversion were people who lugged mispronounced French phrases into their conversation under the impression that they imparted a piquant and graceful effect. It was a touch of vulgarity which inspired her with a violent contempt absurdly disproportioned to the gravity of the offense. It had always been a cherished theory of hers that there were certain offenses in manners which were keys to character. If persons committed them it implied an essential strain of vulgarity in their dispositions. Judged by this theory, where would her lover come out?

Hunt managed to get into a political discussion with Mr. Gifford at table that noon, talking in a rather supercilious tone, and purposely making several bad blunders, which Mr. Gifford corrected rather pointedly. Annie couldn't help observing that her lover's conceit and ignorance of the subjects discussed seemed about equal.

"How do you like your book?" he asked that evening.

She murmured something confusedly.

"Haven't begun it yet?" he inquired in surprise. "Well, when once you do, I'm sure you'll not lay it down till it's finished. And, by the way, your judgment in literary matters is so good I'd like to get your opinion on the essay I'm getting up for Commencement. I think it's rather the best thing I've written."

He proceeded to read what purported to be a sketch of its argument, which proved to be so flat and vapid that Annie blushed with shame for his mental poverty, and was fain to cover her chagrin with a few meafingless comments.

Her mind was the theater of a struggle between disgust and affection, which may be called ghastly. Had he been openly wicked, she would have known how to give a good account of all disloyal suggestions to desert or forget him. But what could she do against such a cold, creeping thing as this disgust and revulsion of taste, which, like the chills of incipient fever, mingled with every rising pulse of tender feeling? Finally, out of her desperation, she concluded that the fault must be with her; that she

was fickle, while he was true. She tried hard to despise herself, and determined to fight down her growing coldness, and reciprocate as it deserved the affection with which he was so lavish. The result of these mental exercises was to impart a humility and constrained cordiality to her air, very opposite to its usual piquancy and impulsiveness, and by a sense of her own short-comings, to distract her mind from speculation, which she might otherwise have indulged, over the sudden development of so many unpleasant qualities in her lover. Though, indeed, had her speculations been never so active and ingenious, the actual plan on which Hunt was proceeding would probably have lain far beyond the horizon of her conjecture.

Meanwhile, Hunt was straitened for time; only eight or ten days of the term were left, and in that time he must effect Annie's cure, if at all. A slow cure would be much more likely to prove a sure one, but he must do the best he could in the time he had. And yet he did not dare to multiply startling strokes, for fear of bewildering instead of estranging her and, possibly, of suggesting suspicion. Stimulated by the emergency, he now began to put in some very fine work, which, although it may not be very impressive in description, was probably more effective than any other part of his tactics. Under guise of appearing particularly attentive and devoted, he managed to offend Annie's taste and weary her patience in every way that ingenuity could suggest. His very manifestations of affection were so associated with some affectation or exhibition of bad taste, as to always leave an unpleasant impression on her mind. He took as much pains to avoid saying tolerably bright or sensible things in his conversation as people generally do to say them. In all respects he just reversed the rules of conduct suggested by the ordinary motive of a desire to ingratiate oneself with others.

And, by virtue of a rather marked endowment of that delicate sympathy with others' tastes and feelings which underlies good manners, he was able to make himself far more unendurable to Annie than a less sympathetic person could have done. Evening after evening she went to her room feeling as if she were covered with pin-pricks, from a score of little offenses to her fastidious taste which he had managed to commit. His thorough acquaintance with her and knowledge of her aesthetic standards in every respect, enabled him to operate with a perfect precision that did not waste a stroke.

It must not be supposed that it was altogether without sharp twinges of compunction and occasional impulses to throw off his disguise and enjoy the bliss of reconciliation, that he pursued this cold-blooded policy. He never could have carried it so far, had he not been prepared by a long and painful period of self-reproach, on account of his entanglement. It was, however, chiefly at the outset that he had felt like weakening. As soon as she ceased to seem shocked or surprised at his disclosures of insipidity or conceit, it became comparatively easy work to make them. So true is it that it is the fear of the first shocked surprise of others, rather than of their deliberate reprobation, which often deters us from exhibitions of unworthiness.

In connection with this mental and moral masquerade, he adopted several changes in his dress, buying some clothes of very glaring patterns, and blossoming out in particularly gaudy neck-ties and flashy jewelry. Lest Annie should be puzzled to account for such a sudden access of depravity, he explained that his mother had been in the habit of selecting some of his lighter toilet articles for him, but this term he was trying for himself. Didn't she think his taste was good? He also slightly changed the cut of his hair and whiskers, to affect a foppish air, his theory being that all these external alterations would help out the effect of being a quite different person from the George Hunt with whom she had fallen in love.

Lou Roberts was Annie's confidant, older than she, much more dignified, and of the reticent sort to which the mercurial and loquacious naturally tend to reveal their secrets. She knew all that Annie knew, dreamed, or hoped about Hunt; but had never happened to meet him, much to the annoyance of Annie, who had longed inexpressibly for the time when Lou should have seen him, and she herself be able to enjoy the luxury of hearing his praises from her lips. One evening it chanced that Lou called with a gentleman while Hunt had gone out, to rest himself after some pretty arduous masquerading, by a little unconstrained intercourse with the fellows up at college. As he returned home, at about half-past nine, he heard voices through the open windows, and guessed who the callers were.

As he entered the room, despite the disenchanting experiences of the past week, it was with a certain pretty agitation that Annie rose to introduce him, and she

looked blank enough when, without waiting for her offices, he bowed with a foppish air to Lou and murmured a salutation.

"What, are you acquainted already?" exclaimed Annie.

"I certainly did not know that we were," said Lou coldly, not thinking it possible that this flashily dressed youth, with such an enormous watch-chain and insufferable manners, could be Annie's hero.

"Ah, very likely not," he replied carelessly, adding with an explanatory smile that took in all the group. "Ladies' faces are so much alike that, 'pon my soul, unless there is something distinguished about them I don't know whether I know them or not. I depend on them to tell me; fortunately they never forget gentlemen."

Miss Roberts's face elongated into a freezing stare. Annie stood there in a sort of stupor till Hunt said briskly:

"Well, Annie, are you going to introduce this lady to me?"

As she almost inaudibly pronounced their names, he effusively extended his hand, which was not taken, and exclaimed:

"Lou Roberts! is it possible? Excuse me if I call you Lou. Annie talks of you so much that I feel quite familiar."

"Do you know, Miss Roberts," he continued, seating himself close beside her, "I'm quite prepared to like you?"

"Indeed!" was all that young lady could manage to articulate.

"Yes," continued he, with the manner of one giving a flattering re-assurance, "Annie has told me so much in your favor that, if half is true, we shall get on together excellently. Such girl friendships as yours and hers are so charming."

Miss Roberts glanced at Annie, and seeing that her face glowed with embarrassment, smothered her indignation, and replied with a colorless "Yes."

"The only drawback," continued Hunt, who manifestly thought he was making himself very agreeable, "is that such bosom friends always tell each other all their affairs, which of course involve the affairs of all their friends also. Now I suppose," he added, with a knowing grin and something like a wink, "that what you don't know about me isn't worth knowing."

"You ought to know, certainly," said Miss Roberts.

"Not that I blame you," he went on, ignoring her sarcasm. "There's no confidence betrayed, for when I'm talking with a lady, I always adapt my remarks to the

ears of her next friend. It prevents misunderstandings."

Miss Roberts made no reply, and the silence attracted notice to the pitiable little dribble of forced talk with which Annie was trying to keep the other gentleman's attention from the exhibition Hunt was making of himself. The latter, after a pause long enough to intimate that he thought it was Miss Roberts's turn to say something, again took up the conversation, as if bound to be entertaining at any cost.

"Annie and I were passing your house the other day. What a queer little box it is! I should think you'd be annoyed by the howlings of that church next door. The — are so noisy."

"I am a — myself," said Miss Roberts, regarding him crushingly.

Hunt, of course, knew that, and had advisedly selected her denomination for his strictures. But he replied as if a little confused by his blunder:

"I beg your pardon. You don't look like one."

"How do they usually look?" she asked, sharply.

"Why, it is generally understood that they are rather vulgar, I believe, but you, I am sure, look like a person of culture." He said this as if he thought he were conveying a rather neat compliment. Indignant as she was, Miss Roberts's strongest feeling was compassion for Annie, and she bit her lips and made no reply.

After a moment's silence Hunt asked her how she liked his goatee. It was a new way of cutting his whiskers and young ladies were generally close observers and therefore good judges of such matters. Annie, finding it impossible to keep up even the pretense of talking any longer, sat helplessly staring at the floor, and waiting in nerveless despair for what he would say next, fairly hating Lou because she did not go.

"What's come over you, Annie?" asked Hunt, briskly. "Are you talked out so soon? I suppose she is holding back to give you a chance to make my acquaintance, Miss Roberts, or do let me call you Lou. You must improve your opportunity for she will want to know your opinion of me. May I hope it will prove not wholly unfavorable?" This last was with a killing smile.

"I had no idea it was so late. We must be going," said Miss Roberts, rising. She had been lingering in the hope that something would happen to leave a more pleas-

ant impression of Hunt's appearance, but seeing that matters were drifting from bad to worse she hastened to break off the painful scene. Annie rose silently without saying a word and avoided Lou's eyes as she kissed her good-bye.

"Must you go?" Hunt said. "I'm sure you would not be in such haste if you knew how rarely it is that my engagements leave me free to devote an evening to the ladies. You might call on Annie a dozen times and not meet me."

As soon as the callers had gone Hunt picked up the evening paper and sat down to glance it over, remarking lightly as he did so:

"Rather nice girl, your friend, though she doesn't seem very talkative."

Annie made no reply and he looked up.

"What on earth are you staring at me in such an extraordinary manner for?"

Was he then absolutely unconscious of the figure he had made of himself?

"You are not vexed because I went out and left you in the early part of the evening?" he said, anxiously.

"Oh no, indeed," she wearily replied.

She sat there with trembling lip and a red spot in each cheek, looking at him as he read the paper unconcernedly till she could bear it no longer, and then silently rose and glided out of the room. Hunt heard her running upstairs as fast as she could and closing and locking her chamber door.

Next day, he did not see her till evening, when she was exceedingly cold and distant and evidently very much depressed. After bombarding her with grieved and reproachful glances for some time, he came over to her side, they two having been left alone, and said, with affectionate raillery:

"I'd no idea you were so susceptible to the green-eyed monster."

She looked at him, astonished quite out of her reserve.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, you needn't pretend to misunderstand," he replied, with a knowing nod. "Don't you suppose I saw how vexed you were last night when your dear friend Miss Roberts was trying to flirt with me. But you needn't have minded so much. She isn't my style at all."

There was something so perfectly maddening in this cool assumption that her bitter chagrin on his account was a fond jealousy, that she fairly choked with exasperation, and shook herself away from his caress as

if a snake had stung her. Her thin nostrils vibrated, her red lips trembled with scorn, and her black eyes flashed ominously. He had only seen them lighten with love before, and it was a very odd sensation to see them for the first time blazing with anger and that against himself. Affecting an offended tone, he said:

"This is really too absurd, Annie," and left the room as if in a pet, just in time to escape the outburst he knew was coming. She sat in the parlor with firm-set lips till quite a late hour that evening, hoping that he would come down and give her a chance to set him right with an indignant explanation. So humiliating to her did his misunderstanding seem, that it was intolerable he should retain it a moment longer, and she felt almost desperate enough to go and knock at his door and correct it. Far too clever a strategist to risk an encounter that evening, he sat in his room comfortably smoking and attending to arrears of correspondence, aware that he was supposed by her to be sulking desperately all the while. He knew that her feeling was anger and not grief, and while, had it been the latter, he would have been thoroughly uncomfortable from sympathy, he only chuckled as he figured to himself her indignation. At that very moment, she was undoubtedly clenching her pretty little fists and breathing fast with impotent wrath in the room below. Ah well, let her heart lie in a pickle of good strong disgust overnight, and it would strike in a good deal more effectually than if she were allowed to clear her mind by an indignant explanation on the spot.

The following day he bore himself toward her with the slightly distant air of one who considers himself aggrieved, and attempted no approaches. In the evening, which was her first opportunity, she came to him and said in a tone in which, by this time, weariness and disgust had taken the place of indignation.

"You were absurdly mistaken in thinking that Miss Roberts was trying to flirt——"

"Bless your dear, jealous heart!" interrupted Hunt, laughingly, with an air of patronizing affection. "I'd no idea you minded it so much. There, there! Let's not allude to this matter again. No, no! not another word!" he gayly insisted, putting his hand over her mouth as she was about to make another effort to be heard.

He was determined not to hear anything, and she had to leave it so.

It was with surprise that she observed how

indifferently she finally acquiesced in being so cruelly misunderstood by him. In the deadened state of her feelings, she was not then able to appreciate the entire change in the nature of her sentiments which that indifference showed. Love, though rooted in the past, depends upon the surrounding atmosphere for the breath of continued life, and he had surrounded her with the stifling vapors of disgust until her love had succumbed and withered. She found that his exhibitions of conceit and insipidity did not affect her in the same way as before. Her sensations were no longer sharp and poignant, but chiefly a dull shame and sense of disgrace that she had loved him. She met his attentions with a coldly passive manner, which gave him the liveliest satisfaction. The cure was succeeding past all expectation; but he had about time for one more stroke, which would make a sure thing of it. He prepared the way by dropping hints that he had been writing some verses of late; and finally, with the evident idea that she would be flattered, gave out that his favorite theme was her own charms, and that she might, perhaps, before long receive some tributes from his muse. Her protests he laughed away as the affectations of modesty.

Now Hunt had never actually written a line of verse in his life, and had no intention of beginning. He was simply preparing a grand move. From the poet's corner of rural newspapers, and from comic collections, he clipped several specimens of the crudest sort of sentimental trash in rhyme. These he took to the local newspaper, and arranged for their insertion at double advertising rates. A few days later, he bustled into the parlor, smirking in his most odious manner, and, coming up to Annie, thrust an open newspaper before her, marked in one corner to call attention to several stanzas

"Written for the 'Express.'
"To A——E G——D."

With sinking of heart she took the paper, after ineffectually trying to refuse it, and Hunt sat down before her with a supremely complacent expression, to await her verdict. With a faint hope that the verses might prove tolerable, she glanced down the lines. It is enough to say that they were the very worst which Hunt, after great industry, had been able to find; and there he was waiting, just the other side the paper, in a glow of expectant vanity, to receive her acknowledgments.

"Well, what do you think of it? You needn't try to hide your blushes. You deserve every word of it, you know, Miss Modesty," he said gayly.

"It's very nice," replied Annie, making a desperate effort.

"I thought you'd like it," he said, with self-satisfied assurance. "It's queer that a fellow can't lay on the praise too thick to please a woman. By the way, I sent around a copy to Miss Roberts, signed with my initials. I thought you'd like to have her see it."

This last remark he called out after her as she was leaving the room, and he was not mistaken in fancying that it would complete her demoralization. During the next week or two he several times brought her copies of the local paper containing equally execrable effusions, till finally she mustered courage to tell him that she would rather he would not publish any more verses about her. He seemed rather hurt at this but respected her feelings, and after that she used to find, hid in her books and music, manuscript sonnets which he had laboriously copied out of his comic collections. It was considerable trouble, but on the whole he was inclined to think it paid, and it did, especially when he culminated by fitting music to several of the most mawkish effusions, and insisting on her playing and singing them to him. As the poor girl, who felt that out of common politeness she could not refuse, toiled wearily through this martyrdom, writhing with secret disgust at every line, Hunt, lolling in an easy-chair behind her, was generally indulging in a series of horrible grimaces and convulsions of silent laughter, which sometimes left tears in his eyes,—to convince Annie, when she turned around to him, that his sentiment was at least genuine if vulgar. Had she happened on one of these occasions to turn a moment before she did, the resulting tableau would have been worth seeing.

Hunt had determined to both crown and crucially test the triumph of Potts's cure in Annie's case by formally offering himself to her. He calculated of course that she was now certain to reject him and that was a satisfaction which he thought he fairly owed her. She would feel better for it, he argued, and be more absolutely sure not to regard himself as in any sense jilted, and that would make his conscience clearer. Yes, she should certainly have his scalp to hang at her girdle, for he believed, as many do, that next to having a man's heart a

woman enjoys having his scalp, while many prefer it. Six weeks ago he would have been horrified at the audacity of the idea. His utmost ambition then was to break a little the force of her disappointment at his departure. But the unexpected fortune that had attended his efforts had advanced his standard of success, until nothing would now satisfy him but to pop the question and be refused.

And still as the day approached, which he had set for the desperate venture, he began to get very nervous. He thought he had a sure thing if ever a fellow had, but women were so cursedly unaccountable. Supposing she should take it into her head to accept him! No logic could take account of a woman's whimsies. Then what a pretty fix he would have got himself into, just by a fool-hardy freak! But there was a strain of Norse blood in Hunt and in spite of occasional touches of ague the risk of the scheme had in itself a certain fascination for him. And yet he couldn't help wishing he had carried out a dozen desperate devices for disgusting her with him, which at the time had seemed to him too gross to be safe from suspicion.

The trouble was that since he loved her no more he had lost the insight which love only gives into the feelings of another. Then her every touch and look and word was eloquent to his senses as to the precise state of her feeling toward him, but now he was dull and insensitive to such direct intuition. He could not longer feel, but could only argue as to how she might be minded toward him, and this it was which caused him so much trepidation in spite of so many reasons why he should be confident of the result. Argument as to another's feelings is such a wretched substitute for the intuition of sympathy.

Finally on the evening before the day on which he was to offer himself, the last of his stay at the Giffords', he got into such a panic that, determined to clinch the assurance of his safety, he asked her to play a game of cards and then managed that she should see him cheat two or three times. The recollection of the cold disgust on her face as he bade her good evening was so re-assuring that he went to bed and slept like a child in the implicit confidence that four horses couldn't drag that girl into an engagement with him the next day.

It was not till the latter part of the afternoon that he could catch her alone long enough to transact his little business

with her. Anticipating or at least apprehending his design she took the greatest pains to avoid meeting him, or to have her mother with her when she did. She would have given almost anything to escape his offer. Of course she could reject it, but fastidious persons do not like to have unpleasant objects put on their plates, even if they have not necessarily to eat them. But her special reason was that the scene would freshly bring up and emphasize the whole wretched history of her former infatuation and its miserable ending,—an experience every thought of which was full of shame and strong desire for the cleansing of forgetfulness. He finally cornered her in the parlor alone. As she saw him approaching and realized that there was no escape she turned and faced him with her small figure drawn to its full height, compressed lips, pale face, and eyes that plainly said, "Now have it over with as soon as possible." One hand resting on the table was clenched over a book. The other, hanging by her side, tightly grasped a handkerchief.

"Do you know I've been trying to get a chance to speak with you alone all day?" he said.

"Have you?" she replied in a perfectly inexpressive tone.

"Can't you guess what I wanted to say?"

"I'm not good at conundrums."

"I see you will not help me," he went on, and then added quickly, "it's a short story; will you be my wife?"

As he said the words he felt as the lion-tamer does when he puts his head in the lion's jaws. He expects to take it out again, but if the lion should take a notion —. His suspense was, however, of the shortest possible duration, for instantly, like a reviving sprinkle on a fainting face, the words fell on his ear:

"I thank you for the honor, but I'm sure we are not suited."

Annie had conned her answer on many a sleepless pillow and had it by heart. It came so glibly although in such a constrained and agitated voice that he instantly knew it must have been long cut and dried.

It was now only left for him to do a decent amount of urging and then acquiesce with dignified melancholy and go off laughing in his sleeve. What is he thinking of to stand there gazing at her downcast face as if he were daft?

A strange thing had happened to him. The sweet familiarity of each detail in the

petite figure before him was impressing his mind as never before, now that he had achieved his purpose of putting it beyond the possibility of his own possession. The little hands he had held so often in the old days, conning each curve and dimple, reckoning them more his hands than were his own, and far more dearly so, the wavy hair he had kissed so fondly and delighted to touch, the deep dark eyes under their long lashes like forest lakes seen through envying thickets, eyes that he had found his home in through so long and happy a time — why, they were his! Of course he had never meant to really forfeit them, to lose them, and let them go to anybody else. The idea was preposterous,—was laughable. It was indeed the first time it had occurred to him in that light. He had only thought of her as losing him; scarcely at all of himself as losing her. During the whole time he had been putting himself in her place so constantly that he had failed sufficiently to fully canvass the situation from his own point of view. Wholly absorbed in estranging her from him, he had done nothing to estrange himself from her.

It was rather with astonishment and even an appreciation of the absurd, than any serious apprehension, that he now suddenly saw how he had stultified himself, and come near doing himself a fatal injury. For knowing that her present estrangement was wholly his work, it did not occur to him but that he could undo it as easily as he had done it. A word would serve the purpose and make all right again. Indeed his revulsion of feeling so altered the aspect of everything that he quite forgot that any explanation at all was necessary, and, after gazing at her for a few moments while his eyes, wet with a tenderness new and deliciously sweet, roved fondly from her head to her little slipper, doating on each feature, he just put out his arms to take her with some old familiar phrase of love on his lips.

She sprang away, her eye flashing with anger. He looked so much taken aback and discomfited that she paused in mere wonder, as she was about to rush from the room.

"Annie, what does this mean?" he stammered. "Oh yes,—why,—my darling, don't you know,—didn't you guess,—it was all a joke,—a stupid joke? I've just been pretending."

It was not a very lucid explanation, but she understood, though only to be plunged in greater amazement.

"But what for?" she murmured.

"I didn't know I loved you," he said slowly, as if recalling with difficulty, and from a great distance his motives, "and I thought it was kind to cure you of your love for me by pretending to be a fool. I think I must have been crazy, don't you?" and he smiled in a dazed, deprecating way.

Her face from being very pale began to flush. First a red spot started out in either cheek; then they spread till they covered the cheeks; next her forehead took a roseate hue and down her neck the tide of color rushed, and she stood there before him a glowing statue of outraged womanhood,

while in the midst her eyes sparkled with scorn.

"You wanted to cure me," she said at last, in slow, concentrated tones, "and you have succeeded. You have insulted me as no woman was ever insulted before."

She paused as if to control herself; for her voice trembled with the last words. She shivered, and her bosom heaved once or twice convulsively. Her features quivered; scorching tears of shame rushed to her eyes, and she burst out hysterically,

"For pity's sake never let me see you again!"

And then he found himself alone.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Checks and Balances.

In a certain Roman Catholic church near us there is now in progress, while we write, a "Mission," carried on by a body of men called "The Passionate Fathers." They are at work at unheard-of hours in the morning, as well as during the day and evening, and the attendance and attention are something phenomenal. The excitement is the natural result of a long period of formal worship. The church had to be waked up, and that is done in a week which ought to have been spread over a year—which, if it had been spread over a year, would have made the excitement not only unnecessary but impossible. Such an event shows that very necessary work has been neglected. The same thing, calling for the same remedies, exists in the Protestant church. The revival is only rendered necessary and possible by a period of spiritual declension and death. When a great revival comes to a church, it comes as a natural consequence of a great falling away of religious interest, and a long period of spiritual inactivity. When a church does every day, and all the time, what it ought to do, a revival is impossible. Human nature demands a balance in everything, and the revival comes to fill the complement of activity necessary to preserve the aggressive life of a church.

Just now we are having in New York a great temperance revival. Under the lead of Mr. Murphy, the pledge of total abstinence is signed by thousands. There is a legal war, too, upon the rum-sellers. All this excited and radical action comes just as naturally from a bad state of things, political, moral and social, as the fall of rain from an overcharged cloud. If none had sold liquor save those who had a legal right to sell, and none had become so intemperate in the use of alcoholic drinks that the practice had grown to be the great, overshadowing curse of the city, breeding pauperism, misery and crime, Mr. Murphy would have nothing to do, and the Society for the Prevention

of Crime would never have been formed. One extreme breeds another. The drunkard calls into existence the rigid adherent of "teetotalism." The unlicensed rum-seller produces the society that puts him on his defense. It is the gross abuse of liquor that produces the extremist, in temperance practices and temperance legislation. If there were universal temperance there would be no total abstinence. Extreme temperance men are only produced by extreme intemperance in others. It is for the safety of society that this law exists, for by it the balance of forces is preserved, and society restrained from hopeless degradation.

The inauguration of our late civil war illustrated the operation of this law in a very notable way. When the South became "solid" in its attempt to destroy the Union, the North became "solid" in its defense. The first gun fired upon the national flag was the signal for Northern consolidation. It could not have been otherwise, in the nature of things. If a sectional reason had arisen for the destruction of the government, a sectional reason would instantly spring into being for its preservation, which would wipe out, or hold in abeyance, all party affiliations. The solid South produced the solid North, and what it did then, it will always do. There is not the slightest use in quarreling with the fact, for men are not responsible for it. It simply cannot be helped; and if the South ever hopes to be the power in national politics that she was in the old days, every man within her borders must be free, and the attempt to force her constituents into solidity must be abandoned as most unwise, and, sectionally, suicidal. It will always be enough that the South is solid, under political pressure, to make it impossible for its friends to assist it in its policy, whatever it may be.

The whole Christian world has become incrustated with dogma and formalism. Great importance is attached to beliefs and creeds, and the essentials of Christianity, including its vital center, are almost

forgotten. The church is overloaded with superstition and nonsensical beliefs and sacred falsehoods. What is the cure for all this? The law of checks and balances has its office here, and it has begun its operation through the skepticism of the scientists. The criticism of science was sure to come, as the necessary agent in purifying the church of superstition and falsehood. Popery produced Luther, and the peculiar form in which Christianity has presented itself to this latter age has produced the form of infidelity now propagated by the scientists, whose work we gladly welcome as the only way out of a degrading slavery. When science shall do its perfect work, and Christianity shall be shorn of that which does not belong to it, and of that which has brought it into contempt with a world of bright men and women, then we shall have such a triumph for our religion as the world has never known. And here we call the church to witness that science has thus far taught it nothing, in the uprooting an old belief, that has not enlarged its ideas of God and humanity.

Men are very apt to despair of the world, especially those who have labored long for its good. Our excellent friends who met last autumn at Dr. Tyng's church, to talk about the coming of Christ, were, many of them, those who were discouraged with their work, and who had come to a realization of the fact that the methods of saving men to which they had been bred were inadequate to the undertaking. Did it ever occur to them that their methods may be wrong, and that in the development of the future they are to be set right? Let them not be found fighting their Master in the persons of those who have been sent to show them the nature of the stuff they are believing and preaching. Christianity, purified of its dross, will be a very different thing from Christianity loaded down with sanctified absurdities.

The truth is that this law of checks and balances makes the world safe. All wrong tendencies and influences bring into existence right tendencies and influences, and God is always on the side of the latter. If an institution is worth saving, and has genuine vitality, no influence can be brought against it that will not arouse a counteracting power. The attacks of the scientists upon the church have aroused such a spirit of devotion and inquiry that great good has already resulted from them to the church itself, and, as men must have religion, those who are outside of the church are trying to get at the essential truth for themselves. Just as soon as the Christian world gets over the flurry of the onset, and discovers that the office of science and scientific criticism is to set it right as to such facts, and such only, as come within its range, and that its only lasting effect will be to rectify and purify its beliefs, it will make a marvelous advance; and that time we believe to be not far off. The cause of Christianity, of humanity, of temperance, of progress toward high social ideals, is safe in the operation of this beneficent law. There is nothing that tells against that which is good in the world which has not in it the seeds and the soil of a counteracting and controlling power.

Royalty and Loyalty in Canada.

WE do not see how any thoughtful citizen of the United States can fail to be pleased with the reception extended by the Canadians to the Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise. There are, of course, many things connected with the advent of the august pair which seem not a little odd to our people; but if those who are immediately concerned agree to them, or like them, we should not find fault. No Yankee can possibly understand, of course, why marriage—one of God's and Nature's institutions—does not bring to a perfect social level those who are joined by it, in spite of royalty, which is one of man's institutions. No Yankee can possibly understand how a gentleman who is appointed to the supreme office of a realm, and is by law regarded as the head of his own family, can submit to any social discount by reason of the presence of the wife who shares his bed. In short, the average Yankee naturally thinks that the Marquis of Lorne, notwithstanding his title and office, has rather a large pill to swallow.

All this, however, is none of the Yankee's business. The British and Canadian people are familiar with the notions on which this etiquette, so offensive to us, is based, and they have accepted, and possibly believe in them. The new governor will have the honor paid to him that belongs to his title and his official position, and his wife will socially overtop him, as the bearer of the blood of the Queen. We hope he likes it, and that the Canadians see nothing incongruous or offensive in it; for it seems to us that the expression of affectionate and enthusiastic loyalty, which has accompanied the reception of these high personages, is one of the most delightful and suggestive developments of our time.

It suggests, at least, the thoughts that follow:

It is natural to delight in the incarnation of one's ideas. The American is intensely loyal, after a fashion. He loves his country and his country's institutions. He has reverence for law. He is loyal to it; he respects it; he fights for its maintenance; but he does not love it. It offers nothing to his affectional nature. He writes apostrophes to liberty. He jeopardizes or sacrifices his life for it. He pictures it on canvas in the most attractive forms. He sets it upon pedestals with the lineaments of a goddess. He delights in the contemplation of power, also, as he sees it represented in social pre-eminence, in wealth, in political position and authority. He has the same love of country and pride of nationality that move those living in other climes, under other institutions. But the Englishman and the Canadian have this advantage over the American: that law and liberty and country and institutions, and social pre-eminence and power and authority, are all embodied in a single person, who can be loved and almost worshipped. All their ideas of law and liberty and power, and all their loves of country and institutions and nationality, are incarnated in their Queen. The worship of abstractions, to which the American is called, is comparatively a cold business. A presidential progress is sufficiently noisy, without doubt; but it certainly is a very different thing from the honor

paid a sovereign who, for many years, has represented a nation. It is always easier to be loyal to a person than to an idea; and men who have ideas make to themselves leaders and kings, on whom to fix their faith and their affections. Americans have had, first and last, a good many popular idols; but, in the nature of the case, the President of the United States represents only the favorite of a party.

We have no wish for a change in the American form of government. The risks would be too many, even were a change in any way desirable; but one does not need to be very acute of vision to see that the peculiar form of loyalty which gathers around the Queen and royal family of England is the grand bulwark of the national stability. Indeed, the Queen and her family hardly exist to-day for anything more or better than to sit or serve as the objects of the nation's loyalty. The sovereign of England is a person who, in these days, exercises very little authority, for the English nation is about as truly and thoroughly self-governed as our own. Indeed, England is one of the freest countries of the world; and, in some respects, her governing powers are more directly and immediately responsible to the people than our own. She certainly has this one advantage, to which in this article we call special attention, viz.: that for long years she has had in the supreme place a woman, who has represented the nation and been

the recipient of its affectionate loyalty, and not half a dozen men who, for limited periods of time, have represented a party. Through all administrations and above all administrations, there has stood unchanged the person of the British Queen, as the incarnation of the national institutions, laws, authority and life.

So we are delighted with the expressions of loyalty which have attended the reception of the new Canadian governor and his wife. Canada is a friendly neighbor, with whom it is for the interest of the United States to cultivate the most cordial relations. She wants nothing of us politically, and we want nothing of her; and it is gratifying to learn—what this reception seems to have proved—that Canada is content with the very mild foreign rule under which she lives; nay, that she has a sense of pride in being brought closer to the heart of the empire by the presence within her borders of royal blood. This reception promises well for order and peace and unity, on which our neighbor is to be heartily congratulated. She is to be congratulated on the acquisition of a capable and worthy gentleman to stand at the head of her affairs, and a woman for her social leading and political inspiration who represents in her blood the person around whom cluster the loyal affections of a great and remarkable people.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints to Young Housekeepers. IV.

DUTIES OF A LAUNDRESS.

A LAUNDRESS may be also a chamber-maid, where no housemaid is kept, in which case the housemaid's duties in the bedrooms devolve upon her.

The laundress should be provided (if it is convenient, and not too expensive) with all things suitable for her work. Heavy and light irons, skirt-board, bosom-board, sleeve-board (covered with heavy flannel or bits of blanket) and two washable covers for each,—best in the shape of bags of the shape of the boards and to slip over them,—and two covers for the ironing table, also covered with flannel or blanket. It is the laundress's duty to keep these covers clean. A mangle for bed and table linen and towels is advantageous. With it not more than a quarter of the usual time is required for ironing the linen, and it saves it from all scorching and gives to it the gloss and softness of new. I have used for nearly forty years the old-fashioned heavy mangle filled with stone; but there are now many kinds. The linen is folded very smooth and rolled round the mangle pins, put under the weighted box, and with the handle the box is rolled backward and forward over the pins. There should be horses in the laundry for airing the clothes, and in summer a mosquito net to throw over them to protect them from dust and flies; also a fluting machine and

fluting scissors, a piece of bees'-wax for her irons, and some bits of cotton cloth in which to tie her wax.

The laundry should be kept scrupulously clean. Laundry work is the part of house-work over which a mistress can have the least supervision; she must judge of it by the results. No soda, potash, or borax should be allowed except for special occasions,—the removing of stains, obstinate grease spots, etc.,—when it should be given out for the occasion. Bluing (of which ball-bluing is best), soap and starch must be used at the laundress's discretion. Table-linen is best with a little water starch in it and mangled. Bed-linen is better mangled. Flannels must be washed by themselves in the hottest soap-suds (no soap rubbed upon them), and rinsed in the hottest clear water, and passed through the wringer and well shaken and ironed before they are quite dry. The clothes that are ready should be brought up at the end of the day. This is the duty of the housemaid, if one is kept.

Clothes that are worn or torn should either be mended before going into the wash, or rough-dried and sent upstairs to be mended, before being starched or ironed. There is great economy in this. Clothes are much less destroyed in the wearing than by the wash-board, and a laundress should be forbidden to rub fine clothes upon it. The wash-board is a barbarous invention, and one generally yields to it from a supposed modern necessity.

DUTIES OF A WAITRESS.

THE duties of a waitress vary with the habits and needs of the family. She must first open the windows to air the rooms. If no housemaid is kept the care of the parlors devolves upon the waitress. After attending to the parlor work (see p. 443 of the January No. of this magazine) she should brush down and dust the stairs. It is important to do this before the family is stirring. The dining-room should then be attended to. (If the waitress has charge of the parlors, they can be attended to after breakfast.) She should see that no scraps are upon the dining-room floor; set the breakfast table; see that the kettle (and a waitress should have one which is used by no one else) is put upon the fire filled with fresh filtered cold water.

The front steps and sidewalk can be swept, and the front door and vestibule attended to before or after breakfast, according to the hours of the family. The vestibule should be washed daily. When breakfast is ready, the waitress should appear tidily dressed, and with white aprons and cuffs.

I think much waiting at the breakfast table is out of place. A waitress should look to see that she has omitted nothing, and should be within call during breakfast time. She has the china and silver to wash, the carving-knives to clean, the cleaning appointed for each day, the door-bell to answer, and that she may never go to the door looking untidy, a part of the pantry furniture should be a large, coarse apron which will shield her while doing her work.

Lunch is a less formal meal but it should be nicely served and announced, and dinner should be looked upon not merely as something to eat, but as the climax of the day,—for rest, comfort and conversation. The table should be carefully laid,—folds of the tablecloth in line, two large napkins placed at the head and foot of the table with corners to the center, every plate wiped before being set upon the table, the glass clear, the silver polished, the salt-cellars filled with fresh sifted salt. (A little stamp upon the salt improves the appearance.) When the plates are laid, two forks should be put on the left hand, a knife and a soup-spoon on the right, large spoons crossed at each salt-cellar, and salt-spoons on the top; tumblers and wine-glasses on the right hand at each plate, a napkin folded with a piece of stale bread within its folds, the soup-plates placed in the plate at the head of the table, and the napkin in the upper one. Soup-ladle, gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork go before the mistress; fish-trowel (if there is fish for dinner), gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork before the master; if there is no soup, no ladle; if no fish, no trowel; if but one dish of meat, but one carving knife and fork. If you have neither fruit nor flowers, a bowl with bits of ice makes a pretty center.

The side-table should be laid with a white cloth, the silver, plates, finger-bowls, that will be needed during dinner, arranged tastefully upon it; the castors, a pat of butter with ice upon it, and one or two spare napkins, making it a pretty object.

When the soup is on the table, let the waitress

come quietly and say, "Dinner is served." A good waitress makes no noise. She will stand at the dining-room door till the family has passed in, and then take her place by her mistress to hand the soup. When the soup course is over, the waitress takes off the plates, one in each hand, and takes them to the pantry, or to a tray outside the door. Permit no piling of plates as they are taken from the table, nor allow the soiled plates to be placed on the side-table. As the soup is removed hot plates should be ready for fish or meat, and as the waitress places the hot plate before the diner, she removes the cold plate to the side-table. Fish should be served alone—no vegetables. Salad is the only thing allowable with fish. If fish be broiled, a lemon, cut in quarters, should be handed, to be squeezed upon the fish, unless fish-sauce is preferred. With salmon, thinly cut slices of cucumber, dressed with pepper, salt, and vinegar, should be served. Before the fish is removed, the fish-trowel and spoon should be taken off on a tray or plate; before the meat is removed, the carving-knife and fork and gravy-spoon should be carefully taken on a plate or tray. After the meat and plates are removed, the unused silver should be taken off, then the salt-cellars. The table being cleared, the crumbs should be taken off with a crumb-knife or with a napkin upon a plate; then the spread napkins should be taken off by the four corners.

Place upon the table the dessert-plates, and spoons, and forks, if for pudding or sweets of any kind; if for fruit, a plate with a colored doily, a finger-bowl, and a silver knife and fork. If coffee is served, it should be placed on a tray, with coffee-cups and sugar, at the head of the table. The old fashion of a polished and bare table for fruit is gone out, except where an elaborate table and men-servants are kept.

It is the duty of the waitress to see that no one is without bread and the accustomed beverages during dinner, being careful to hand everything on the left hand side, and never reaching in front of any one.

If tea is taken in the evening, the tray should be set in the drawing-room before dinner. If there is an urn or spirit-kettle, the water should be boiled upon the table, and watched, for the tea should be made the moment the water boils. If the water stands after boiling, the tea is never clear. Where there is no urn or spirit-kettle, the waitress should feel the responsibility of bringing the kettle at the proper moment. The waitress's kettle for tea should be used for no other purpose, and should be rinsed out night and morning, and filled with fresh, cold, filtered water.

The waitress should have a baize-lined drawer in the side-board for her small silver, and a list on the bottom of the drawer of the silver in daily use; and a closet in the side-board for the larger pieces, each with a baize cover, and a list of the pieces on the door of the closet. She should be provided with two baize-lined baskets (if there is no safe),—one for forks, spoons, ladles, etc., and a larger one for the larger pieces; and the silver should be carried upstairs in these baskets at night

to an appointed place. Narrow leather straps passed under the baskets, carried over the handles, tied in their places and buckled tight, will prevent the weight of the silver from loosening the handles. If there is a silver tray in use, it should be put into a fitting cover and carried up with the silver.

The use of plated knives saves much trouble; they are less expensive, and can always be made bright and clean with a little hot water and soap; whereas the steel knives, unless kept in fine order, are not an ornament to the table, and require great care and skill in cleaning. A smooth pine board should be used, well covered with soft bath-brick, and the knives rubbed backward and forward, first on one side, then on the other, till they are finely polished. The handles should never be wet, or they split and become yellow.

Fine china should be washed in warm water; too hot water is apt to crack the enamel. Glass should be washed in cold water (wine-glasses and tumblers), and polished with a soft linen towel. Silver should be washed in the hottest water,—with a little soda in the water,—wiped dry, and polished with a chamois leather. When cleaned, mix ball whitening with some hartshorn to a paste, apply it with a flannel, and polish with the leather. If the silver is embossed, it will require a soft silver-brush.

It is the waitress's duty at night to see that the area-gate is closed, the windows fastened, the doors locked, the gas put out. It is well for some member of the family to loop back the curtains before going upstairs, to preserve them from the contact of working hands in the morning.

A mistress should tell the waitress in the morning whether she will receive visitors or not, that no visitor may be treated with the incivility of sending in a card and being refused admittance, or kept waiting while the servant is running up and down stairs. Let the mistress say she is "engaged," "indisposed," "will not receive," or "is at home"; but do not expect a servant to say you are "out," or "not at home," if you are in the house, if she is to tell the truth upon other occasions. Though the phrase "out" is understood in society, your servant may only understand it as a falsehood.

PLACARD FOR WAITRESS'S PANTRY.

Open windows. Grates, fires and hearth. Brush carpet. Dust thoroughly. Stairs. Sidewalk before or after breakfast. Kettle. Breakfast-table and waiting. Wash silver, china, and glass. Salt-cellars, castors, and knives. Cleaning appointed for the day. Lunch. Dress. Dinner. Washing of dinner silver, china and glass. Tea. Silver. Locking up.

DUTIES OF A LADY'S MAID.

A WOMAN who takes this position must be neat, active, a good dress-maker, a neat seamstress, and a good hair-dresser, and must understand the getting up of fine muslins and laces.

Every lady has her own way and order of dressing, and must direct the maid accordingly. The maid's first daily duty is to repair to her mistress's dressing-room, where the housemaid, if there be one, has already attended to the grate and fire; if there is no housemaid, the maid must take this duty upon herself. Let her protect her hands with a

pair of old gloves, and her dress with a large apron, for a lady's maid needs to keep her hands smooth, delicate, and very clean. She must then prepare the bath, take out the morning dress, put the underclothes to the fire, and have every thing needed upon the toilet-table, when she may go and get her breakfast.

The dressing over, everything is to be put away, brushes combed out, sponges hung up, towels dried and folded, and the room put in order. If she is housemaid as well as lady's maid, she will then attend to the bedroom. (All these duties have been described.)

The dresses worn the day before must then be examined and dusted, and, if muddy, carefully cleaned,—dresses of woolen material with a proper brush, those of silk, with a piece of silk or of soft woolen; all the spots should be removed, and any repairs made, and the clothes hung up in their places. Much-trimmed dresses should be hung on two nails, by loops placed on the belt under the arm, or the weight will drag the skirt into lines. The waists, if separate, should not be hung up. They should be folded carefully with the lining outside, and the seams at the shoulders pulled out straight, and laid upon a shelf or in a drawer.

The bonnet should next be attended to. If the flowers are crushed they should be raised with flower-pliers, which may be got at a flower shop, and the feathers, if damp held before, and not too near the fire or over the steam of boiling water, to restore their curl and crispness. Outer garments should undergo the same examination that they may be ready for wear. Velvet should be cleaned with a soft hair brush. Thin dresses in summer should be shaken, pressed as often as required; and, for this purpose, a maid should have a skirt-board, covered with clean flannel, and two or three fresh cloths, which may be removed and washed.

After having attended to the dresses, she can sit down to any work she may have to do, until she is called upon again. She should take out whatever dress is to be worn for dinner and all its belongings, and, if there is an evening toilet, this must be taken out and made ready, seeing that the skirts are of the right length, etc., etc.

Some ladies require their maids to sit up and undress them, and brush their hair and prepare them for bed. This seems to me not only a very unreasonable requisition, but a very dangerous one to both morals and health. While the mistress is at a gay party, does she expect her maid to sit alone in expectation of her return? She is not likely to do so. It would be better that she should go to bed when her mistress leaves the house, and be ready for her duties the next morning.

Brushes should be washed at least once a week. Dissolve some soda in boiling water, dip the bristles of the brush into the water several times, wetting the handle and back as little as possible, rinse with cold water, wipe the backs and handles, but not the bristles (it makes them soft), and put them into the sun to dry, bristles down. It is better to brush out

the combs and not wet them; a comb-cleaner may be had at any druggist's. All mending but that of stockings, unless of silk, should be done before clothes are sent to the wash. If silk stockings need mending, the stitches should be picked up carefully. Lists should be taken of clothes sent to the wash, for the laundress's sake, as well as your own.

A lady's maid may make herself useful by taking

charge of the table and bed linen, examining and making repairs before the wash, and receiving it and putting it away when brought from the laundry.

Many families keep a seamstress, whose only duty is to sew, make whatever is to be made, and repair and keep in order the linen and clothes. Where there are many children this is rather an economy than an extravagance.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Bayard Taylor's "Prince Deukalion."

THE theme of Prince Deukalion is nothing less than the evolution of human thought from the age of classical antiquity up to the present time, and somewhat beyond. The various agencies that have been active in human history, advancing or retarding the onward march of Man, are symbolized by certain allegorical types, whose very names in most instances give the clue to their interpretation. But for the further guidance of those who might otherwise find the unraveling of the allegory too difficult, the author has given a few hints in the argument which he has prefixed to his poem. It may be a matter of regret that he found this necessary, but as it was of primary importance to him to be understood, and our public are apt to treat with irreverence what they do not understand, one cannot but agree with him as to the necessity.

The first act opens about A.D. 300. The antithesis between the sunny, cheerful paganism of ancient Greece, then in its decay, and the intensity and gloom of early Christianity is strikingly indicated in the choruses of the Nymphs and the Subterranean Voices of the Christian Martyrs, and the rhythmical structure of the verse,—in one instance gracefully tripping anapests, and in the other slow-footed iambs, tend further to emphasize the contrast. The Nymphs are passing away with the joyous religion to which they owed their being, and the new faith, hidden as yet in catacombs, celebrating its rites in subterranean caverns, is soon to rise triumphant in the daylight and complete their ruin:

"NYMPHS.

"We came when you called us, we linked our dainty being
With the mystery of beauty, in all things fair and brief;
But only he hath seen us who was happy in the seeing,
And he hath heard who listened in the gladness of belief.

"As a frost that creeps, ere the winds of winter whistle,
And odors die in blossoms that are chilly to the core,
You doubt hath sent before it the sign of our dismissal;
We pass, ere ye speak it; we go, and come no more.

"VOICES (from underground).

"We won, through martyrdom, the power to aid;
We met the anguish and were not afraid:
Like One, we bore for you the penal pain.
Behold, your life is but a culprit's chance:
To rise, renewed, from out its closing trance;
And, save its loss, there is not any gain!"

In the following lines the shepherd describes the appearance of Gæa, the ancient Mother Earth:

"But, lo!—who rises yonder?—as from sleep
Rising, slow movements of a sluggish grace,
That speak her gentle though a fitness,
And strong though troubled is her breadth of brow,
And eyes of strange, divine obscurity."

Gæa is evidently a personification of Nature who "travails with her children," who "changes with Man, Mother not more than partner of his fate." Her sentiments are pagan; for Greek paganism loved and honored her, while Christianity rebelled against her and pronounced her evil. She hails Eros, the god of Love, the last survivor of the Olympian dynasty (who, though eternally young, was, according to an ancient myth, the first-born of the gods), and sees in his survival a bright promise for the race:

"A single seed,
When soil and seasons lend their alchemy,
May clothe a barren continent in green."

She re-instates him in his ancient kingdom, and bids him reconquer the earth which the new religion threatens to wrest from his sway:

"ply the teachery
That into blessing soon forgives itself;
Print thy soft iris on white wings of prayer;
Strike dangerous delight through sacrifice;
And penetrate the sterner faith
With finest essence of the thing it spurns."

The third scene introduces Deukalion and Pyrrha, the ideals of possible manhood and possible womanhood. They do not yet in corporeal presence inhabit the world, but watch the revolutions of history and wait for the day when incarnate they shall dwell as real denizens of the earth; for not until then are they permitted to celebrate their nuptials. They are filled with regret at the downfall of the glory of the Greek civilization; and yet they recognize the fact that the new age which is dawning is to be an advance upon the one that is past:

"Yet, His law is good
Who now shall rule; for they we lose withheld
The strength of human hands from human throats,
Forced them to join, and overcome and build,—
Create where they destroyed; but He compels
That strength to help, and makes it slave of love.
Thus, from the apathy of faith outworn
Rises a haughty life, that soon shall spurn
The mold it grew from."

Nevertheless, doubt and hope struggle alternately in Deukalion's mind, and he determines to go and

* Prince Deukalion. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

find his sire Prometheus and seek assurance from his lips. Prometheus, the stealer of the fire, is the symbol of the foreseeing, unquenchable Titanic aspiration in man, as Pandora, the Titaness, is the embodiment of the corresponding qualities in woman. Through the slow changes of time, when Wrong, for the moment, seems to have triumphed over Right, his gaze still preserves its divine serenity, seeing man ever arising in a purer and nobler form from the struggles that threatened to destroy him:

"I set in Man
Immortal seeds of pure activities,
By mine atonement freed, to burst and bloom
In distant, proud fulfilment."

In response to Deukalion's question whether his mediated plans shall in the end prevail, Prometheus calls his brother Epimetheus, and the bright goddess Eos, the existence of both of whom is an eternal pledge that humanity is still treading in the path of progress. Epimetheus—the backward-looking—is investigation, research, the healthful yearning in man to gain that clear and unprejudiced knowledge of the past, which alone will enable him to divine the future. Eos, the goddess of the morning, who responds, unseen, to Pandora's call, is the bright unclouded hope which strengthens aspiration into certainty and guides man through sorrows, struggles and wrongs toward ever mightier achievements. These three agencies, symbolized by Prometheus, Epimetheus and Eos, are the living motors of history, and as long as they exist, no power is strong enough to thwart the evolution of humanity toward higher and better states. Therefore Deukalion and Pyrrha return re-assured to the earth, content to wait with patient trust until the better day shall dawn.

At the opening of the second act, the fulfillment of their hopes seems more remote than ever. The Catholic Church, personified in Medusa, is at the height of its power, and mankind seems to be lying prostrate at its feet. Deukalion is full of sorrow, and, were it not for the prophecy of his sire, would despair of the human race:

"My limbs are weary, now the hoping heart
No more can lift their burden and its own.
The long, long strife is over; and the world,
Half driven and half persuaded to accept
Seems languidly content. As from the gloom
Of sepulchers its gentler faith arose,
Austere of mien, the suffering features worn,
With lips that loved denial, closed on pain,
And eyes accustomed to the lift of prayer."

Deukalion, it will be seen, is a Greek at heart; and the poet evidently means to indicate that the ideal man of the future, although no mere repetition of the Athenian type, must reconquer from the Hellenic civilization its noble joy in existence, its perfect equilibrium of body and soul, its healthful sense of harmony and beauty. The modern type is too unequally developed; the mind has gained an undue preponderance, and the body has not yet fully recovered from the contempt and maltreatment to which the ascetic mediæval Christianity subjected it. Therefore it is not strange that Bayard Taylor seems on every page of this poem to be exclaiming

with Goethe: "*Die Griechen, die Griechen, und immer die Griechen.*"

In the words of the youth (evidently Dante) who stoops to kiss the marble lips of the antique Muse, is expressed that unquenchable yearning for the beautiful which is innate in man, and which a century later triumphed over the ascetic tendency, and in the Renaissance paganized the arts which had hitherto obediently followed the guidance of the church.

In the next scene, Medusa, in the glory of her full-blown strength, is sitting upon her throne, sending forth her messengers with her inexorable mandates to the four corners of the earth. She accepts with certain restrictions the poet, the painter, and the Muses in her service, excluding only Urania (Science), whom she banishes as a dangerous blasphemer. Urania goes to commune with Epimetheus and the Spirits of the Wind, the Snow, and the Stream; Science, even though the Church declare it the enemy of God, continues unweariedly its task, utilizing the results of historical research and watching the phenomena of Nature, and testing and subjecting its forces.

The third act deals with the Gothic civilization of the present century, and seems poetically to be pitched nearly an octave higher than the two preceding ones. As the poet reaches his own century, his theme gathers strength and volume, and his thought, fed by a hundred tributaries of observation, gains a more vehement impulse. Man, no longer blindly obedient to authority, has drawn nearer to Nature's heart, and rediscovered the eternal youth and beauty of the earth, or in the words of Gæa:

"Tired of the early mystery, my child
Harkens, as one at entrance of a vale
Never explored, for echoes of his call;
And every lone, inviolate height returns
His fainter self, become a separate voice
In answer to his yearning. Not as dam
With hungry mouth—as goddess with bowed head
He woos me; or as athlete, million-armed,
Summons my strength from immemorial sleep.
He comes, the transient of the ages—comes
The rash forgetter of his source; as lord
He comes—lord, paramour and worshiper,
Tyrant in brain, yet suppliant in soul,
With fond compulsion and usurping love
To make me his!"

The age is big with promise, and yet Deukalion and Pyrrha, having seen progress so often thwarted and followed by a miserable reaction, dare not abandon themselves to the joy of hoping:

"How often, Pyrrha, have we watched the morn
Divinely flush—and fade! How often heard
Music, that, ere it bade us quite rejoice
Died echoes! Yet Patience cannot be,
Like Love, eternal, save at times it grow
To swift and poignant consciousness of self;
And something veiled from knowledge whispers now
Prometheus stirs in Hades!"

Calchas (Protestant Orthodoxy), who governs the lands of the North, plays the part of Medusa on a minor scale; he is robed in the old hierarchical pomp, and clings to the old symbols. He shrinks from the consequences of his own concessions, and would fain set limits to the liberty of human thought:

"Lo!
How he who governs these austere lands
Withholds his gifts, betrays his promises,
Gives freedom for repentance, not for change,
Nor other answer than his own, to doubt!
Foe to Medusa, in his secret dreams
He wears her triple crown,—allows, perforce,
Urania, banished from her first abodes,
Chill hospitality, an exile's fare,—
No right of home! What will his welcome be,
When Epimetheus, hand in hand with her,
Tells the new story of the human past."

The dialogue between Deukalion, Pyrrha, and Calchas states, in noble and often epigrammatic language, the attitude of Orthodoxy to Science and the legitimate aspirations of the race. The following lines will suffice to indicate the author's point of view:

"When the past is purified
We shall possess the future."

"The heart, that doubts the brain,—
Feeling, divorced from knowledge,—this it is
That neither loves us, nor can be estranged."

"Give knowledge room,
Yea, room to doubt, and sharp denial's gust
That makes all things unstable! Tremble not
When stern Urania writes the words of Law:
Make Life once more the noble thing it was
When gods were human, or the nobler thing
It shall be when the god becomes divine!"

In the fifth scene Urania and Epimetheus define the limits of their empire. Science deals only with the phenomena of life, but has never yet penetrated to its source. Epimetheus, sending his far-reaching vision down through the long avenues of time, and reading unerringly the riddles of the past, works hand in hand with Urania, but can no more than she solve that deepest of riddles,—what life is in its essence. But the consciousness of their limitations does not abate their zeal:

"There is no enmity
Where neither can be lord; do thou thy task,
I mine, and each eternal force its own."

Deukalion and Pyrrha, in the meanwhile, are standing on the shore of the ocean, gazing expectantly toward the east, where the golden Eos is flushing the horizon with her radiant promise. They see a barque nearing the strand, and Prometheus and Epimetheus appear. The moral and intellectual condition of the present is allegorically summed up in their dialogue, its vast achievements emphasized, and its still unsolved problems frankly stated:

"every Force,
Once idle, formless, unto Man becomes
A god to labor and a child to guide:
While Space, obstructing human will no more,
Makes time a tenfold ally; while the draught
Of knowledge, once a costly cup, invites
Free as a wayside brook to whose thirsts;
And aspiration, trying lonely wings,
Escapes the ancient arrow! These are gains
We cannot lose; but what new justice comes
With them to right Earth's everlasting wrongs?—
The weariness of work that never sees
Its consequence; chances of joy denied
To noble natures, prodigal for mean;
Helpless inheritance of want and crime;
The simplest duties, never owned untaught,
The highest marred by holy ignorance;
Crowned Self, that with his impotent, hollow words
Is noisiest, and Vanity, that deems
His home the universe, his day all time!"

And yet, in spite of this heavy indictment against the age, Pyrrha foresees the splendor of the dawn that is surely coming:

"I stand as one that after darkness feels
The twilight: all the air is promise-flushed,
Yet strangely chill, and though the sense delight
In sweet deliverance, something in the blood
Cries for the sun."

In the last act the poet, without laying claim to prophetic inspiration, tries to forecast the future. He carefully refrains from dogmatizing, but indicates, in broad and general outlines, the direction and tendency of development which, according to his belief, the coming centuries will pursue. It is probably owing to this same desire to give hints and glimpses, rather than definite statements, that he has made Agathon, the man of the future, a child, whose full-grown manhood may leave wide room for conjecture as to the precise manner in which the promises of his youth are to be fulfilled. The old innocent joy in existence, we are led to believe, is to return,—yet not child-like and thoughtless, but matured and purified by the long discipline of the world's past suffering:

"O Purest, Holiest! not thy path
"Twixt tortured love and ancient wrath,
Is mine to follow: none again
Wins thy beatitude of pain;
But all the glory of the day,
All beauty near or far away,
All bliss of life that, born within,
Makes quick forgetfulness of sin,
Attend me, and through me express
The meaning of their loveliness."

I know I AM,—that simplest bliss
The millions of my brothers miss.
I know the fortune to be born,
Even to the meanest wretch they scorn;
What mingled seeds of life are sown
Broadcast, as by a hand unknown,
(A demon's or a child-god's way
To scatter fates in willful play!—
What need of suffering precedes
All deeper wisdom, nobler deeds;
And how man's soul may only rise
By something stern that purifies."

We are now introduced into a spacious church, whose windows are open and whose nave is filled with sunshine. Urania believes that the hour is at hand when she shall overthrow this temple to the unknown power:

"The mine beneath the fortress of my foe
Is dug, the fuse is laid, and only fails
One spark of fire, but such as must be stolen
Elsewhere than from mine atoms."

Agathon declares her endeavors futile and her enmity causeless. Urania demands to know the proofs of the immortality of the soul and of the existence of an Almighty Power, to which Agathon answers:

"Proven by its need!
By fates so large no fortune can fulfill;
By wrong no earthly justice can atone;
By promises of love that keep love pure
And all rich instincts powerless of aim
Save chance, and time, and aspiration wed
To freer forces, follow! By the trust
Of the chilled Good that at life's very seed
Puts forth a root, and feels its blossom sure;
Yea, by thy law!—since every being holds
Its final purpose in the primal cell,
And here the radiant destiny d'efflores
Its visible bounds, enlarges what it took
From sources past discovery, and predicts
No end, or if an end, the end of all!"

The phantoms of Buddha, Medusa and Calchas appear and seat themselves upon opposite thrones. Urania too, mingling with them as their peer, occupies a similar elevation. Here, then, we have the great religions which have made epochs in the history of the world, seated face to face in communion. We were at first inclined to believe that the author in this scene intended to give us a glimpse of the religion of the future; that, perhaps, it was to be eclectic in its character, embodying what was best in the religions of the past. But there is nothing in the scene to support such an hypothesis; Buddha, Medusa and Calchas have undergone no change of heart, but are the same that they always were. In a brief dialogue they reveal their natures in the most striking antitheses. Buddha's meditations are expressive of the dreamy Oriental asceticism:

"Across my bliss of Self absorbed in All,
And only conscious as a speck of dust
Is of its Earth, there creeps such faintest thrill
As to the lotus-bud or rose's root
Strikes downward from the sweetness of the flower,—
The sign that somewhere in this outlived world
A God-selected soul is ripe to ask
A question that compels reply. I wake,
As one that hammock-cradled under palms
Beside a tropic river, drinks the breath
Of clove and cinnamon, orchards, seaward blown,
And through the half-transparency of his lids
Sees, from the golden-gray of afternoon
The sunset's amber flush, but never fade."

Agathon proclaims the evanescent character of all creeds:

"Earth's petty creeds fall off as wintered leaves,
When April swells the bud of new. Men grow,
But not beyond their hearts,—possess, enjoy,
Yet, being dependent, ever must believe."

Prometheus appears and dismisses the phantoms of the past religions with the following words:

"Forces that work, or dream;
Shadows that are, or seem;
Whether your spell sublime
Fades at the touch of Time,
Or from the ages ye
Take loftier Destiny,—
I, of the primal date
As of the final fate,
Having compelled, release;
Depart, but not in peace!"

Deukalion and Pyrrha, the ideal man and woman, are no longer incomprehensible phantasms, viewed with distrust and suspicion. They are drawing nearer to man, and to the more clear-sighted their features are becoming more and more visible. The shepherd and the shepherdess, the representatives of the average unthinking humanity, begin to discover that existence even upon this earth may be full of joy, and amid their toil they sing happy songs to each other:

"Where the arch of the rock is bended,
Warm, and hid from the dew,
Slumber the sheep I tended,
All the sweet night through.
Never a wolf affrights them
Here, in the pasture's peace,
But the tender grass delights them,
And the shadows cool their fleece."

Too blest the hour has made me
For speech the tongue may know,

But my happy flute shall aid me,
And speak to my love below."

"SHEPHERDESS (*singing in the valley*)

"Uncover the embers!
With pine-cone and myrtle
My breath shall enkindle
The sacred Fire!
Arise through the stillness
My shepherd's blue signal,
And bear to his mountain
The valley's desire!
The olive-tree bendeth;
The grapes gather purple;
The garden in sunshine
Is ripe to the core!
Then smile as thou sleepest
His fruit and my blossom;
There is peace in the chamber
And song at the door!"

Now Deukalion and Pyrrha may first approach each other, and, in a kiss, seal the pledge of their future union, which, though yet, perhaps, delayed, is sure to be accomplished. And Eos, looking down upon the happy earth, for the first time reveals to man her radiant countenance. In the closing apostrophe of Prometheus he gathers all the complex thoughts of the poem into a simple and solemn finale:

"Retrieve perverted destiny!
'Tis this shall set your children free.
The forces of your race employ
To make sure heritage of joy;

"For Life, whose source not here began,
Must fill the utmost sphere of Man,
And, so expanded, lifted be
Along the line of God's decree
To find in endless growth all good,—
In endless toil, beatitude.
Seek not to know Him; yet aspire
As atoms toward the central fire!
Not lord of race is He, afar—
Of Man, or Earth, or any star,
But of the inconceivable All;
Whence nothing that there is can fall
Beyond Him, but may nearer rise,
Slow-circling through eternal skies.
His larger life ye cannot miss
In gladly, nobly using this.
Now, as a child in April hours
Clasps tight its handful of first flowers,
Homeward to meet His purpose, go!
These things are all ye need to know."

It is not to be denied that there is among us a prejudice against everything which is not expressed in the plainest every-day language. We are loath to grapple with enigmas which refuse at the first glance to yield up their full meaning. But for all that, the fact remains that there are thoughts which can be better and more nobly expressed by symbolic imagery than in any other way, and for such thoughts the allegory is the most legitimate form. The present is certainly one of the most ambitious in scope that have ever been written; as to its philosophic and poetic merits the readers of the analysis here given will be able to judge for themselves. In conclusion, we wish to call attention to the technical mastery and the fineness of ear which Bayard Taylor displays in the handling of his verse.

It is only to be added that the view of the poem we have presented is purely literary: its philosophy is not Christian, and the ideal man of the poem is not Christ.

Whittier's Last Volume.*

MR. Whittier is one of the few American poets in whose work we detect no falling off as the shadows of age gather around him. We confidently expect his last volume to be his best volume, and our confidence is not disappointed. We miss, it is true, the glowing fervor and the fiery indignation of his early lyrics, but their absence is amply compensated for by a calmer and deeper tone of thought and feeling, and a more artistic perfection of form. What was *manner* in the beginning has ripened into *style*, and what was of questionable value among his themes has been discarded for ever. We have no more such unsuccessful Indian poems as "Mogg Megone" and "The Bridal of Pennacook," and no more "Voices of Freedom." We have in their stead exquisite legendary ballads, delicious descriptions of natural scenery, patriotic Revolutionary lyrics, and graceful and noble personal poems. Mr. Whittier is easily the best living writer of ballads, and his best ballad, "The Witch of Wenham," is in some respects the most poetical poem in the present collection. He excels all our poets in knowledge of, and sympathy with, what may be called colonial phases of belief, chief among which should be placed the persecution of his co-religionists and those who were suspected of witchcraft. The Laureate of suffering,—

"His sweetest songs are those that breathe of saddest thought."

He is the most religious of our poets,—the one, that is, to whom the problem of life and death is always a matter of serious meditation, a matter of the gravest importance to mankind. If an undevout astronomer is mad, as the sententious author of the "Night Thoughts" declares, an undevout poet is madder still, to the simple and reverent nature of Mr. Whittier.

"The Vision of Echard" is a protest against the narrowness of faith. The monk Echard falls asleep, and his thoughts become a dream,—a dream in which his inward ear detects the voice of a spirit, which addresses itself to men. What do I lack, O my children? it questions. Do I need your alms, when the gold and silver of the earth are mine, and the gifts that ye bring me were evermore my own? Do I heed the noise of your viols, the pomp of your masques and shows?

"Have I not dawns and sunsets?
Have I not winds that blow?"

Am I vain, as you are, of rank and name and honors? What can Eternal Fullness gain from your lip-service? I gave you the prophets, the lay of the Psalmist, the stone tables of the law, and this holy book and day; but you have lost the spirit in the form, and the giver in the gift. He alone serves me who loves, forgives, and pities, and counts his brother's welfare as sacred as his own.

"I loathe your wrangling counsels,
I tread upon your creeds;
Who made ye mine avengers,
Or told ye of my needs?"

* The Vision of Echard, and Other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

"I bless men and ye curse them,
I love them and ye hate;
Ye bite and tear each other,
I suffer long and wait.

"Ye bow to ghastly symbols,
To cross and scourge and thorn;
Ye seek his Syrian manger
Who in the heart is born.

"For the dead Christ, not the living,
Ye watch his empty grave
Whose life alone within you
Has power to bless and save."

This is noble devotional writing, which could never have been written by one whose creed was "cabined, cribbed, confined." We find no such writing by the devotional poets of England, from the days of Herbert and Vaughn, down to those of Keble and Bowring. From a friend alone could we have had the great lesson which underlies "The Vision of Echard." Very different from this is the "Hymn of the Dunkers,"—a remarkable representative poem, as admirable in its way as Tennyson's "St. Simeon Stylites."

Mr. Whittier's love of nature is radiant in "Sunset on the Bear-camp," "The Seeking of the Waterfall," and "June on the Merrimac,"—the last, perhaps, being the finest of these three poems. The best of the purely personal poems here commemorate a poet and a soldier,—Fitz-Greene Halleck and William Francis Bartlett,—and are among Mr. Whittier's happiest tributes to genius and valor. "The Henchman" is an exquisite fantasy, which, somehow, reminds us of one of Hood's perfect ballads, beginning, "Sigh on, sad heart, for love's eclipse,"—the lovely atmosphere of which it reflects and reduplicates. It is nothing if not a poem, and of the most poetical kind. We have not hitherto ranked Mr. Whittier with our most finished poets, but we must henceforth, for the literary workmanship of every poem in this volume is faultless.

Joaquin Miller's "Songs of Italy."**

MR. MILLER's new volume tells nothing very new of the poet or of Italy. There is more, far more, of Joaquin Miller in it than of Italy, but it is the fashion of the day to demand the human being in a book rather than the author's creation. The world loves to gossip, and so loves to hear all about a poet's loneliness and ill-success in love, about his adventures in Venice and "Saxon" yearnings to move on around the world. It makes no difference that the reader has a suspicion as to the genuineness of Mr. Miller's lorn state of mind. The gossip is there, and the world will enjoy it without requiring to be let in behind the scenes. For the rest these poems have the old virtues and the old defects of Mr. Miller's vein. There is some of the swing of the "Ship in the Desert," and every now and then a rough word, at which we are expected to start with pleased surprise, and note Mr. Miller's red shirt and high boots. Here is a fine breezy piece that shows that there is real poetry in the man.

** Songs of Italy. By Joaquin Miller, author of "Songs of the Sierras," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

I.

"Twere better blow trumpets 'gainst love; keep away
The traitorous urchin with fire and shower,
Or fair or foul means you may have in your power
Than have him come near you for one little hour.
Take physic, consult with your doctor, as you
Would fight a contagion; carry all through
The populous day some drug that smells loud
As you pass on your way, or make way through the crowd:
Talk war or carouse; only keep off the day
Of his coming, with every true means in your way.

II.

Blow smoke in the eyes of the world, and laugh
With the broad-chested men, as you loaf at your inn,
As you crowd to your inn from your saddle, and quaff
The red wine from a horn; while your dogs at your feet,
Your slim, spotted dogs, like the fawn, and as fleet,
Crouch patiently by and look up at your face,
As they wait for the call of the horn to the chase.
For you shall not suffer and you shall not sin
Until peace goes out and till love comes in.

III.

Love horses and hounds, meet many good men;
Yea, men are most proper and keep you from care;
There is strength in a horse. There is pride in his will.
It is sweet to look back as you climb the steep hill.
There is room. You have movement of limb; you have air;
Have the smell of the wood, of the grasses; and then
What comfort to rest, as you lie thrown at length
All night and alone, with your fists full of strength!"

There is slovenliness in this, but there is also a pleasant sense of recklessness. The last phrase, "with your fists full of strength," is excellent. Some of the other songs are remarkably good. But on the whole there is nothing new to say about the book. Admirers will not fail to be pleased; others will hardly be won by it from their adverse opinion.

O'Reilly's "Songs, Legends and Ballads." *

FIVE years have passed since Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly asserted his right to be considered a poet by his "Songs from the Southern Seas." The Australian life depicted therein was novel to us, and several of the poems in which it was handled (notably "The King of the Vasse") indicated the possession of rare poetic qualities. Mr. O'Reilly seemed to be a born story-teller, whose chief merit was vigor of conception, and whose chief fault was carelessness of execution; his stories had the virtue of brevity, a virtue not found in the stories of William Morris.

Mr. O'Reilly was not an idle singer in his "Songs from the Southern Seas," nor has he been since, as his second venture shows, for it contains more than twice as many poems as are in that collection. We wish we could say that they were twice as good as those; but, unfortunately, we cannot. Mr. O'Reilly has grown, perhaps, but not poetically. He has become enamored of such prosaic themes as "The Value of Gold," "Bone, and Sinew, and Brain," "There is Blood on the Earth," "Love, and be Wise," and so on. That poems of the class to which these belong may be made, if not very poetical, agreeable at least, Mr. Longfellow has proved, and, in a much less degree, Mr. Charles Mackay. There is a charm in their didacticism which Mr. O'Reilly never attains. A stanza will indicate what he has attained as well as a whole poem. For example:

"Mere store of money is not wealth, but rather
The proof of poverty and need of bread.
Like men themselves in the bright gold they gather;
It may be living, or it may be dead."

We are sorry that Mr. O'Reilly has joined the clerical force of song. He had much better have remained the narrative poet that he was, and have left ethics to others. His lay sermons are unworthy of his genius. If the stanza just quoted does not convince the reader of this fact, the concluding stanzas of "Love, and be Wise," certainly will:

"Gather words patiently;
Harvest the seed;
Let the winged years fly,
Sifting the seed.

"Judging by harmony,
Learning by strife;
Seeking in unity
Precept and life.

"Seize the supernal—
Prometheus dies;
Take the external
On trust—and be wise."

Strong's "Poke o' Moonshine." *

A HEALTHY taste for nature in its external shell, a love for the noise of water-falls and breezes through leaves, a keen eye for what is happy and picturesque in forests, lakes and meadows—these are the qualities which give value to Mr. Strong's second trial at poetry. Add to them a good feeling for the rhythm of verse and enough judgment to avoid aggressive adjectives, a desire to write clean and healthy verse and a wish to be patriotic in his subject, and we have pretty nearly the measure of his frank attempt. Beyond these excellent preliminaries we cannot go. Although the poem is meant for an organic whole, there is little clearness in its plot or coherency in its parts; although it distinctly sets out to tell a story, it really sounds like the improvised poetic version of a legend so well known to the hearers that distinctness is not required under the circumstances. For this reason Mr. Strong is doubtless at odds with the probable truth when, in his introduction, he says of the reader: "If he becomes drowsy, let him at least note that he escapes irritation." In this he does himself injustice on the one side, and on the other assumes too easily that the reader will be pleased. It is doubtful if the ordinary reader, who does not look for a Milton in every young poet, will think of getting drowsy over "Poke o' Moonshine." For although it cannot be said to rivet the attention as the lays of Sir Walter Scott once did and often still do, there is sufficient freshness and frankness in the poem, sufficient breath of out-of-doors and suspension of plot, even sufficient movement in the current of the song, to keep the benignant reader from napping. On the other hand an element of irritation is present in the confusion of the plot, whether it be due to an endeavor to rouse the expectation by suspending the catastrophe, or because the author himself has become too familiar with the

* Songs, Legends and Ballads. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: The "Pilot" Publishing Company.

* Poke o' Moonshine. By Latham Cornell Strong, Author of "Castle Windows." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

legend to explain it clearly and harmoniously from point to point. It may be that the greatest evil flows from spinning out the story too much, just as some of our American painters spread their powers over canvases so large that the general effect becomes weak. While the result is not altogether unfruitful, while the very spinning out of descriptions and situations produces a lazy charm which is relished by people who read poetry for a pastime and when time is plenty with them, it cannot prove otherwise than hurtful to the poem when judged as a thing to last the strain of years.

Poke o' Moonshine is the name of a picturesque mountain in the La Moille valley, where a deserter from the French army hid during the French war. He deserted to stay near his love, a young girl named Clemence La Moille to whom he had been betrothed in France. The poem has four parts, named respectively: "The Cabin among the Pines;" "The Realm of the Evening Star;" "Poke o' Moonshine;" and "The Cavern of Shadows." At least one of these parts has nothing to do with the legend, and only confuses matters. The love affair of Onewaskea the Indian not only breaks in upon the love affair of Du Bois and Clemence, but is in itself far too sensational and unreal to stand. Even in Cooper's day Indians of this kind would not be tolerated. The parts printed in italics which relate to France and a château on the Rhone are also discordant elements, exhibiting a lack of sound taste which must be laid to the author's inexperience. The poem begins with a dream :

THE DREAM.

*The roses nodded and fell asleep
By the porter's lodge—o'er the donjon keep
The peacock basked—on the turrets old,
The banners drooped with drowsy fold,
And across the courtyard the millioned windows
Flamed diamond panes of burnished gold.*

*This by the Rhone, when the days were spent
In court and camp, and in tournament,
When the maid to the minstrel beneath her bower
Would fling from her bosom the passion-flower
And lean from the half-shut, vine-clad lattice,
The moonlight standing athwart the tower.*

After the dream comes a prologue which introduces the speaker of the piece, a wrinkled crone. Neither crone nor dream really assists the story, although they are told about in lines of as much melody as can be found in other parts of the volume :

PROLOGUE.

The laughing sun romped through the world
Shaking its long locks drenched with gold,
And the blue sea glistened beyond the line
Of the meadows rippling with shade and shine,
In a sweet sad summer of long ago—
In a summer of legend and song that flow
In my rhyme like a brook by rock and tree,
Half shadow and sun to a silent sea—
A legend that seems like a wild strange dream
Of the mountain path, and the forest stream—
A song that is sad as the lone sea-bird's
When it seeks its mate with plaintive words.

All the hundred pages of the little volume may not be as sweet and musical as the examples given above, but these are fair samples.

Verses of Two Children.*

It cannot but cast a shadow on the enjoyment of these remarkably healthy and spontaneous songs to reflect that literary precocity has already found conspicuous martyrs in Chatterton and the Davids. And though the entire absence of morbidness is a fair omen for the future of these two New England girls of fifteen and twelve, yet one instinctively feels that such a publication is a dangerous example to set in a day and country cursed by over-stimulus of youth. One of the sisters has anticipated this regret in a stanza that may be imagined as standing for the mute plea of many a tired little brain :

*"On the bud of promise sweet
Lavish no too fervent heat,—
Clearly, purely, softly shine :
Let not childhood lose too soon
All its fresh, unconscious bloom.
Touch us gently, gently, Time."*

The mother's prefatory note also shows a recognition of the dangers to which this volume is likely to expose the young writers, and which all lovers of children and poetry must hope are greatly exaggerated.

The verses are chiefly noticeable for their rhythmical finish and their thrush-like freedom of song. The impression left by the book is of two joyous children who have caught their sentiments direct from nature, and their rhythm from light hearts and from an early reading of the best poets. For them it is still

*"the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower; "*

and it is out of the fullness of this virginal delight in nature that their best songs come. There is a certain lightness in the treatment of their simple themes of home and rural life which conceals from the ear the commonplaceness which pervades the subjects, and which in an attempt to make more of them would be unpleasantly evident. As far as they go, too, the poems are generally complete. Often they have a compactness of description which is not rare in a child's mind, but which we begin to miss when intellectual experience comes in to make complex the former simple, definite impressions. It is thus the lyrical quality that is most prominent and best. This song of Elaine's is fairly representative :

*"Oh, wild azalea, rosy red,
In every woody hollow,
Put out, put out your pretty head,
That I may see and follow !
That I may see and follow, dear,
That I may see and follow ! "*

Another is already better known :

"ASHES OF ROSES."

*"Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie,—
Ashes of roses.*

*"When Love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses."*

* Apple Blossoms: Verses of Two Children. By Elaine and Dora Read Goodale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

And here is one by Dora, entitled

"HAY-MAKING.
 "Daisied meadows, fields of clover,
 Grasses juicy, fresh, and sweet,—
 In a day the wild bees hover
 Over many a fragrant heap;
 Windrows all the meads do cover,
 Blossoms fall, and farmers reap,—
 In a month, and all is over—
 Stored away for winter's keep."

So similar are the impulses and experience of the two girls, and so unformed is their individuality that it is often difficult to distinguish the authorship of the verses. Elaine's have perhaps more variety, with occasionally more of an introspective cast. Dora's have rather a deeper significance, with more promise of imaginative growth. It is she, for instance, who sings of

"A wind-blown brook in Spring,"—
 and of

"Rosy tints in melting skies
 As morning opens her dewy eyes—"

and in the charming little poem, "An Autumn Picture" (which, with others, was published first in this magazine), of

"Clouds that sail the heavens through,"—
 "Green fields, where silvery ripples fade,"—
 "And clover, which has bloomed anew
 Since shining scythes did cut it through."

Such lines, however, are very rare. Most of the expression is ordinary if not hackneyed, and often the influence of Shakspeare, Tennyson, or Barry Cornwall is more than palpable, as in the "Blow, blow thou winter wind," which recalls the song of *Amiens* in "As You Like It," and in the first quotation above, the refrain of which is identical with a line in Procter. But it is too much to expect originality of these young writers, and they will do well if they look no lower for their models.

It is a matter of considerable surprise that the last generation could have been so moved by the verses of Lucretia Davidson, the best of which were but faint echoes of the dull cadences of Pope or the singing rhythm of Moore, and flavored only with the pietism of Henry Kirke White. In these later rhymes there is something more than mere precocity. They give indications of a sense of literary art, the want of which was the most conspicuous defect of Lucretia's verse.

McKnight's "Life and Faith."*

SPONTANEITY of thought, Wordsworth's love of nature, true modesty, deep religiousness, and a cheerful healthiness of tone mark this book of sonnets. At times the poet seems to be trying to express too much and there is a little obscurity, requiring several readings; occasionally a decidedly prosaic line or a weak word placed by the exigency of the rhyme makes it questionable whether a simpler form of verse would not have been better. The use of monosyllables sometimes causes the rhythm to seem harsh, and the rhymed couplet at the end

of each sonnet perhaps gives it too epigrammatic a form. In fact we doubt whether Mr. McKnight was wise in choosing the poetic form at all. Yet in substance, "Life and Faith" is a work of unusual merit and originality. Though introspective, there is no morbidness; though religious, there is no suspicion of cant; though personal, there is no petty egotism and conceit.

Among the sonnets we marked as specially worthy, the following perhaps gives the best idea of Mr. McKnight's style:

"RELATIVE TRUTH.

"SHOULD drooping eyelids from my eyes conceal
 The sky's expanse, still to my downward sight
 A pool's smooth surface in a cloudless night
 Heaven's peaceful, starry aspect might reveal.
 And though at times the stars might seem to reel
 And tremble, if I then should note aright
 The wavelets moving o'er that surface bright
 And the disturbing breeze distinctly feel,
 My reason would with full assurance know
 The tumult in that earth-reflected view
 Of heaven, to earthly tumult must be due;
 And that the image the still waters show
 Must in its look so tranquil and serene
 Be truer to realities unseen."

Henry James's "Daisy Miller."*

THIS reprint of a short story contributed to an English magazine has been much criticised in the United States for the uncomplimentary character of its heroine. American women are so accustomed to being held up as models of cleverness and good taste, that they naturally feel a little sore when an experienced observer, like Mr. James, produces a character which cannot be meant otherwise than typical, and yet exhibits an American girl abroad in anything but a pleasing light. The character is denounced as exaggerated in the extreme, and only applicable to Americans in Europe who are the scandal and terror of their fellow-travelers. These denouncers are not satisfied with Winterburn's aunt, who represents the refined or merely sophisticated American women that will have nothing to do with the Daisy Millers they meet on their travels. The aunt is too shadowy to represent the indignation of Americans who are properly imbued with European notions of what freedom is allowable to young girls. Such criticisms emanate, as a general thing, from people who make far too much importance of what Europeans think. Mr. James is satirizing the opposite class, which is too well represented among English and American travelers,—the people who act as if the prejudices of foreigners were not worth the slightest thought; the people who not only do in Rome what Romans do, but add to the Roman customs all the list of free and easy manners to which they are habituated at home. Another point he brings out in powerful relief is the filial impiety of many American girls, their recklessness of advice and their positive disobedience to parents. Daisy Miller does combine in herself the manners of many travelers in Europe of her age and condition. What Mr. James has done is to show the attractiveness of such a girl, together with the astonishment and pain she inflicts on Europeans and more

* *Life and Faith*. Sonnets by George McKnight. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

* *Daisy Miller*. By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. "Half Hour Series."

refined Americans by her unruliness and audacity. While quite free from any real impropriety herself, she lays herself open to the vulgar comments of the world.

In the eyes of people who think much of social etiquette, Daisy Millers appear far worse than women of real wickedness. An American abroad is apt to be in a ferment of patriotism, although at home he will hardly turn out to vote for a President. The Daisy Millers who go the grand round every year wound their compatriots in their tenderest sensibilities. Too much feeling of this kind is apt to degenerate into snobbishness; too little into a coarse disregard of the feelings of others. Winterburn was not much in love with Daisy Miller and had strong tendencies to snobbishness, being therein very typical of many young Americans who reside abroad. Daisy was ill-trained, reckless of what others thought and thoroughly satisfied that her judgment was equal to anybody's. The story is told with more than Mr. James's usual skill and good style.

Robert Lowell's "Stories from an Old Dutch Town."

By his first work, "The New Priest in Conception Bay," Professor Lowell took rank among our most thoughtful writers of fiction. Later came his "Antony Brade," and now these short and simple stories, certainly not inferior to anything of his that has gone before, all bear the same authentic stamp of sincerity and individuality. The logical outcome of good undoubtedly is goodness; but the psychological outcome of a good man is not by any means, always or generally, goodness, pure and simple, but a mixture of bad and good, with the two so blended as scarcely to be separable, and so we have as the result, a good man with failings, but failings that lean to virtue's side. It is bad art to picture a man as perfect, for

"There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw."

The perception of this psychological truth has enabled the author to give the *vraisemblance* of flesh and blood reality to such admirable creations as Abram Van Zandt, John Schermerhorn, and his friend Barendt, not to mention others. Each has his idiosyncrasies which help to individualize him, and to differentiate him from his fellows. It is the highest praise to say, that they are all natural and genuine. The odd man, who affects his oddities, is a fraud and a just object of contempt. Not so, however, when his oddities are an inseparable part of himself, and he is odd because he cannot help it, and odd without knowing it. Van Zandt, odd and odd-looking, is interesting by virtue of his unconsciousness, his guileless simplicity; these forming the appropriate background for bringing into stronger relief that superstitious credulity which endangered his sanity. His secret brooding over some idle thought, somehow injected into his mind,

that he was somebody else, however amusing at first, became very soon a source of deep concern and alarm to his friends and neighbors, and to his physician likewise, who, one might almost imagine, had furnished a professional report of the case for the edification of his brethren, so keen is the analysis, and so judicious the treatment, and all so real. The partial unHINGEMENT of an unusually strong, affectionate, and noble nature under the shock, the anguish, the incurable wound of a terrible bereavement is exemplified in the case of John Schermerhorn. The violence was great, and the injury done to the smitten heart and brain was deep and lasting. What was strange and unnatural in his conduct were evidences of a diseased state. They were the abnormal manifestations, which belong to the pathology of grief in a nature reticent to the last degree, not uttering its sorrow because unutterable, keeping back its moan with a strong repression. It is curious to observe how, amid that morbid shrinking and hiding away from the innocent occasion of his loss, apparently because the sight revived within him an intolerable remembrance, he was constantly seeking to make amends and roundabout compensations. With his excellent friend Barendt, we pity while we blame, and are happy in the joy of his restoration.

Charles de Kay's "The Bohemian."

It would be a little more propitious outlook for the prophesied literary pre-eminence of New York City if more of its writers of fiction were turning their attention to the field which is the subject of the studies in this little volume. Since Winthrop's "Cecil Dreeme" and Curtis's "Trumps"—a period of over sixteen years—very little has been done in the representation of metropolitan life. To those who are at all familiar with the resources and the contrasts of New York, this poverty of literary outcome has seemed inexplicable. That it is not due to want of dramatic conditions or vigorous types, Mr. de Kay's little book would be sufficient of itself to prove.

The key-note of the story is struck in the first chapter in the refrain of the Dunker song,—“Oh, 'tis awful, aw-aw-awful, awful!”—which De Courcy Lee, from whom the story is named, sings to himself behind the bars of his cashier's cage in contemplating the disparity between his success and his ardent ideal. This note is struck with a sharpness which is not to be obscured by the prominence given in the same chapter to a satire of the pseudo-Bohemianism which has attracted the unsophisticated young Lee in the person of Harpalion Bagger, president of the Expressionists and victim of a treacherous memory,—having confessedly “forgotten greater sonnets than any other living man can write.” To the reader, the braggadocio and oracular talk of society conquests in which Bagger indulges are amusing enough; but to the inexperienced De Courcy, the disillusion which comes with his father's

* A Story or Two from an Old Dutch Town. By Robert Lowell, Author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay," "Antony Brade," "Poems," etc. Boston: Roberts Bros.

* The Bohemian. A Tragedy of Modern Life. By Charles de Kay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

speech at the club is the revelation of one of the many social falsehoods being uncovered for the first time. The point which Mr. de Kay thus makes is a good one, though perhaps too subtly worked out for the general reader, who, in spite of the sub-title of the book, naturally expects more to be made of the Bagger element. But the tragedy is deeper than the mere discovery that there may be asses in lions' skins. The note that is struck in the refrain is repeated several times, each time on a lower octave. The tragic motives, though not obscure, are profoundly psychological, and are worked out with strong contrasts of mental temper, based on strong external action, and thus the interest is sustained for objective, as well as subjective, minds. The two chief motives of the book (though they are so skillfully dovetailed as to seem like one) we take to be, 1. the shock to an enthusiastic and ingenuous mind in discovering the hollowness of a love he has never doubted; and 2. the influence of an empty and faithless "society" life in making its victim incapable of responding at last to a love which she is not too blasé to recognize as genuine. In this case, the victim of false social education is Adelaide Bryce, an indulged and willful coquette, not incapable of generous impulses, yet with not enough depth of character for even sustained resentment, much less for sincere attachment. Wherever it comes near her, the tragedy flashes with a lurid light that is not due to any chemical mixture of the author's, as in Poe, but only to the peculiar atmosphere in which it shines. That two such persons as Adelaide and De Courcy should bear to each other the relation of lovers may seem improbable in this brief résumé; but in the setting of Mr. de Kay's book, with its significant and delicate shadows, it is not so at all. The latter half of the book is devoted to the discovery of Adelaide's perfidy, and the concluding chapter to the blind impulse that drives her lover away to a desperate and lonely death. The author has made a powerful ally of nature in the description of De Courcy's wanderings in the storm, which has all the force of Charlotte Brontë or Tourguéneff, and must take its place among the most successful pieces of imaginative writing in recent fiction.

Mr. de Kay approaches this climax with artistic skill, and with a concentration not evident in the somewhat incongruous opening chapters. Though marked by intense realism, the realism is always typical, and not of the merely photographic kind which is to so many of our writers the natural mold of the mind. The intensity is, moreover, abundantly relieved by humor. Indeed, in humorous characterization, Mr. de Kay has created one impersonation that is irresistibly human and real with the same charm that touches us in Captain Costigan and Major Pendennis. This is Major James De Courcy Lee, the father of the hero, and the representative of the old régime in Virginia, whose chivalrous regard for the other sex and whose readiness to "give satisfaction" are carried to the extent of killing an intimate friend for speaking slightly of his own wife. The Major's speech before the Expressionists will delight many to whom its intimate connection with the gen-

eral problem of caste—of which the volume treats—will not be immediately evident.

It is refreshing to find a young writer who has been content to wait for his audience until he has made himself master of so mature and unconscious a style; it is more fortunate that he is able also to use it to such permanent and worthy ends.

Phillips Brooks's "Sermons."*

PHILLIPS BROOKS is, in the truest sense of the word, a preacher, and a great preacher. The quality which most impresses one in his published sermons is not originality of thought, or soaring imagination, or beauty of language; it is straightforward and intense earnestness. It is the whole force of a large, ardent and disciplined nature thrown into the effort to produce in men a certain kind of character. These sermons are neither philosophical discussions nor devout meditations. They are persuasive appeals to ordinary American men and women, aiming to draw them into helpful, trustful, heroic lives. And, as such appeals, they carry in them the best elements of power. The chief secret of their power is the impression they produce of a personal life underlying and inspiring them. They have the true ring of experience. It is the leader saying, not "go," but "come!" There is no parade of self, and very little personal narration; but there comes always home to the reader the sense that this man is not speaking from theory, but out of what he has seen and felt. This is the first and almost the supreme requisite of true preaching.

The next requisite is that the preacher should understand and sympathize with human life in its homely and familiar forms. Here perhaps is where our bravest and most thoughtful religious teachers are apt to fail; they become so absorbed in the theological problems of the time that they forget to how small a part of the community the abstract forms of theology have any vital interest. Mr. Brooks does not make this mistake. He adapts himself to the needs of common people. He draws his illustrations from the family and the street. His style, too, is very direct and simple. It is not remarkable for literary beauty. There is not that distinctive quality of the poet which marks Bushnell and Bartol and Beecher and Swing. Illustrations are frequent, but they are almost always condensed,—terse, passing allusions rather than expanded pictures. Mr. Brooks's oratory is marred by an excessive rapidity of utterance, which sometimes requires an almost painfully close attention. In his sermons as printed, we are conscious of a somewhat similar rapidity of movement; but, as a quality of thought and style, it is probably a merit rather than a defect, for that practical purpose which is evidently supreme in the author's mind. It suits well with that eager, rushing American life, in the midst of which he stands and wields a power which is the greater because it is sympathetic with the temper of his audience.

* Sermons by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1875.

It is a positive relief to find a volume of contemporary sermons so free as this is from the phrases of the intellectual battle-field. It is a rest to mind and soul that "Darwinism," "evolution," "development," and all their congeners are so seldom met with in these pages. We suspect that few men better appreciate than their author the extent and gravity of the intellectual changes which are going on, and their bearing upon religious belief and practice. But, along with other great lessons of his craft, he has evidently learned well how remote is intellectual controversy from spiritual edification. The influence of modern thought is deeply traceable in these sermons, but not in the form of debate or of negations. The title of one of them, "The Positiveness of the Divine Life," expresses a quality which deeply inheres in the book and its author. Of his theological opinions, as they are here indicated, we should say that in a very free and broad spirit, but sincerely and reverentially, he holds the distinctive ideas which are most central and vital in what, for want of a better term, we call orthodox Christianity. He habitually presents the divinity of Christ in a way that must satisfy the many devout souls to whom any religion lacking this is incomplete; not maintaining it controversially, but assuming it as a fact from which to draw help and comfort. But, like all the best modern teachers, he gives great prominence and effectiveness to the human aspect of Jesus. Beyond these special questions, we should fix upon it as the most characteristic quality in the thought of these sermons that they give reality to the spiritual element in human character. That the business of religion is to form character is the idea which is drawing to itself the best minds of all religious schools. The truth and value of this idea is not menaced, directly at least, by anything in modern speculation, so far as it affects sober and healthy minds. The further idea, for which a stand needs to be made, is that in the full development of character there is a central and regnant quality of spirituality. This spiritual quality—not in theory, but in reality—deeply pervades these sermons. It gives to the moral virtues—to purity, integrity, fortitude, service—their firmest root and fairest flower. It makes the love of God as real as the love of man. It arms the soul for that victory, which nothing else can give, over its own weakness and the evil without; over loss and sorrow and death itself. It inspires, in this author as in the best religious minds of the time, a temper of large hopefulness, while it intensifies the sense of human responsibility. The intellectual debate between the spiritual and material interpretations of the universe has its fascination for the few, but does not come home to the many. But the true quality of spiritual feeling, existing in a genuine life, and expressing itself in a sympathetic temper and under homely

forms, makes itself felt as irresistibly and attractively as the color and fragrance of a rose. This, we think, is the quality which gives to these sermons real greatness, as well as the highest practical value. They embody the power of spiritual manhood. They are an instance of the great opportunity which belongs to the Christian preacher, if he can use it,—the opportunity to send home to men the living word of inspiration toward the noblest kind of life. It is an encouraging circumstance that one of the most popular preachers in America should owe his power not to graces of rhetoric or oratory but to the earnest and sympathetic presentation of fundamental truths of character.

"The Prayer-Meeting."*

THAT the conventional prayer-meeting needs improvement, if not radical change, there can be no doubt. To call that a social meeting in which only people of one sex are allowed to speak, in which the speeches and prayers are all stiff and formal, and always from the same set of speakers, is mockery. A social gathering is always attractive; but people go to most prayer-meetings because they ought to, or because somebody thinks they ought to. Nothing is so melancholy as the drumming kept up by many pastors to fill up the prayer-meeting,—except the prayer-meeting itself. The best evidence of its lack of usefulness is the reluctance with which people attend and the readiness with which they depart. Mr. Thompson has evidently given the subject much thought, and his book is full of many excellent suggestions for the improvement of the prayer-meeting. Any pastor working in the spirit of this little book will soon see a manifest increase of interest. We cannot but think that some of his devices are too mechanical to be of permanent service; and we doubt if he has touched the most radical defects of the weekly meetings held in our churches. The time for that has not yet come, perhaps. But the book is the best help yet published to the perplexed pastor seeking to make the prayer-meeting of vital interest and general usefulness to his people. Mr. Thompson's ideal of such a meeting is what one may call the revivalistic. But we may be allowed to doubt whether any device will serve to keep religious fervor always at red heat, and whether any meeting can be made perennially interesting if the subjects discussed be confined to a narrow range, and be chiefly of an abstract sort. What is wanted most is a church carrying on practical and philanthropic work, and a meeting having a vital relation to the work of the church. Everything relating to the church life ought to find a place in it, and its talks ought not to be speeches.

* *The Prayer-Meeting and its Improvement.* By Rev. Lewis O. Thompson. Chicago: W. G. Holmes.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Wire Rolling Mill.

AN improved form of rolling mill for stretching round, square, and oval wire of very small diameter has recently been patented. In place of the two rolls placed one over the other, as in the present mills, three rolls having conical faces are set up with the face of each touching the others at an angle of 120 degrees. By making a fine groove in the center of each face an opening is made between the three rolls, and through this the wire is passed. The power to move the rolls is applied to the upper roll, and this moves the other by means of gearing. Screws are provided for regulating the distance between the rolls, and in front is a guide, designed to direct the wire into the mill, while at the back is a plate resembling an ordinary "draw-plate," for smoothing down the wire after it has passed the rolls. By this use of three rolls the wire is acted upon from three sides, and it is claimed that this form of mill produces a wire of better quality and finer diameter than by the usual methods of stretching wire.

New Cement.

A NEW cement, insoluble in hot or cold water or steam, and that will resist acids and alkalis, is reported. It is designed to be used in two portions, neither being of any value till moistened and joined to the other. One portion is composed of a preparation of chromium, and is made by dissolving crystallized chromic acid in water, in proportion of 2.5 grams of acid to 15 grams of water. Fifteen grams of ammonia are added to this, and then about ten drops of sulphuric acid are added, with finally thirty grams of sulphate of ammonia and four grams of fine white paper. The second preparation is made by dissolving isinglass in dilute acetic acid (one part acid to seven parts water). This cement is designed chiefly for envelopes, and in using it the chromium preparation is applied to the back of the envelope, and the isinglass to the flap. On wetting the flap and pressing it down the two preparations meet and instantly form a firm and insoluble cement, binding the paper against every effort to open it. The materials may be applied in the same manner to other uses.

New Alloy for Art Metal-work.

AN alloy resembling red gold has recently been reported, and the following formula shows its character and composition. Put 800 parts pure copper, 25 parts platinum and 10 parts tungstic acid in a crucible, and when melted and well stirred together, run the metal out into a bath composed of 500 grams of slaked lime and 500 grams of carbonate of potash for each cubic meter of water. This granulates and purifies the metal, when it may be dried and placed in a crucible for remelting. When melted the second time, 170 parts of fine gold may be added, and when the whole is finally run into

ingots an alloy of a fine gold color is obtained, the shade of gold depending on the proportions of the materials. For a flux, equal portions of boric acid, nitrate of soda, and chloride of sodium are recommended in the proportion of 25 grams for each kilogram of the alloy.

Electric Spark Pen.

A NEW invention in the art of engraving, probably suggested by the familiar electric pen, has been brought out in Paris. A copper plate is prepared as for engraving, and over this is secured, in some convenient manner, a thin sheet of paper. The plate is then connected with one pole of a Ruhmkorff coil. The pen (presumably a simple insulated metallic rod or pencil with a fine point) is also connected by means of an insulated wire with the coil. Then, if the point of the pen (which is bare) is touched to the paper, a minute hole is burned in it by the spark that leaps from the point of the pen to the plate. By using the pen as a pencil, a drawing may be made on the paper in a series of fine holes precisely after the manner of the electric pen, except that in one case the holes are mechanically punched out and in the other case are burned out. When the drawing is finished the paper may be used as a stencil. A printer's roller carrying an oily ink is passed over the paper, and the ink penetrating the paper through the holes reproduces the drawing in ink on the copper plate. The paper may then be removed and the plate submitted to an acid bath when the surface will be cut away, except where the ink resists the acid, and those parts will be in relief and thus making an engraved plate ready for the printing-press. By this ingenious device, the artist, drawing upon the paper with the spark-giving pen, performs two operations at once, drawing the picture and engraving the plate at the same time.

Improved Style of Portable Motor.

STEAM-ENGINES for farms are usually made with horizontal boilers, for the simple reason that when thus laid down on four wheels the apparatus is less liable to tip over in traveling over rough roads. At the same time, the vertical type of motor has a number of advantages over the horizontal form, and in a new farm engine, a compromise has been effected by making an upright boiler and engine with a large and solid base so that when ready for work it rests on a firm foundation. On each side of the boiler, just above the fire, are secured strong iron brackets, and at the end of each are bearings for carriage wheels. Near the top of the boiler is another bracket designed to rest on the truck of a second and smaller pair of wheels. The boiler with its engine attached is accurately balanced on the larger wheels, and when it is desired to move the machine, the forward pair of wheels are brought up and the boiler is tipped over till it rests horizontally on the four wheels. The smoke-stack may

then be turned back on its hinge and laid down on top of the boiler. A pole may be put in, and the apparatus is ready for the road. To use it again, the boiler is simply tipped up till it rests on its base, when all the parts are re-adjusted again for immediate work.

Improved Method of Packing Butter.

By a new system of packing butter for market, much of the trouble, loss and inconvenience of the usual method of packing in tubs is avoided. The butter is first spread in a wooden tray having edges of a fixed height on three sides. It is then rolled down by means of a common wooden roller to a uniform level marked by the wooden edges. Strips of thin wood, sewed at the ends into rings of uniform size, with circular disks or covers, are prepared by soaking in brine, and by slipping one of the rings into a steel die, or form, and pressing the die down on the latter a circular block of butter is cut out of the mass. The ring and inclosed butter may be then slipped out of the die and the covers may be put on above and below, thus forming a neat package for a quantity of butter reckoned at one pound weight. A pile of these circular boxes may then be tied together with twine and packed in salt in cases for transportation. The advantages claimed for this method of putting up butter are found in the neat and ready system of weighing and packing the butter, and in the convenience of the package for retailing.

Memoranda.

AMONG the novelties shown at the recent International Paper Exhibition at Berlin, were samples of

white paper made by submitting common paperstock to the action of a mixture of sodium sulphate and water glass. The stock is placed in a cold bath of these solutions, and under ordinary pressure and after soaking for some time, the dissolved vegetable fats, tannic acid, resinous matters, etc., may be easily washed out without injury to the vegetable fiber. The product obtained in this manner is said to be much larger than by the ordinary method of boiling in alkali, besides having greater strength and more readily yielding to bleaching. White rags first steeped in the water glass and then boiled in sulphide of sodium and water glass become brilliantly white, and paper made from jute refuse and straw by the same treatment gives a white paper of fair quality.

Among the many attempts that have been made to devise an apparatus for heating the feed-water for boilers of locomotives and other non-condensing engines, one of the latest and most promising throws the water after it has passed the pump into a fine spray in direct contact with a portion of the exhaust steam. The details of the plan are not given, but the idea is one that may be applied in a variety of ways, as the ingenuity of the engineer may suggest.

Black Venetian Glass.—The black glass of Venice has been made the subject of recent experiment, and M. Kazses, of Nuremberg, reports that in a mixture of sand and sulphur, he placed fifteen per cent. of peroxide of manganese, and obtained a deep black glass, showing, when broken, somber shades of violet, and exactly imitating the Venetian black glass.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Kosciuzko's Will.

In the second year of the Revolutionary War, Thaddeus Kosciuzko, a young Polish noble of distinguished family and large estate, having not very long before been graduated from the French military school at Versailles, appeared in America, and offered his services to Washington in the cause of American freedom. A love affair at home, whose sequel was disappointment, had impelled the young Pole to leave his native country; and his philanthropic spirit and innate love of liberty pointed to the conflict then raging in the New World as the fittest place to seek forgetfulness of self in working out the good of others. In order that he might battle for freedom in America with a clearer conscience, one of his earliest acts had been to liberate the serfs upon his ancestral estates. On reaching America, he was cordially received by the colonial commanders, and assigned by Washington to a position as his aide-de-camp. That he fought courageously throughout the conflict; that he was the warm personal friend of Washington and of Jefferson; that he was commander-in-chief of the Polish army

in the famous uprising of Poland in 1794, and that he was defeated and thrown into prison by the event of the disastrous battle of Macieowice, are all matters of history.

But there are, perhaps, few now living who are aware of the fact of his having left behind him in America a testimonial of his fervent love of liberty, so enthusiastic that it takes the colors of poetic beauty, and as eminently characteristic of the man as was his famous reply to the Emperor Paul, who, on his release from prison, wished to restore him his sword:

"I have now no need of a sword, since I have no longer a country."

In the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Albemarle County, Virginia, hidden away among dust-covered records, lies a budget of time-stained documents which bears the inscription, "Wills: 1819." In this packet has slept, buried and almost forgotten for more than fifty years, the will and testament of Thaddeus Kosciuzko. It is a holograph, and genuine beyond doubt, as attested by Mr. Jefferson himself. The chirography is clear and bold, and the paper whereon it is inscribed is still well preserved, although bearing unmistakably the marks of its



HERE HE COMES.

antiquity. The will was written by Kosciuzko in 1798, on the occasion of his visit to America during that year, when, having been released from prison by the Emperor Paul, he came to renew his old associations, and perhaps again, if possible, to forget for a while his sad recollections of his later sorrows in Poland, in the company of such of his transatlantic comrades of the Revolution as then still survived. The will reads as follows:

"I, Thaddeus Kosciuzko, being just in my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct that, should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend Thomas Jefferson to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own or any others, and giving them liberty in my name; in giving them an education, in trades or otherwise; and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or mothers; and in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, and of the good order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful. And I make the said Thomas Jefferson my executor of this.

"T. KOSCIUZKO.

"5th day of May, 1798."

On the third leaf of the holograph will is inscribed the following attestation:

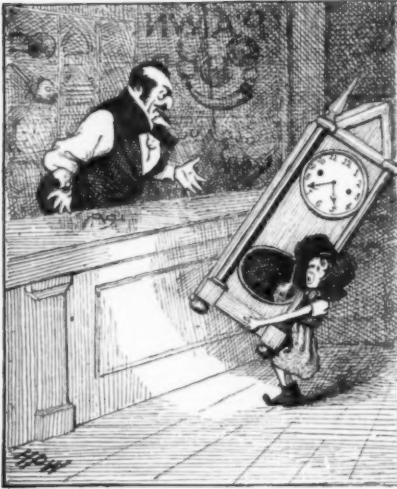
"At a Circuit Court held for Albemarle County, the 12th day of May, 1819:

"This instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of Thaddeus Kosciuzko, deceased, was produced into court, and satisfactory proof being produced of its being written in the handwriting of the said Thaddeus Kosciuzko, the same was ordered to be recorded, and thereupon Thomas Jefferson, the executor therein named, refused to take upon himself the burthen of the execution of the said will.

"Teste:

"JOHN CARR, C. C."

—so that it was not until almost two years after his death that Mr. Jefferson put the will to record. The venerable William Wertenbaker, who was appointed librarian to the University of Virginia by Mr. Jefferson in 1824, and who still (1878) holds that position, having filled it since his first appointment, was at the time of the recording of Kosciuzko's will a deputy clerk of the court. Accompanying the holograph in the clerk's office is a memorandum written by Mr. Wertenbaker, who was present in the courtroom when Mr. Jefferson presented the will for record. This memorandum states that "the Circuit Court of Albemarle, Judge Archibald Stuart presiding, was in session. An illustrious man, then and



GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

at all times the observed of all observers, walked into the court-room. The judge, perceiving that Thomas Jefferson, stately and erect, was standing before him, bowed, and invited him to take a seat upon the bench. To this Mr. Jefferson replied: 'As soon as your Honor shall have leisure to attend to me, I have a matter of business to present to the Court.' Immediately, by consent of all parties concerned, the matter then before the Court was then suspended until Mr. Jefferson could be heard. He pulled out of his pocket a paper, which he said was the will of his friend, General Thaddeus Kosciuzko; that the will was written in the handwriting of the testator, with which he was well acquainted, and to which fact he was ready to testify on oath. He (Mr. Jefferson) was made executor of the will; but at his time of life it was not in his power to undertake the duties of the office, and that necessity compelled him to decline qualifying. The usual oath was administered to Mr. Jefferson by the clerk, and the will was ordered by the Court to be admitted to record."

It is not known in what the property of Kosciuzko in the United States consisted, where it was situated, nor, indeed, what disposition was made of it, upon Mr. Jefferson's declining to undertake the duties of executor. Whatever the property may have been, however great or small, the desire that it should be put to the use indicated by the will, is highly characteristic of the philanthropic patriot whose whole life was one continual sacrifice to the well-being of others; who had early emancipated his own Polish serfs; who had given money and personal service to the cause of American freedom; and whose last and most strenuous exertions—that found a sad culmination in his imprisonment for years and exile from his country—were in behalf of that down-trodden fatherland.

A. C. G.

Sub Rosa.

[RONDEAU.]

UNDER the rows of gas-jets bright,
Bathed in a blazing river of light,
A regal beauty sits; above her
The butterflies of fashion hover,
And burn their wings, and take to flight.

Mark you her pure complexion,—white
Though flush may follow flush? Despite
Her blush, the lily I discover
Under the rose.

All compliments to her are trite;
She has adorers left and right;
And I confess, here, under cover
Of secrecy, I too—I love her!
Say naught; she knows it not. 'Tis quite
Under the rose.

J. B. M.

Misunderstood.

"WHAT are you doing here,
Norah, my dear,
Out in the dark and the mist?"
"Well, if you insist,—
I am looking to find
Some dark brown curls that I missed."

"But your hands are quite wet,
Norah, my pet.
Why are you walking so slow?"
"Well, if you must know,
I am waiting to hear
A voice that is tender and low."

"For me you have no word,
Norah, my bird.
Why do you stop so to rest?"
"Now stand I confessed.
I am watching to see
The eyes that I love the best."

"For you I would have died,
Norah, my pride,
And now you my love despise."
Then softly she cries,—
"But I have found them all,
'Twas your hair, your voice, your eyes."

MIRIAM KENYON.

To F. T. S.

WE stood at night atop of Buckwheat Hill;
We heard the town-clock thump the hour of nine;
We watched the winking stars above us till
Our eyes grew dim; we heard the woods repine.
We heard the singing of the night-hawk's wing,
As o'er our heads invisible it flew;
We felt a mystic spell around us cling,
And settle on us like the falling dew.
We talked of music, poetry, and friends;
Of weal and woe, of calm and full delight;
Of that which is, of that which never ends.
As cheek-by-jowl we walked the tranquil night.
May thus in harmony I ever tread
With thee, my friend, till Time shall have my
head.

W. D. KELSEY.